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# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.



ITALIAN POETS. NO. III.—GUIDO CAVALCANTE.

Thus hath one Guido from the other snatch'd  
The letter'd prize,—and he perhaps is born  
Who shall drive either from their nest.

DANTE. *Purg.* c. ix.

Such is the modest pride with which Dante anticipates the superiority of his own renown;—adding, however,

— The poise  
Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind  
That blows from divers points, and shifts its name  
Shifting the point it blows from. Your renown  
Is like the herb, whose hue doth come and go.

And yet he endured every suffering to acquire that celebrity which he thus pronounced to be fluctuating and perishable. The two Guidos, who successively inherited and enlarged the domain of the Italian language, had a competitor of the same name, idiomatically called Guittone, born at Arezzo, a short time after the twelfth century. To him is attributed the merit of having reduced the sonnet to the regular form and laws, which it has ever since retained. Among the specimens of his talent, some are wonderful for his age: we refrain from citing them through the fear of becoming accomplices in what we suspect to be an imposture. To prove their authenticity, ancient manuscripts have been referred to, evidently transcribed long before the invention of printing; but, as the language had attained its height before that event, it would not be surprising if some copyist had ascribed to him, through mistake, the verses of a later poet; or if some wit had written them expressly to sport with the credulity of his contemporaries. But, whether a blunder or a hoax, these fragments have been carefully cherished as testimonies by the Italians, who, not content with possessing a beautiful language, are anxious to prove that it reached perfection a century before Dante, and a century and a half before Petrarch. To these authorities, Italian scholars in England award implicit faith; and we be inclined to withhold it, if the rudeness of the other productions of Guittone (the authenticity of which none dispute) did not give the lie to those elegant lines of which the national vanity has availed itself. Besides, if Guittone really composed the verses in question, would Dante have so decidedly written—“many of the elder time cried up Guittone, till, truth by strength of numbers vanquished, they gave him the prize.”\*

The eldest of the three Guidos was born at Bologna, of the noble

\* *Purgatory. Cant. xxvi.*



family of Guinicelli, and died in 1276. It is of him that Dante says —“He was father to me, and to those my betters, who have ever used the sweet and pleasant rhymes of love—

— His dulcet lays, as long  
As of our tongue the beauty does not fade,  
Shall make us love the very ink that traced them.”

Dante was not a critic to lavish his praises; he never flattered the living, and why should he flatter the dead? Still we doubt whether his praises would be justified by any of the known pieces of Guido Guinicelli. The following stanza is part of a canzone on the loss of his mistress.

Conforto già conforto l'amor chiama,  
E pietà prega per Dio, fatti resto;  
Or v' inchinate a sì dolce preghiera;  
Spogliatevi di questa vesta grama,  
Da che voi sete per ragion richiesto.  
Che l' uomo per dolor more e dispera.  
Con voi vedeste poi la bella ciera.  
Si v'accoglierse morte in disperanza,  
De sì grave pesanza  
Tracte il vostro cor ormai per Dio,  
Che non sia così rio  
Ver l' alma vostra che ancora spiera  
Vederla in ciel e star nelle sue braccia,  
Dunque spene dè confortar vi piaccia.

“Comfort thee, comfort thee,” exclaimeth Love;  
And Pity by thy God adjures thee—“rest.”  
Oh then incline thee to such gentle prayer!

Nor Reason's plea should ineffectual prove,  
Who bids thee lay aside this dismal vest:  
For man meets death through sadness and despair.  
Amongst you ye have seen a face so fair:—

Be this in mortal mourning some relief,  
And for more balm of grief,  
Rescue thy spirit from its heavy load,  
Remembering thy God;

And that in heaven thou hop'st again to share  
In sight of her, and with thine arms to fold,  
Hope then; nor of this comfort quit thy hold.—*Carey.*

Allowing for the imperfect state of the language, the versification and style convey with sufficient clearness the ideas; and these are at once elevated without being far-fetched, and natural without being common. Pathos, however, belongs to all time, and may be expressed in every language; yet we find nothing but coldness in the verses of Guinicelli. In this perhaps we are wrong, since Mr. Carey has thought them worthy, precisely for their pathos, to be inserted among those extracts of early poetry with which he has enriched his translation of Dante. It is probable, however, that the best pieces of Guinicelli have not come down to our times. Another Guido, of the family of Ghisilieri, and his fellow citizen, appears to have been his formidable rival in poetry; but the Guido who “snatched from him the lettered prize” was a Florentine, the son of a philosopher and statesman, and a character still interesting to poets, critics, historians, and philosophers, and one who seemed born to exercise a vast influence over his contemporaries, and to be remembered by posterity not so much for any great achievement,

or any distinguished production of his genius, as for an union of accidents, a rare assemblage of various talents, and above all, for that inexplicable ascendancy of character which always commands admiration. True or false, it was believed at that time, and the documents are still referred to, that his ancestors came into Italy with Charlemagne, who endowed them with titles and estates.

This last Guido was born in what Mr. Sismondi justly calls the heroic age of Tuscany. The Ghibelline party, composed of the feudal aristocracy, having been expelled from Florence by the Guelphs, who upheld the popular government, the nobles of the Tuscan cities united their forces, and, led on by Farinata, a Florentine nobleman of exalted soul and great military genius, defeated the Guelphs with great slaughter. After the victory they assembled a council, where it was agreed by all, that to maintain the power of their party, it was necessary to destroy Florence. Farinata alone dared to oppose the general decree, and saved his native city. To re-establish peace among his fellow-citizens, he gave his daughter in marriage to Guido, son of Cavalcante Cavalcanti, the leader of the popular party.

This, however, did not restrain Guido from attacking several of the opposite faction, whom he accidentally encountered on horseback; and though wounded in the affray, yet such were the apprehensions his character inspired, that during his pilgrimage to St. Jago in Spain, his adversaries attempted to assassinate him. This pilgrimage, however, was with Guido, (and, perhaps, with others of that age,) a name which meant nothing more than a tour: indeed, he returned from his devotional expedition enamoured of a young woman of Tolosa, whom he calls Mandetta, and celebrates in strains that do not always seem inspired by a platonic sentiment.

In un boschetto trovai pastorella  
 Più che la stella bella al mio parere.  
 Capegli avea biondetti, e ricciutelli,  
 E gli occhi pien d'amor, cera rosata:  
 Con sua verghetta pasturava agnelli;  
 E scabra, e di rugiada era bagnata:  
 Cantava come fosse innamorata,  
 Era adornata di tutto piacere.  
 D'amor la salutai immantenente,  
 E domandai, s'avesse compagnia:  
 Ed ella mi rispose dolcemente,  
 Che sola sola per lo bosco gia:  
 E disse: sappi, quando l'augel pia;  
 Allor disia lo mio cor drudo avere.  
 Poichè mi disse di sua condizione,  
 E per lo bosco augelli udio cantare,  
 Fra me stessa dicea: or è stagione  
 Di questa pastorella gioi' pigliare:  
 Mercè le chiedi, sol che di baciare,  
 E d'abbracciare fosse 'l suo volere.  
 Per man mi preso d'amorosa voglia,  
 E disse, che donato m'avea 'l core:  
 Menommi sotto una freschetta foglia,  
 Là dov'io vidi fier d'ogni colore:  
 E tanto vi sentio gioi', e dolore,  
 Che Dio d'Amor mi parve ivi vedere.

## Italian Poets.

In the depth of a thicket a maiden I found,  
More fair than the stars of the sky to my sight ;  
Her delicate curls in a fillet were bound,  
And her cheek was all freshness, her eyes all delight.  
With a crook she was guarding her lambkins from roving,  
Her dear little feet were all gemm'd with the dew ;  
And she carolled a lay—so light-hearted and loving,  
That caught even Pleasure, as round her he flew.  
I gazed, till enchanted I sprang to her side,  
And besought her to say where her mates had all flown ;—  
“ Alas,”—and she blushed as she softly replied,  
“ I roam through the thickets alone—all alone !  
“ And whene'er—would you think it ?—I hear the blithe singing  
“ Of birds as they flutter from bushlet to tree,  
“ Then deep in my bosom soft wishes are springing ;  
“ But no one,” she whisper'd, “ comes singing to me.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The elder Cavalcanti bore the reputation of having pushed the study of philosophy to heresy, and even to disbelief in the immortality of the soul ; and it would seem that the son carried his scepticism still farther. Those who are interested in the history of religious opinions, we would refer to the Dictionary of Bayle, art. Cavalcanti ; for ourselves, we are more willingly gratified with literature and manners, and believe that our object will be better attained by introducing here an anecdote concerning Guido, detailed by Boccaccio :—

“ Now you must know, that in times past there were many very pleasant and praiseworthy usages in this fair city, of which none remain in our days, thanks to the avarice which has grown up with our wealth and has destroyed them all. There was one of this kind : In different places about Florence the gentry were used to assemble in companies of a certain number, being careful to include such only as could afford the necessary expense. It was their wont, each in his turn, to provide a feast for the whole company, whereunto they invited such strangers of note as might chance to sojourn in the city, and sometimes even did they honour the citizens. Moreover, once, if not oftener, in the year, they clothed themselves in fresh and like apparel ; and on some festival, or other notable day, as when the joyful tidings of any victory had arrived, did they ride gallantly armed through the city. Of these companies one there was of Messer Betto Brunelleschi, who with his comrades were much desirous to have among them Guido, son of Messer Cavalcante de' Cavalcanti ; and with good reason, for besides that he was one of the best logicians that the world had, and very famous in philosophy, (of which things, to speak advisedly, the companies took small account) so was he very agreeable in his speech and well-mannered in his actions, and knew better than any other, what rightly pertained to a cavalier ; he was very rich withal, and gracious in his address to such as he wished to please. But Messer Betto could never succeed to get him amongst them ; whereupon he thought that, because Guido was often given to speculations, therefore he liked not to commune with men. It was whispered too, among the commonalty, that he held to the opinions of Epicurus, and that his speculations aimed to prove that there existed no God. It came to pass upon a day, that Guido having gone out from his dwelling in San

Michele, and through the Adimari, which was his accustomed route, unto San Giovanni, where were many great arches of marble (such as are now in Santa Reparata), he stayed to muse between the columns of porphyry and these arches, the gate of San Giovanni being shut. Now Messer Betto with his company journeying on horseback through the piazza of Santa Reparata, discovered Guido among the sepulchres, whereupon he said to his companions, 'Let us break a jest with him,' and giving spurs to their horses they came upon him unawares, crying out, 'Ho, there, Master Guido, since thou dost refuse to be one of our company; what wilt thou do when thou hast assured thyself there is no God?' Whereto Guido, seeing that he was enclosed by them, answered readily,—'Signors, in your own houses ye may speak as ye list,' and placing his hand on one of the great arches he vaulted nimbly to the other side and went on his way. Then stood they staring one on the other, and began to say, 'Of a surety he is distracted, for his speech lacketh meaning, inasmuch as we have no more concern with these sepulchres than the other citizens and Guido among them.' To the which replied Messer Betto, 'Ye are the distracted, that ye have not comprehended his words, which, though very civil, are indeed very pithy, and the greatest reproach in the world. See ye not that these arches are the houses of the dead, because they are put here to dwell for ever? whereby he would indicate that we and the other simple and unlearned men are but as the dead in comparison with him and great scholars, and therefore, being here, that we are in our own houses.' Then comprehended each man the sense of Guido's speech, and took shame upon himself; nor did they in after-time break any jest with Guido, and they looked upon Messer Betto as a cavalier of a very subtle and excellent wit."

The character of Guido Cavalcanti was so strongly marked, that his fellow-citizens and the historians of his times all agreed in their manner of portraying it. "He was," says Villani, "for a philosopher, skilful in many pursuits; but somewhat too irritable and harsh." Dino, another eye-witness, speaks of him as "courteous and ardent, though scornful, solitary, and immersed in study;" and Dante himself, who possessed, in an uncommon degree, the same good and bad qualities, called him "his first friend,"—yielded with deference to his literary opinions, and stood in awe of his remonstrances. During an access of idle melancholy, to which in his youth he was often liable from his too strong feelings, he was severely reproached by Guido in these lines.

Io vengo il giorno a te infinite volte  
 E trovoti pensar troppo vilmente:  
 Molto mi ammi della gentil tua mente  
 E d'assai tue virtù, che ti son tolte.  
 Solevati spiacer persone molte;  
 Tuttor fuggivi la noiosa gente:  
 Di me parlavi sì coralmemente,  
 Che tutte le tue rime avea accolte.  
 Or non mi ardisco, per la vil tua vita,  
 Far dimostranza ch'ì tuq dir mi piaccia;  
 Ne'n guisa vegno a te, che tu mi veggi.

Whene'er I visit thee day after day,  
 Thy thoughts, thy wishes, all debased I find :  
 And oh ! what grief to see that noble mind,  
 And all thy various virtues, fade away.  
 I knew thee when thy scorn in withering ray  
 Fell blasting on the mean and idle crew :  
 And when of me thou spok'st with friendship true—  
 Of me, who loved so well thy lofty lay.  
 'Tis past, and I despise thee :—now, I dare  
 Not own how once I loved thee with a pride  
 That honour'd both ;—henceforth my only care  
 Will be thy loathed presence to avoid.

We are indebted to Mr. Hayley for a spirited version of the following playful sonnet, addressed by Dante to Guido.

Guido vorrei, che tu, e Lappo, ed io  
 Fossimo presi per incantamento,  
 E messi ad un vassel, ch' ad ogni vento  
 Per mare andasse a voler vostro, e mio ;  
 Sicchè fortuna, od altro tempo rio,  
 Non ci potesse dare impedimento :  
 Anzi vivendo sempre in noi talento  
 Di stare insieme crescesse 'l desio.  
 E Monna Vanna, e Monna Bice poi,  
 Con quella ch' è 'n sul numer delle trenta,  
 Con noi ponesse il buono incantatore :  
 E quivi ragionar sempre d'amore :  
 E ciascuna di lor fosse contenta,  
 Siccome i' credo, che saremo noi.  
 Guido ! I wish that you, Lappo, and I,  
 By some sweet spell within a bark were placed,  
 A gallant bark with magic virtue graced,  
 Swift at our will with every wind to fly,  
 So that no changes of the shifting sky,  
 No stormy terrors of the watery waste,  
 Might bar our course, but heighten still our taste  
 Of sprightly joy and of our social tie :  
 Then that my Bice, Bice fair and free,  
 With those soft nymphs, on whom your souls are bent,  
 The kind magician might to us convey,  
 To talk of love throughout the livelong day ;  
 And that each fair might be as well content,  
 As I in truth believe our hearts would be.

Philip Villani, the son and nephew of the two Florentine historians, in giving the earliest example of literary history and criticism, confirmed the decision of the learned in his age, who pronounced the lyric pieces of Guido equal to those of Dante. Indeed the energy and originality which form the two characteristics of Dante's genius appear still more strongly in the lyrics of Guido, but always deformed by a primitive rudeness, which Dante, who was born twenty years later, more successfully avoided. Guido found the art in its infancy, and in raising it to adolescence, displayed greater force than skill ; but in the productions of Dante strength and address marched with an equal step, and in tempering the harshness incident to all early poetry, he had the sagacity to choose the style of Virgil as his model. Besides,

Dante made poetry his study and his chief glory : Guido, aspiring to a higher reputation, considered the single merit of fine poetry as insufficient to entitle any man, even Virgil himself, to rank with a philosopher.

Those who know that the enterprise of subjecting a language even in the height of its perfection to a system of rules, demands a profound insight into the operations of the intellect, will agree that Guido evinced a philosophic mind in composing a grammar, and laying down the rules of correct writing, before the Italian language could boast of authors of commanding example and authority. The ancient Italians, content with eulogizing this treatise, neglected to preserve it for posterity ; and we are therefore unable to judge of its execution. Of his prose writings there are no remains ; but the praise cannot be withheld from him, of having, at least, commenced a project of vast utility, and at the same time of such difficulty that it could not be brought to any maturity before the golden age of Leo the Xth. Still, that which he has not effected by his theories he has in a great measure accomplished in his practice. He was the first to ennoble the language with a poetical phraseology and versification, and except his too great love for metaphysical ideas and terms, he might serve as a model for any age. The following sonnet exhibits in a striking degree the excellences and the defects of his style.

Chi è questa, che vien, ch' ogni uom la mira,  
E far di clarità l' aer tremare,  
E mena seco Amor, sicchè parlare  
Null' uom ne puote, ma ciascun sospira ?  
Ahi Dio, che sembra quando gli occhi gira ?  
Dicalo Amor, ch' io non saprei contare :  
Cotanto d' umiltà donna mi pare  
Che ciascun' altra in ver di lei chiam' ira.  
Non si porria contar la sua piacenza ;  
Ch' a lei s' inchina ogni gentil vertute,  
E la beltate per sua Dea la mostra :  
Non fu sì alta già la mente nostra,  
E non s' e posta in noi tanta salute ;  
Che propriamente n' abbiam conoscenza.

Ah ! who is she whose beauty wins all eyes,  
And fills with tremulous light the charmed air,  
Leading young Love with her ? Ah ! who can spare  
His wonder other breath than deep-drawn sighs ?  
And when on me her looks in softness beam,  
My rising hopes Love only may declare ;  
And such a quiet meekness doth she wear  
That other dames full cold and haughty seem.  
Her graces infinite what tongue can tell ?  
While gentlest virtues thronging round are seen,  
And Beauty proudly boasts her for her queen.  
Ne'er did our hearts with such emotions swell,  
Nor with such pure and passionate feelings glow,  
As now, when gazing on her charms we know.

From a letter of Lorenzo de' Medici, which we shall quote here in order to shew this renowned patron and arbiter of literature in his less known character of critic, we learn that two centuries after the

death of Guido, the most illustrious of his fellow-citizens continued to lament him as if he had but recently died. It is addressed to the son of the King of Naples. "The most eminent, after Dante and Petrarch, is the delicate Guido Cavalcanti, a Florentine; a dextrous dialectician, and the most distinguished philosopher of his age. He was elegant and graceful in his person, noble in his descent; in his writings he united, beyond all others, beauty, ease, and originality; in his inventions he was sagacious, splendid, and admirable; in his expression deliberate, copious, and sublime; in his arrangement regular, wise, and skilful. All these happy endowments were adorned with a style at once sweet, enchanting, and novel; and if they had been displayed in an ampler field, would undoubtedly have commanded the highest honours. But, above all his other works, there is one canzone, in which this charming poet has described every quality, virtue, and property of love." To this canzone some have applied the epithet *divine*, but though it has been studied for centuries by many acute scholars, we do not find any who have succeeded in understanding it. Its celebrity and obscurity have, however, given birth to seven long commentaries, some in Italian, others in Latin, and two of them still unedited; yet the more their authors have paraded their metaphysics, the more unintelligible has their text become. Although the canzone is always printed in the Appendix to every edition of Petrarch, who seems to have held it in much esteem, still, for the last two centuries, it has been more frequently spoken of than read. This, indeed, is the case with all of Guido's poetry. Lorenzo de' Medici seems to have been his last panegyrist, and since that time his high reputation rests rather on the *magni nominis umbrâ*, than on any of his remaining works.

Some of the compositions of Guido were published by fragments in different collections, and others remained unedited until 1813, when Signor Cicciporci of Florence gathered them together and gave them to the world from a pious duty of consanguinity; a duty which would have been better performed, if instead of a long and useless preface, he had prefixed to his edition an accurate biography of his ancestor. Of the precise date of his birth we have no account: the year, place, and circumstances of his death are equally unknown. Having been exiled, under the magistracy of Dante, as one of the chiefs of the Guelph party, to a spot infected with the *mal-aria*, he was recalled, on the pretext of its unhealthiness, by his friend, which drew upon him the imputation of partiality, and was one of the causes of his own banishment. From this year—the last of the thirteenth century—we find no authentic mention of Guido, except that he was expelled a second time; and from a poem, composed during his exile, we learn that his illness left him few hopes of life. It is written in a tone of truth and passion, which gives it a value, in the absence of others, as an historical document. We shall cite from it some passages, and the more willingly as it appears to be one of the most poetical of his compositions.

Perch' io non spero di tornar giammai,  
Ballatetta, in Toscana,  
Va tu leggiera, e piana  
Dritta alla donna mia.

Since these eyes no more shall see  
My native fields of Tuscany,  
Go, little Song, and softly bear  
Thy homage to my lady fair.

Tu voce sbiggottita, e deboletta,  
 Ch'esci piangendo dello cor dolente,  
 Con l'anima, e con questa ballatetta  
 Va ragionando della strutta mente.  
 Voi troverete una donna piacente  
 Di sì dolce intelletto  
 Che vi sarà diletto  
 Starle davanti ognora.  
 Anima e tu l'adora  
 Sempre nel suo valore.

And thou, O voice, that timid art and  
 weak,  
 This sad and languid bosom quit-  
 ting,  
 With thee my soul is gently fitting,  
 Instruct this little Song to speak  
 Unto my mistress meek,  
 Of its master's faded mind.  
 There a lady wilt thou find  
 Gifted with a sense so bright  
 That 'twill be thy dear delight  
 To live with her for ever.  
 Soul, thou hast with passion loved,  
 All her fondness thou hast proved,  
 And shalt forget her never.

Tu senti, ballatetta, che la morte  
 Mi stringe sì, che vita m'abbandona;  
 E senti come 'l cor si sbatte forte  
 Per quel, che ciascun spirito ragiona:  
 Tant'è distrutta già la mia persona,  
 Ch' i' non posso soffrire:  
 Se tu mi vuoi servire  
 Mena l'anima teco,  
 Molto di ciò ti prego,  
 Quando uscirà del core.

Go, little Song, the hand of death  
 Tells me life is hourly fleeting:  
 Feel'st thou how this heart is beat-  
 ing,  
 As it heaves the parting breath?  
 My form hath wasted all away,  
 And I cannot suffer more.  
 Wouldst thou longer service pay,  
 Take my soul, I now implore,  
 When it quits this fragile sphere,  
 And bear it to my lady dear.

F

PETER-PINDARICS.

*The Auctioneer and the Lawyer.*

A CITY Auctioneer, one Samuel Stubbs,  
 Did greater execution with his hammer,  
 Assisted by his puffing clamour,  
 Than Gog and Magog with their clubs,  
 Or that great Fee-fa-fum of war,  
 The Scandinavian Thor,  
 Did with his mallet, which (see Bryant's  
 Mythology), fell'd stoutest giants:—  
 For Samuel knock'd down houses, churches,  
 And woods of oak and elms and birches,  
 With greater ease than mad Orlando  
 Tore the first tree he laid his hand to.

He ought, in reason, to have raised his own  
 Lot by knocking others' down;  
 And had he been content with shaking  
 His hammer and his hand, and taking  
 Advantage of what brought him grist, he  
 Might have been as rich as Christie;—  
 But somehow when thy midnight bell, Bow,  
 \* Sounded along Cheapside its knell,  
 Our spark was busy in Pall-mall  
 Shaking his elbow,—



Marking, with paw upon his mazzard,  
 The turns of hazard ;  
 Or rattling in a box the dice,  
 • Which seem'd as if a grudge they bore  
 To Stubbs: for often in a trice,  
 Down on the nail he was compell'd to pay  
 All that his hammer brought him in the day,  
 And sometimes more.

Thus, like a male Penelope, our wight,  
 • What he had done by day undid by night,  
 No wonder, therefore, if, like her,  
 He was beset by clamorous brutes,  
 Who crowd'd round him to prefer  
 Their several suits.

One Mr. Snipps, the tailor, had the longest  
 Bill for many suits—of raiment,  
 And naturally thought he had the strongest  
 Claim for payment.

But debts of honour must be paid,  
 Whate'er becomes of debts of trade ;  
 And so our stilish auctioneer,  
 From month to month throughout the year,  
 Excuses, falsehoods, pleas alleges,  
 Or flatteries, compliments, and pledges.  
 When in the latter mood one day,  
 He squeezed his hand, and swore to pay.—  
 “ But when?”—“ Next month.—You may depend on't  
 My dearest Snipps, before the end on't—  
 Your face proclaims in every feature,  
 You wouldn't harm a fellow creature—  
 You're a kind soul, I know you are, Snipps.”  
 “ Ay, so you said six months ago,  
 But such fine words, I'd have you know,  
 Butters no parsnips.”

This said, he bade his lawyer draw  
 A special writ,  
 Serve it on Stubbs, and follow it  
 Up with the utmost rigour of the law.

This lawyer was a friend of Stubbs,  
 That is to say,  
 In a civic way,  
 Where business interposes not its rubs ;  
 For where the main chance is in question,  
 Damon leaves Pythias to the stake,  
 Pylades and Orestes break,  
 And Alexander cuts Hephæstion ;  
 But when our man of law *must* sue his friends,  
 Tenfold politeness made amends.

So when he met our Auctioneer,  
 Into his outstretch'd hand he thrust his  
 Writ, and said with friendly leer,  
 “ My dear, dear Stubbs, pray do me justice ;—  
 In this affair I hope you see  
 No censure can attach to me—

Don't entertain a wrong impression ;  
I'm doing now what must be done  
In my profession."——  
" And so am I," Stubbs answered with a frown,  
So crying " Going—going—going—gone!"  
He knock'd him down !——

*The Gouty Merchant and the Stranger.*

IN Broad-street Buildings, on a winter night,  
Snug by his parlour fire a gouty wight  
Sate all alone, with one hand rubbing  
His leg roll'd up in fleecy hose,  
While t'other held beneath his nose  
The Public Ledger, in whose columns grubbing,  
He noted all the sales of hops,  
Ships, shops, and slops,  
Gum, galls and groceries, ginger, gin,  
Tar, tallow, turmerick, turpentine, and tin.

When, lo ! a decent personage in black  
Enter'd, and most politely said,—  
" Your footman, Sir, has gone his nightly track,  
To the King's Head,  
And left your door ajar, which I  
Observed in passing by,  
And thought it neighbourly to give you notice."

" Ten thousand thanks—how very few get  
In time of danger  
Such kind attentions from a stranger !  
Assuredly that fellow 's throat is  
Doom'd to a final drop at Newgate.  
He knows, too, the unconscionable elf,  
That there 's no soul at home except myself."

" Indeed !" replied the stranger, looking grave ;  
" Then he 's a double knave.  
He knows that rogues and thieves by scores  
Nightly beset unguarded doors ;  
And see how easily might one  
Of these domestic foes,  
Even beneath your very nose,  
Perform his knavish tricks,—  
Enter your room as I have done,  
Blow out your candles—*thus*—and *thus*,  
Pocket your silver candlesticks,  
And walk off—*thus*."——

So said—so done—he made no more remark,  
Nor waited for replies,  
But march'd off with his prize,  
Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

## TALMA.

Among the various objects of pleasure and of instruction which I proposed to myself in visiting Paris, one of the chief was the gratification which I expected to derive from witnessing the performances and cultivating the acquaintance of Talma. I arrived in the French capital in September 1819, and easily obtained an introduction to the great actor, who is remarkable for the frankness and amenity of his manners, and the readiness with which he communicates information upon every subject connected with his profession. He had just returned from a circuit through the provincial theatres, where, like our own performers of note, he had reaped a golden harvest, of which it was said he had great need, for he is possessed with a mania for building, and lavishes in the indulgence of his architectural propensities the large salary paid to him by the crown, which, with the more immediate profits of his profession, leave him an income of above 4000*l.* a-year. He had exceeded, in this instance, the period of absence usually allowed to actors of eminence. I saw him at this moment of popular exasperation (for the French public are jealous of their rights in the genius of their distinguished artists), and when the ultra press took occasion to vent its political animosities for the offence which he was supposed to have committed in withdrawing himself from the admiration of Paris, to dedicate his talents to the more ignoble, but more profitable pursuit of provincial applause. It is scarcely possible that in England the merits of an actor should be estimated by his political tenets, or that he should be depreciated or extolled in a public paper, according to his sympathy with the editor in questions wholly unconnected with the stage. It is indeed well understood that an eminent performer of the day occasionally attributes the severity of some articles in the government journals to the liberality of his public notions; but it is pretty evident that no one annexes the least importance to his creed upon reform with the single exception of himself. But in Paris it is otherwise. The spirit of faction pursues the artist with as much inveteracy, as the senator, and Talma, who had indeed given some cause of complaint to his fellow-actors by his departure from their rules, and to the public by the splenetic manner in which he received an intimation of their displeasure, was laid open to invective of the most galling and malignant kind. He became exasperated, and refused to act. The committee of management had of their own accord put his name into the playbills, and given notice of his appearance upon several occasions—he announced indisposition, and the public anger was roused to an excess, which the misconduct of a minister would scarcely excite amongst ourselves. I was presented to him, at the moment that he was placed in this embarrassing condition, and when I had an opportunity of witnessing his genuine character as brought out by the vehement passions and resentments by which he was inflamed against the persons whom he designated as his bitter and envenomed foes. His temperament seemed to me to be of a boiling and indomitable quality, and he gave utterance to his indignation with gesture of the most impassioned kind. I was a good deal surprised at his communicativeness with an individual with whom he had had no previous acquaintance. Among the many grievances to which he alleged that

he was perpetually exposed, he particularly mentioned the management of the French theatre, which is indeed extremely liable to abuse. It is composed of the principal performers, both male and female, to whom the administration under the control of one of the ministers is entrusted; and those who know any thing of actors, or which is nearly the same thing, who have read the Third canto of Don Juan, will readily conjecture how many and how deep must be the jealousies and animosities which distract this strange and whimsical republic. In no other profession are individual vanities brought into such frequent and direct collision. Theatrical rivalry recognizes no distinction of sex. The deadliest animosity is often found to prevail between persons who are condemned to represent the most impassioned agonies of love. It may be easily imagined that a commonwealth composed of such discordant materials is exposed to perpetual agitation. For the purpose of obviating in some degree the evils to which such a system must give rise, a rule has been adopted that a certain class of parts should be assigned to each performer, from which he can never, as long as he remains in the theatre, either ascend or fall. Thus, an indisputable possession of some of the noblest provinces of the drama is secured to mediocrity, and it becomes almost impossible that genius should make its escape beyond the very limited boundaries to which it may have been originally confined. To one actor, for example, are allotted the parts of old men—another is the perpetual tyrant—a third the eternal lover of the stage—while a fourth is condemned to be the common receptacle of all the secrets of the various personages involved in the business of the play. By this arrangement, which is invariably adhered to, if a new tragedy is to be acted, the author is never consulted as to the disposition of the parts: they are not awarded, according to their importance in the drama, to the actors best calculated for their enactment, but in exact conformity with the original appropriation established at the theatre. A French performer talks of a character, which he thinks himself entitled to represent, as a portion of his property, and considers that it belongs to him as exclusively as one of the dresses of his wardrobe. The consequence of this very preposterous regulation is, that very inferior actors constantly represent the most conspicuous personages in the play; and on the other hand, no matter what indications of genius an actor may evince in the performance of some humble part, he cannot expect a more favourable occasion for the display of his powers, but, once bound to the oar, can never be loosened from his fate. I inquired of Talma, whether, if an actor, who had upon his first admission upon the Parisian boards been condemned to the part of *confidante*—the tame trustee of all the mysteries of a French tragedy—were to manifest in his humble sphere strong glimpses of genius, he would not be suffered by the committee to make an experiment in the performance of some part which might afford a scope for the evidence of superior power. He answered, that it was hardly possible; and stated as an instance of the hardships to which he was himself condemned, that there were several tragedies which he wished to have had revived, but that as it happened that the principal parts did not belong to the class of characters which had first fallen to his lot, his object could not be accomplished; and thus, to gratify the jealousies of actors, some of the master-pieces of the French scene are excluded

from the stage. He particularly mentioned *Athalie*, in which the part of the high priest is so conspicuous, and that upon his having suggested its restoration, the actor who enjoys a sort of copyhold in the pontifical characters, had interposed his customary right, and claimed Joab as his own. This circumstance prevented the revival of the play. The actor, who is a person of no ability, retained his prerogative, and Racine's chef-d'œuvre remained in exile from the stage. I asked him why he performed Marigny in Raynouard's tragedy of the *Templars*, as I conceived the grand master the better part: to which he assented, and alleged the same absurd jealousy as the motive for his not having been permitted to act it. At the time of my first introduction to Talma, he had had several differences with his brethren of the buskin upon the grounds I have alluded to; and the animosity which they excited in his mind, and to which the public complaints against his conduct had made no inconsiderable addition, induced him to think and represent himself as persecuted and unhappy. He expressed a strong dislike for his profession, as almost all men, but especially actors, are in the habit of doing; for they furnish the best commentary on Horace's satire upon that singular propensity of our nature. He said that when a young man, he felt an intense pleasure in acting, but that use had worn it away. Upon my inquiring of him whether he was moved in the personation of the terrible passions, in which his chief excellence consists, he answered that when he first performed a character requiring great emotion, he entered in imagination into the feelings which he undertook to delineate, but that gradually the impression passed away, and that when he appeared to be rapt in the very ecstasy of passion, he was in reality quite insensible and calm. To this, however, I did not yield my implicit faith; and upon another occasion he intimated that all his power arose from the faculty of self-excitation, and that he traced whatever talent he possessed to the intensity of his emotions, and to no other source. It is indeed from the boiling springs about the heart that all true genius must take its rise. I had an opportunity of witnessing on the very first day of my acquaintance, an example of that excitability of temperament, of which he afterwards spoke. A gentleman of considerable rank in the literary circles, waited upon Talma, for the purpose of remonstrating against his obstinacy in refusing to appear. He addressed him in the tone and language of unaffected regard. I proposed to leave the room, as I conceived the subject a delicate one; but Talma requested me to stay. A conversation ensued between the two friends, which gradually rose from warmth into intemperance, and the actor was soon transported into emotions almost as vehement as I ever saw him exhibit upon the stage. This anger was not merely French: it was the result of that promptitude to feel which became habitual in the exercise of his art, and which followed him into the ordinary intercourse of private life.

Having had many occasions to meet Talma, I tried to direct the conversation towards topics more immediately connected with his profession, and gleaned from him opinions which may be attended with some interest, not so much, perhaps, from their own intrinsic value, as from the eminence of the person by whom they were expressed. He seemed to me competent to form some judgment of our distinguished English actors; for he understood our language, and even

spoke it with propriety, although with a French intonation. He had spent some years of his early life in London, and I observed that his sister, Madame Ducis, who is married to the painter of that name, (a nephew of the late poet,) spoke English with such purity and ease, that she might readily have been mistaken for an English woman. Tulma intimated a strong desire to play Hamlet in London. The idea had been originally suggested to him by Helen Maria Williams, into which he entered with enthusiasm, and actually underwent a course of minute preparation, under the tuition of an English actor, who happened to be in Paris at the time that he indulged in the notion that he could win the reluctant approbation of an English auditory, of which he seemed to be peculiarly ambitious. I requested him to repeat "To be or not to be." He readily complied, and delivered it in a manner perfectly original, and which, with some appearance of strangeness, was powerful and impressive in the highest degree. It would not have produced a great effect upon the mass of auditors in one of our own theatres, but a discriminating actor would have found in it much for study, and even for imitation. It was at once solemn and abrupt. The pauses were long, but the utterance was sudden and occasionally precipitate. There was an earnestness, and, if I may so say, an impatient curiosity in his investigations of the mysteries of the grave, which he seemed to open and search like one looking for its secrets, like a treasure, in its dark and impenetrable depth. Yet there was no less of dignity in this impassioned scrutiny. He was more swift than hurried. His images appeared to pass, like the shadows of rapid clouds, over an elevated mind. He seemed to spring with one bound over the dark boundaries which separate us from futurity, and to traverse vast tracts of meditation in a single thought. It was not exactly consistent with our own notions of Hamlet, but it was a noble portraiture of a man holding discourse with death; and, to use an expression of Madame de Stael, "interrogant la pensée sur le sort des mortels." Of our Kemble he spoke in terms of the highest and most unaffected praise, although I could perceive that he considered him his rival. Coriolanus, he said, was a master-piece, which evinced an union of the highest genius with the most consummate art. Kemble, however, in his opinion would not have reached to eminence upon the French stage, on account of the feebleness of his voice,—an obstacle which is insurmountable in France, where the recitation of verse, from the peculiarity of its construction, requires an organ of great depth and power. He acknowledged the genius of Kean, but objected to his mannerism and extravagance. I found him quite alive to the distinguished merits of Miss O'Neill, for he said that in domestic pathos she was unequalled. A singular circumstance was mentioned by him as a proof of her great talents. Some French ladies accompanied him while in London to witness her performance of Isabella, and had previously formed a determination to receive no pleasure from any thing so barbarous as English acting. For some time they kept their resolution, and as they did not understand a word of the play, their impression was but slowly removed, until at last Nature asserted her prerogative, and tears afforded them attestation of the indisputable powers of that impassioned mistress of her delightful art.

Of the German actors, Talma said little, with the single exception of the great Prussian performer, Iffland, whom he represented as a man of singular ability, and as excelling in the delineation of domestic feeling and character, especially in the performance of his own dramas, in which he put out his noblest energies. Talma, in speaking of the German and English stages, took occasion to observe upon the great advantages which they afforded to the actor, both from the strength and variety of the situations, and the unshackled freedom which they permitted him to enjoy in the indulgence of his own invention. In France it is limited and fettered by that sense of *bien-séance*, which, if it restrain the commission of great faults, imposes a check upon the natural flight of genius, and condemns it to an humble sphere. He had made many efforts, he said, (and had in part succeeded) to liberate the theatre of his country from those traditional sophistications by which it was enslaved. He had changed the whole system of recitation, and had contrived a method by which the rhyme of French tragedy was more or less disguised. In his opinion, there could be no French verse without it; but he thought that it should act upon the ear without awakening a sense of its existence; and that the pleasure which a judicious declamation was calculated to supply, should be unaccompanied by any consciousness of the means by which it was produced. Talma, from his first advances towards celebrity, endeavoured to effect a great change in French acting. He threw off many of the pompous forms of tragic enunciation, and assimilated in a greater degree the recitation of verse, with the measure of ordinary discourse. He remedied the imperfections of the metre, which he was reluctantly compelled to allow, by his bold approaches to the familiarity of natural speech. The pause at the third foot, and the alternation of masculine and feminine rhymes, were lost in his intrepid declamation. By a just sacrifice of melody to force, he broke the couplet into energy and power. Talma may indeed be justly designated as the actor of the revolution. His mind broke out in its intensity at that period of excitation, so favourable to the development of his strong and gloomy faculties; for, if I may use the expression, there was a lurid light in his genius, of a quality peculiarly calculated to shine in those dark and tempestuous times. The familiar and almost daily indulgence of the fiercer passions begot a corresponding avidity for emotion in the pictures of ideal life; and men entered the theatre with a predisposition, and even a craving for excitement, which they had derived from the contemplation of those dreadful scenes, in which they had not only been spectators, but had borne so disastrous a part. They looked for fiction upon the stage as terrible, as the reality to which they had been previously habituated, and they found, in the spirit of Talma, a fitting comment for what they saw and felt about them. His genius administered to their appetite for emotion. In his terrible personations, the public man beheld his own image. Full of turbulence and gloom, he saw exhibited, in a faithful mirror, those modifications of nature which the great events upon the theatre of human affairs had contributed to produce. Talma would not, perhaps, have risen to celebrity in times of a more subdued and pacific character. Had he lived in the midst of the frivolous gaiety of the former monarchy of France, he would have found no field for the manifestation of his talents. He would not have

been in unison with the public feeling. His manner would have been condemned for bad taste and exaggeration, and he would have been proscribed for his adventurous innovations. To this day the adherents to the old school of politics and literature (for it is remarkable that the supporters of the one are equally devoted to the other) manifest their distaste in a querulous sort of criticism of this great and original actor. They consider his genius as tainted with the revolution, and are as fully convinced that the *ancien régime* should be restored at the theatre, as at the Louvre. They talk of the good old times of Le Kain, and of La Rive, and lament the barbarous degeneracy of the age in many a pathetic reminiscence of a better day. His gesture, gait, and aspect, furnish them with topics of mournful comparison with the favourites of their younger years; and they remain unmoved, or at most but shrug their shoulders with the habitual demonstration of contempt, while the revolutionary actor traverses the stage in the whirlwind of passion, merging the dignity of the monarch in the vehement emotions of the man, and presenting in his countenance, in a terrible succession, the rapid vicissitude of those stormy feelings, which it is his chief pride and noblest faculty to paint. But upon the great mass of spectators he exercises a magical dominion. To men who court a familiarity with terror, he offers at every moment new materials for astonishment and pleasure, and they gaze upon his terrible delineations in mute and marvelling delight. The cavern of a magician is not more silent than the Parisian theatre, when this great enchanter awakes the furies, and calls up the passions from their dark abysses in the human heart. It is not wonderful that he should have gained so unequalled a reputation with the French people, by the display of those extraordinary faculties with which their own feelings sympathized so well. He accordingly attained a station in society which had never been reached by any other actor, and the blot upon his profession was in part worn away. His intimacy with Bonaparte too gave him a consideration independent of his theatrical fame. The partiality of the emperor for the stage, and his love of dramatic literature, which he continued to protect, when by a singular inconsistency he discountenanced every other branch of polite learning, raised him into estimation at the court. Talma had been intimate with Bonaparte when the latter was a subaltern in the army; and to his honour, their friendship lasted during his elevation, and survived his fall.

Talma mentioned to me some singular circumstances of Bonaparte, which may be of interest, as they are derived from an authentic source. The early acquaintance of Talma with Bonaparte originated from his passion for the stage. Talma had an opportunity of gratifying it, by giving him free admissions, when the finances of the "emperor to be" were too limited for a frequent indulgence in what every Frenchman considers as almost a necessary of life. Their acquaintance soon ripened into familiarity, and the hours which were not devoted to their respective professions, were often passed together. They used frequently to stroll through the streets of Paris in the evening. Bonaparte was so immoderately fond of coffee, that he could not refrain from entering every tavern by which they passed, in which his favourite beverage could be procured. His love for it arose from its exciting qualities. After he had swallowed large draughts, and when his spirits



were awakened into unusual vivacity, he indulged in all sorts of ambitious speculation. His friend could not help smiling at the confidence with which he predicted his future greatness, for he was ever commencing with futurity, and by anticipation was already a great man. All his notions were vast and daring; and he expressed himself in wild and dreamy imagery, which was well suited to his high and aspiring thoughts. Talma said, that at this time his conversation was nearly Ossianic, from which I took occasion to inquire from him if it was true that Bonaparte had so much partiality for the writer, whom he little suspected for a modern Scotchman, who had arrayed his conceptions in the mists of his own grey hills, and contrived to impose upon the world in this ingenious and fantastic masquerade. Talma did not seem to be quite pleased at my being so incredulous of the authenticity of the favourite author of his imperial friend; for he assured me, that from the earliest period of their acquaintance, he remembered Bonaparte's passion for what he considered as among the sublimest fragments of antiquity. He used to carry a small edition of Ossian about him. No doubt, the style more or less communicated something of its own colour to his mind; and we may account for the occasional hyperboles to be found in his public documents, by referring them to that very likely source. I asked Talma whether Bonaparte's temper was as violent before he attained his elevation, as it was said to have been afterwards. He denied, and that with no little warmth, that his temper had ever been remarkable for its vehemence, and asserted, that on the contrary, though subject to gusts of a sudden and transitory kind, he was generally gentle, and exceedingly good-natured. As a proof of it, he mentioned the deep attachment of all those who were immediately about his person. Talma was often much affected in speaking of the man, who had loaded him with favours, and upon one or two occasions he was moved even to tears. He could not help admitting the evils which Bonaparte had inflicted, and that he was a foe to liberty; but at the same time he said, that those who knew him best indulged in the hope that age might have calmed his ambition, and given his mind a more pacific cast—an opinion which, from politeness; I did not care to controvert. Talma always found a ready access to Bonaparte, even in the days of his loftiest prosperity. The emperor used to chat with him, with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance; he inquired minutely into all the concerns of the theatre, and dwelt upon the subject with a real and unimpaired delight. Corneille was Bonaparte's favourite dramatist; and of all his works, he chiefly admired *Cinna*. It occurred to me indeed, when I saw that noble tragedy, that the sentiments it conveyed must have been greatly agreeable to him, as the evils of a republic, and the necessity that one strong hand should seize the reins in turbulent and distracted times, are strongly inculcated. Talma played Augustus for the first time whilst I was in Paris, and to Lafond, who had till then performed the former part, *Cinna* was committed. There was a rivalry between the two actors, which gave additional interest to the performance. Talma soon left competition at an immense distance, and carried all the applauses of the house, which was crowded to excess. The deepest emotion was produced among the spectators, by the many references to the scenes of Roman conception, which afforded a painful association with what they had

themselves so recently beheld. The terrific descriptions of the poet, given with all the power of the most masterly declamation, approached, at moments, to the vividness of reality. Scarce a sentiment was uttered which did not find an echo in every bosom around me, and I could not refrain from praying, that in the theatres of my own country I should never be a witness to emotions derived from any kindred cause. Talma appeared to me, in his personation of Augustus, to aim at presenting some shadows of Bonaparte. Indeed there was a vehemence and abruptness in his acting, so little conformable with my own ideas of the character, that I was satisfied that he intended to pourtray the great product of the revolution. Talma afterwards mentioned that Cinna was the play which Bonaparte chiefly liked; and that one day, after witnessing its representation, he mentioned, that the depth and justice of the political reflections which every where occur in the writings of Corneille, had so much impressed him with admiration for the genius of the poet, that if he had been living in his time, he would have made him his prime minister. S. •

LETTERS FROM TOURS.

NO. II.

MISS MARY BALL TO MISS JANE JINKINS.

DEAR Jane, we reach'd Paris as day-light was closing,  
And its aspect, to use a French phrase, was imposing.  
Its magnificent portals, majestic and wide,  
Through which Temple-bar without stooping might ride—  
Its houses of such Brobdignagian height  
That they make Portland-place Lilliputian quite,—  
Its spacious Boulevards with their vistas of green,  
Flank'd with structures of stone that ennoble the scene—  
The Rue de la Paix, with the Tower at its end,  
All of brass like the one in which Danae was penn'd,—  
(This was made out of cannon, and Boney must pop  
Himself, like the knob of a poker, at top;  
But it's gone, and a little white flag met my eyes  
That look'd like a kite in the shadowy skies,)—  
All these sights, quickly seen in succession, combined  
To dazzle, delight, and astonish my mind.  
We drove to Meurice's, and there should each thing go  
That, to use Papa's phrase, cannot jabber the lingo,  
For our language is spoken by all that you meet,  
Nay, even the charges are English complete,  
And beef and plum-pudding you get if you choose,  
With young roasted-pig, which the French hate like Jews.  
Next morning with Pa to the Louvre I flew,  
The statues, and marbles, and sculptures to view.  
La! Jenny, they're quite indecorous: why, Madam,  
They've not e'en the primitive wardrobe of Adam!  
I didn't know which way to look; but in France  
These matters are view'd with complete *nonchalance*;  
And the ladies around me, like cool connoisseurs  
Were raving in raptures on limbs and contours—  
"O Dieu! que c'est beau! c'est superbe, magnifique!  
Voilà ce que c'est que de suivre l'antique."

"There's the young piping Faun—hark, he's going to warble,  
 Is it petrified nature, or animate marble?  
 Is this one of the stone-produced men of Deucalion?  
 That the vivified nymph of enamour'd Pygmalion?"  
 Thus mounting the hobby *Virtù*, the fair prancers  
 Interrogate statues, though none of them answers;  
 Then hurry to criticise ice at Tortoni's,  
 Or the elephant actor that plays at Franconi's.

Colour'd gowns without sleeves are the promenade dress,  
 Which to me has a servant-like look, I confess;  
 Some wear an elaborate cap, but upon it  
 Not an atom of hat or iota of bonnet!  
 Then they lace down their waists, while the garment so scant is  
 That you see the hips working like lean *Rozinantes*;  
 And 'tis painful to mark the unfortunate stout  
 Screwing every thing in that the hips may stick out.  
 Their legs, as our malaprop statesman once said,  
 "Form the capital feature in which they're ahead"  
 Of us and of all from the Thames to the Po,  
 And the reason is plain—they are always on show;  
 For to walk on such horrible pavements as these  
 They must constantly hold up their clothes to the knees.—  
 I shall tell you, of course, all the lions I've seen,  
 And the places and wonders at which I have been;  
 But as things of importance flow first to my pen,  
 You shall hear of my bonnet in Rue Vivienne.

The bonnets in fashion are sable as ink,  
 But there's nothing, to me, so becoming as pink;  
 And my visage would look, in black lining and borders,  
 Less feminine, Jenny, than Mr. Recorder's.  
 So I vow'd I would do my face justice, in spite  
 Of fashion and France, and not look like a fright.  
 The French I have learnt is what Chaucer, you know,  
 Says was taught to the scholars at Stratford-by-Bow,  
 But at Paris unknown—so I got a Precisian  
 To teach me the phrases and accent Parisian;  
 And in stating my wants I was cautious to close  
 With—"Il faut qu'il soit doublé en couleur de rose."  
 I wish you had seen their indignant surprise,  
 The abhorrence they threw in their shoulders and eyes,  
 And the solemn abjurings each minx took upon her,  
 As if I had offer'd offence to her honour.  
 "Nous en avons en noir—mais O Ciel! O Dieu!  
 En rose!! Ah, vous n'aurez pas ça dans la rue.  
 Ce n'est pas distingué—c'est très mal-honnête,  
 C'est passé—c'est chassé"—Six weeks out of date!  
 Then they tried on their own, and exclaimed How becoming!  
 "C'est charmant—distingué:"—I knew they were humming,  
 For I look'd just as sable and solemn, or worse  
 Than the plume-bearing figure preceding a hearse.—  
 Would they put in a lining of pink, if I waited?  
 This point was in corners and whispers debated;  
 But, granted, on pledge not to tell: for they said, it  
 Might implicate deeply their *à-la-mode* credit.  
 And the price? "Soixante francs, quand c'est monté comme cela;  
 C'est toujours prix-fixé—nous ne marchandons pas."  
 I blush'd as I offer'd them forty; but they  
 Took the cash without blushing or once saying nay.

I think you'll allow me one merit, dear Jane,—  
 I'm the least of all women inclined to be vain;  
 But this bonnet, I frankly confess, did enhance  
 The notion I had of myself—and of France.  
 The value I set on my beauty is small,  
 For the manner—the fashion's the thing, after all:  
 Thus in bonnets it isn't the feathers and lace,  
 So much as the smartness, gentility, grace,  
 That the wearer possesses;—now these, you'll acknowledge, I  
 May modestly claim without any apology;  
 And I offer you none for this lengthen'd report  
 On my bonnet, (the plume would be handsome *at Court*,)  
 For I'm sure my dear Jenny would wish me to state  
 All that interests deeply my feelings and fate.

The scene where my purchase first made its *début*  
 I reserve for the next—for the present adieu:  
 I meant to add more, but I hear Papa call,  
 So can only subscribe myself—Yours, Mary Ball.

P.S.

Pray, Jenny, don't quarrel with me, but the laws,  
 If I write on this flimsy and bibulous gauze;  
 For were I to scribble on substance less taper,  
 They would charge double-postage, though one sheet of paper.  
 I think the Police has commanded it thin  
 For reading outside all the secrets within.

2nd P.S.

I've just time to add, (having open'd my letter,)  
 That I like my new bonnet still better and better.

# LETTERS ON A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

## NO. III.

Ev'n here where Alpine solitudes extend,  
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend.

GOLDSMITH.

WE left Chamounix by way of the sublime Alpine pass of the *Tête Noire*. We should have preferred passing over the mountain of the Col de Balme, but the weather was thick and cloudy, and all the attractions of the Col de Balme consist in its commanding prospect of the Alps around Mont Blanc, for the enjoyment of which a clear sky is indispensable. We had no reason to repent our choice; for the scene of wild magnificence presented by the *Tête Noire*, is certainly one of the most remarkable and the most interesting which Alpine scenery can afford. Nature appears here to luxuriate in savage grandeur: she has here achieved her masterpiece in the style of sombre magnificence; and the traveller may be said to sup full of all the horrors of the picturesque. Chamounix itself, with all its impending snows and glaciers, presents a picture of smiling beauty and graceful loveliness, in comparison with this dark glen of rocks, and precipices, and cataracts, funereal firs, inaccessible crags, and bottomless abysses—

“Umbrarum hic locus est, somni, noctisque soporæ.”

and one has abundant reason to invoke with the poet “*umbræ silentes*,” and all other deities of night and gloom, before attempting to describe these vales, on which the sun never shines, and where the rocks eter-

nally echo the roar of the cataract. The valley, of which one side is bounded by the gigantic range of gloomy precipice, called the Tête Noire, is named Valorsine. In general, it is not half a mile in width. A few green pastures, studded with chalets and goatherds' cottages, lie deep sunk in the abyss, overhung on both sides by cliffs and wild precipices, rising rank above rank in gloomy grandeur, clothed with ranks of black firs, sometimes relieved by the lighter green foliage of the beech and larch. Here and there a bright cascade is seen, pouring its silvery and foaming stream down the rocks and amidst the foliage, till it finds its way into the furious torrent called the *Eau Noire*, which foams along the bottom of the glen. The village (as it is called) of Valorsine is situated in the middle of this valley, consisting of a few wooden chalets and huts inhabited by cowherds, and surrounded by pastures inclosed with rude stone walls. The people of Valorsine are said to be a remarkably fine race. I cannot say we saw any striking instances of beauty. They supplied us with some excellent milk, not served up by the "*fraiches et discrettes laitieres*" of Rousseau: at least, the former charm was wanting—the latter, probably for that reason, might exist in high perfection. Our Chamounix guides (the ever-to-be-respected François Simon and Vincent Payaud,) who were most conscientious Ciceronis on all occasions, and never spared the legs of mules or men when a cascade or a point of view was within reach, insisted on our climbing about half a league up the sides of a mountain to admire a cascade, which they assured us, by way of recommendation, had so captivated *Monsieur Canning, l'Ambassadeur Anglais*, that he gave them five francs on condition that they should shew it to all his countrymen who passed that way. The cascade of Barberine we found to be a fine fall of turbulent foam, which any where else than in this land of cascades would have been well worth the soaking from the spray, which was the price our admiration cost us. From Valorsine we proceeded to Trient, by a path full of the most romantic beauties; at first, along the valley, following the sides of the torrent, which we crossed and recrossed several times by rude narrow wooden bridges, over which our mules stepped most dextrously. We then rapidly ascended a dangerous and wild path up the sides of the mountain of the Tête Noire, passing along the edge of continual precipices, and fir-covered rocks and heights beetling over our heads. In one of the wildest spots in this scene is an enormous mass of solid rock, half covered with brushwood, lichen, and moss, and which, to our surprise, was enclosed within neat new deal palisadoes. A long inscription announced that this rock was the fee-simple of Lord Guildford, who had purchased it of the Commune, and inclosed it, from a feeling of fondness for this romantic glen, through which he had passed on returning from Greece and Italy. We also heard it said, that his Lordship had endeavoured to purchase the little lake of Chède, in Savoy, whose crystal face perpetually reflects the snows of Mont Blanc—curious instances of the pleasure conferred by the feeling of *property* in any object that is interesting, even though the full enjoyment of that object is in no degree rendered more easy or complete by the possession of the title-deeds. Lord Guildford's cosmopolitan feelings and locomotive habits are not less remarkable than his knowledge and attainments.

We arrived at the little cluster of huts and chalets, called Trient,

somewhat glad to escape from dizzy precipices and rocky glens, in passing which it was difficult to participate the *sang froid* of our guides and mules. Trient is situated in one of the wildest and most desolate scenes that can be conceived; and the *châlets* and their inhabitants almost equal, in uncouthness and wild simplicity, what one conceives of a tribe of Esquimaux or New Zealanders. Their provisions appeared not much of a superior description. Some sour wine, bad cheese, and potatoes, were all that the *inn* of the place afforded; which however we dispatched in a sort of cabin where we could scarcely stand upright, with a wooden window, which served for the bed-room and dwelling-room of the family. We presently remounted our mules, and wound by a steep and difficult path, over rocks and amidst brushwood, to the summit of the range of mountains called the *Fôrclaz*, which here incloses the valley of the Rhone, and separates the lower country of the Vallais from Savoy. On reaching the summit, a new scene opened upon us—bold shelving mountains, covered with alternate pastures and forests, gradually slope down to the valley of the Rhone, through which, at three leagues distance, the river was gliding in silvery and meandering brightness; while far beyond, the horizon was closed up by the rugged heights beyond Sion, sometimes frowning under a black burthen of clouds, and at others glittering forth in all their snowy splendour. Descending the mountain-path, we arrived in the Rhone valley, and presently found ourselves in the dirty and desolate town of Martigny—a place which concentrates a large portion of the filth, disease, and bigotry of the canton of Vallais, one of the most filthy, unwholesome, and bigoted countries of Europe.

The people have all an appearance of misery and stupidity; and dirt and wretchedness pervade every habitation. We were surprised, however, to find a smaller number of *Goîtres* and *Cretins* than we had expected. Some still exist; but so many of these helpless wretches had perished in the revolutionary wars, that their number is very insignificant in comparison with what it was twenty years ago. Both Mr. Cox and Dr. Moore speak of Martigny as the head-quarters of this wretched calamity. We saw only a few hanging about the inns and the church, and endeavouring to attract the commiseration of travellers by a display of their infirmities. Many of them are deaf, dumb, and complete idiots. Some have a sort of inarticulate power of speech, and a very slender portion of intellect; and others appear to be only visited with the personal deformity of a tumour on the neck, and features slightly distorted, without any affection in speech, hearing, or common sense. In short, you meet in the valleys every gradation of this singular malady, from the most hideous objects of disease and imbecility to the gentle protuberance and roundness of neck, which is observable in the finest women in the Vallais, and indeed in Switzerland generally. The causes of this affliction have hitherto puzzled the investigation of naturalists. Saussure ascribes it to the relaxing tendency of the warm and stagnant air in these close Alpine valleys, of which the Vallais, where the disease is most found, is certainly the closest and worst ventilated. This singular valley, formed by the course of the Rhone, is not less than one hundred miles in length from its frontier on the canton of Uri to its junction with the Pays de Vaud; walled in on all sides by a magnificent chain of mountains,

whose peaks and summits vary from a thousand to fourteen thousand feet in height. The valley is in few places above a league or a league and a half in width; and being entirely defended from the winds of the north, and very slightly accessible to those from any other quarter, its heat in summer is excessive. In some spots the corn is ripened and cut in the month of May. Between Sion and Martigny Fahrenheit's thermometer commonly stands in the shade in the summer months at 79, 80, and rises exposed to the sun to 114, 120. Wild asparagus grows commonly, and figs and almonds are ripened with ease. A very strong wine is produced almost without trouble, which might be rendered excellent if the Valaisans were skilful and industrious in the cultivation of the grape. It is not surprising that a narrow valley of this temperature, and in which the Rhone occasions vapour and marshy ground, should be found unhealthy; and it seems not improbable that these circumstances may contribute to the flaccid and diseased habits of the population. Some persons ascribe the tumours on the neck to certain deleterious qualities in the water; and a sensible gentleman assured us, that when the tumour has been opened, it has generally been found to contain a sort of kernel, apparently formed by an accretion of calcareous particles. It is difficult to conceive that any peculiarity in the water can *alone* produce this effect, which is endemic, to a greater or less degree, in all the valleys of the Alps from Savoy to Carinthia; but that this cause may co-operate with others is very probable. The air of the valleys is considered so peculiarly productive of the disorder, that many individuals who can afford the expense, send their wives to a village in the mountains before their lying-in, and children are often sent to the mountains to be reared. The filthy habits of the Valaisans, joined to the frequent deformity in the people, must also materially assist the disease, producing a disgusting and painful contrast with the sublime beauties of the natural scenery. In the Vallais all but the features "of man is divine." Martigny suffered severely in the year 1818 from the dreadful inundation of the river Dranse, which here unites with the Rhone. Many houses were washed away, and a considerable number of persons perished; and heaps of ruins and rubbish, and accumulations of sand and rock, still attest the violence of this calamity. In ascending from Martigny to the Grand St. Bernard, we saw more of its devastating effects. The road winds for a distance of two leagues through a gorge, between abrupt mountains formed by the course of the rapid Dranse; and every step presents traces of the overwhelming force of the inundation of 1818. The torrent now flows in its natural accustomed bed; about thirty feet in width, but the channel worked out by the swollen torrent of 1818 is six or seven times that width, indeed nearly of the width of the bottom of the valley—a vast ravine half choaked up with mud, sand, prostrate firs and oaks, debris of granite, and scattered remnants of timber and masonry—

nunc lapides adesos,  
 Stirpesque raptas, e pecus et domos  
 Volventis una, non sine montium  
 Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ.

Some of the masses of rock, hurled down the channel from the mountains, are thirty or forty feet in height, and scarcely less in diameter.

Several entire villages were swept away, with the loss of almost every inhabitant. Above two hundred persons are computed to have perished, and large tracts of pasture and orchard and meadow are irrecoverably lost. This dreadful event was occasioned by the overflowing of the waters of a lake in the valley of Bagnes, which is fed by the immense glacier of Tzermontane. The glacier is of enormous extent, and the waters, swollen by an unusual melting of the snow and glacier, broke the banks of the lake, and precipitated themselves down the channel of the Dranse into the valley of the Rhone. This was not the first *debordement* which had occurred from a similar cause and produced similar effects; and the people now live under the certain apprehension that after the accumulation of a considerable number of years, the same affliction will revisit them.

The government of the Vallais has done what its limited means allow to relieve the sufferers, and to avert the evil for the future. A channel has been opened, by which part of the accumulations from the glacier are gradually drained off; but the remedy is very inadequate, and the costs of making it more complete are quite out of the reach of the republican government of the Vallais. Had the calamity occurred during the time when the Vallais formed a province of the French empire, Napoleon's engineers would probably have contrived a tunnel through the solid mountain, by which the *debacle* of the glacier might have found a regular outlet to the Rhone. The daring arm which had vanquished the rocks of the Simplon and the Rhine would (if, indeed, the safety of these mountaineers had ever interested its selfish policy) have achieved this new triumph over the forces of nature. But a war with nature and the elements is rather too costly for a poor petty republic; and the Valaisans, I believe, had much rather live in annual dread of the fury of the Dranse, than submit to the grinding oppressions of a protecting empire, and the cruelties of French soldiery.

Nothing can be more beautiful and romantic than the early part of the ascent from Martigny to the Grand St. Bernard, or more sublime and desolate than the latter part of the journey. One branch of the Dranse has its source on the Mont St. Bernard, and the torrent descends in a tempestuous and winding course of seven or eight leagues, till it joins the main stream at St. Branchier, near Martigny. The valley by which the stream descends is called the valley of Entremont; and the mule-path to the St. Bernard follows the windings of the Dranse up the wild, magnificent, and fertile scenes of the mountain-valle. For about six leagues the road presents all the grand and diversified beauties of Alpine scenery, all its union of luxuriant richness with imposing sublimity—pastures of the loveliest green, forests crowning majestic heights, the spires and villages of St. Orsieres, Liddes, and St. Pierre, niched in the hollow of the green glen watered by the torrent, and high above all, the frozen and snowy heights of the Mont Velan and the St. Bernard, the clouds resting on their heads, or sometimes scudding and floating round their sides. For bold open slopes and shelving mountains of smiling fertility and careful cultivation few Alpine valleys can be compared with this of Entremont; few unite so much of grand Alpine proportions with such an exquisite succession of green and softened landscape. St. Pierre is the last village on the



ascent, and three leagues from the convent of the St. Bernard : it is five thousand and four feet above the level of the sea, and nature already begins to wear a crabbed and wintry aspect. The herbage grows thin and mossy, cultivation more rare, few fields are seen except pastures, the fine beech woods have disappeared, and the firs, feathering up the sides of the mountains, have a bare branchless Norwegian character. These features are more striking as you advance ; till on arriving about a league and half beyond the village, the last struggles of vegetation give way to the chilling influence of the eternal winter which here begins to reign. A few leafless fir stumps and a little coarse grass and moss cling about the rocks and stones which lie scattered on all sides. The air becomes extremely chilling and keen ; and you constantly find yourself enveloped in a damp and drizzling cloud. The Dranse is now dwindled to a small but impetuous torrent, brawling over rocks almost without a regular channel. Almost the last spot of green is a small pasture of wretched grass belonging to the monks of the convent, where they feed a few cows or sheep for a few weeks in the year. One of the monks, in the costume of the order, was looking after the cattle. The wild sublimity of the scenes which we now passed was much obscured by perpetual clouds and mist. Now and then the clouds broke away, and discovered to us, for a short time, the bleak bare rocks, the impending glaciers, and gloomy crags which hemmed us in on all sides. A brown bare sterility was observable all around. The snows were not considerable, owing to the mildness of the season and the warm rains which had fallen in abundance. The reign of animal and vegetable life we had left far below us ; and with them every object of picturesque beauty had ceased. The guides conducted us to a little low hut which serves for the charnel-house of the convent. There is not sufficient earth within some miles of the convent to dig a grave ; and the bodies of such unfortunate persons as perish in this dangerous Alpine pass are placed in this building, where the extreme rarity and coldness of the atmosphere prevents putrefaction. Amidst tattered remains of clothes and an accumulation of dry bones, was one shrivelled mummy-like corpse, with the garments in good preservation, which had been placed there in the preceding winter. There was no kind of effluvia, or any symptom of putrefaction. This dry dark abode of death, the only kind of building in sight, adds not a little to the dreary character of the scene, and the gloomy sensations which every object is calculated to inspire. After pursuing various narrow passes and defiles, amidst rocks and chasms in which the Dranse has worn for itself a narrow and irregular channel, we discovered at the end of a narrow gorge between the mountains, the white gable ends of the convent, surmounted by its pious emblem of the crucifix. Our mules appeared to erect their ears at the pleasing prospect ; and selecting, with their unerring discretion, a safe path over the snow and rocks and up a rude sort of flight of steps hewn in the mountain, safely landed us at the great door of the convent, where the sub-prior and another brother received us with hospitable welcome.

D.

## CAMPAIGNS OF A CORNET.

## NO. III.

THE Baron's wound, like Mercutio's, was neither "as deep as a well nor as wide as a church-door," but still it was serious enough to give him great pain and anxiety. An English surgeon belonging to another regiment declared that it was unnecessary to be under any apprehension; but the Baron, who found a new tie to existence in the possession of the four hundred crowns, for which he had paid so dear, and who thought it was better to bear the ills he had "than fly to others that he knew not of," betrayed considerable anxiety with regard to the consequences of the clerical admonition which he had received. We were compelled to leave our gallant commander, and proceed without him to our regiment, where in a few days afterwards he joined us. We found our corps stationed in the neighbourhood of the Ebro, within a few leagues of Saragossa. I was struck with admiration at the fine appearance and perfect appointment of the men, who, though they had been abroad many years, displayed the good discipline and martial air of veterans, with all the neatness and cleanliness which our troops are remarkable for at home. The town at which we were stationed was called Reomilines, and abounded in good provisions. Instead of the "spare fast," which oft with soldiers "doth diet," I found my brothers in arms indulging at this place in all sorts of luxuries—that is to say, feasting in great plenty on very tolerable joints of mutton. The great desideratum I soon found to be bottled London porter, which was considered very reasonable at a dollar a bottle, a price equivalent at that time to about six and fourpence. While all the infantry of the army, and some favoured regiments of cavalry, were passing the winter amid the snows of the Pyrenees, with no other hopes of glory than what a death by starvation could furnish, we were enjoying ourselves in this peaceable part of the country, performing the regular routine of our military duties, studying the Spanish character, and visiting whatever was worthy of observation in the neighbourhood. The only incident which occurred to enliven the tedium of our residence at Reomilines, which really partook of the character of country quarters, (with the exception of falling out with the Spanish men, and in love with the Spanish women, and out of humour with the amusements of a Spanish village); the only incident, I say, which can properly claim insertion in these military commentaries, was one of rather a serious nature to the parties concerned.

In consequence of the accumulation of offences, it was determined at this time to hold what I may call a species of martial assizes—sessions of *oyer and terminer* of all campaigning quarrels and breaches of punctilio, and a general gaol delivery of all plundering serjeants, licentious corporals, and poor petty-larceny privates. The court was held under the warrant of the Commander of the Forces, at the head-quarters of General Lord ———, the president; and I, having been summoned to sit upon the court, was present at all the proceedings, although my services were not called for, in consequence of the requisite number of thirteen members having been already filled up. Many cases occurred which would have afforded a high relish, even to the

vitiated palates of an Old Bailey audience. The most common charge was that of plundering the peasantry, relieved occasionally by a complaint of the importunate gallantry of some Irish grenadier. The only case of which I have now any distinct recollection, was the trial of an officer, whose whole conduct appeared to be tinctured with something more than eccentricity. There were three distinct charges against him; 1st, For neglecting his duty while upon picquet, by which a portion of the baggage had been lost. 2dly, For using the troop horses for the purpose of dog-hunting, whilst at an hospital station; and 3dly, For being intoxicated while in quarters, disobeying the orders of his commanding officer, and calling him an ass. In the language of this military indictment all these offences were *laid*—as unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, highly subversive of all military discipline, and contrary to the articles of war and the act of parliament in that case made and provided. The judges of this august court, instead of the usual paraphernalia of wigs and gowns, were required to appear in full regimentals, with their swords, and a competent supply of ball-cartridge, in case of emergency. The court met in a spacious apartment in a neighbouring convent, which had, I believe, formerly been appropriated to similar purposes, by the holy fraternity of St. Dominick. The court only sate from eleven o'clock till three, and the trial lasted several days. I was particularly amused with the demeanour of some of the juvenile judges, who, whilst the witnesses were giving their evidence, were often busily employed in discussing the eternal and unchangeable principles of *dress*. The prosecutor was the commanding officer of the regiment to which the offender belonged, and was a principal witness upon all the three charges, although a great part of his evidence consisted merely of *hearsay*. The evidence in support of the first charge was, that the criminal on the morning when the loss took place, had been placed in a situation to prevent the enemy from intercepting our baggage, but that instead of keeping a diligent watch, he had snugly established himself under the lee of a house, and was expounding Anacreon, with a running commentary, to an admiring circle, consisting of the serjeant, corporal, trumpeter, and three of the most enlightened of his men. He was just finishing the sixth ode, *ἐν συμποσίῳ*, to which his companions were adding a practical commentary, in their earnest attentions to their officer's flask of brandy, when one of the servants from the baggage came galloping in, followed by two French dragoons at the distance of about three hundred yards, and told the astonished philologist, with the woe-begone countenance of Priam's messenger, that "half his baggage was ta'en." There was no remedy for this evil, and the party was forced to make a hasty retreat. The second charge was founded on an offence which had long been committed with impunity, and which was now for the first time brought under martial cognizance. There being no fox-hunting in Spain, it was a common amusement with the officers of the army—an amusement originally introduced by a colonel of great sporting celebrity—to tie a kettle, or some other noisy appendage, to the tail of a dog, when the terrified animal scouring over the face of the country, afforded a chase which frequently led these military Nimrods a ride of twenty miles over hill and dale. It appeared that the accused had certainly partaken of the amusements which this novel style of hunting

afforded; but there was no evidence to shew that he had ever ridden troop horses, a fact which only existed in the fertile imagination of his prosecutor. The accused seemed quite regardless of the evidence which was brought forward to substantiate the two first charges; but he applied himself with great earnestness to the last, vehemently denying the imputation of inebriety, and setting up the truth of the words he had spoken as a justification. To establish this part of his case, he cross-examined his prosecutor with considerable ingenuity, and at last ingenuously demanded from him, whether he did not himself think he was a fool. This was almost too much for the dignity of the court; and being considered in the light of a contempt, it certainly tended to aggravate his punishment. As the charges were not made out in the clearest manner, he was only sentenced to three months suspension, which I afterwards understood he dedicated to the Muses; and having now no baggage to lose, he gave himself up to the unrestrained delight of perusing his favourite Anacreon.

In the month of February 1813 we left our country quarters on the Ebro, and proceeded to join the army in France under the command of the Marquess of Wellington. We passed through the town of Pampeluna, and halted there on a Sunday, when a curious incident occurred. The officer of a dragoon regiment, related to a noble family, was so smitten with the charms of a pretty chambermaid at the Posada where he was staying, and so dazzled at the thought of twenty dollars, which it was understood she was possessed of, that he was determined at all events to become master of the prize. In England he might have purchased a licence, and tied the holy knot without farther trouble, but in Spain there was a preliminary ceremony to go through. The fair chambermaid was unwilling to endanger her soul by uniting herself to a heretic, so that our gallant countryman was constrained to embrace the Catholic faith, before the Catholic fair. This was done in the cathedral church of Pampeluna at an immense concourse of Spaniards, and the two ceremonies of renunciation and union were performed by the cardinal archbishop. As may be supposed, this match did not turn out very happily. A few weeks after their marriage the parties separated; the lady returned to her household gods, and the Neophyte to the faith of his forefathers.

The Pyrenees presented a very different aspect as we recrossed them. On every side of us the rocks were covered to their lofty summits with snow, which contrasted finely with the clear blue sky. The depth of the snow was such that we were frequently compelled to dismount, and lead our horses through it. Descending from the higher mountains, we found a comparative summer in the valleys, and we proceeded, at the usual day's march of fifteen or twenty miles, through the towns of Tolosa, Irun, and Fontarabia, where "Charlemagne with all his peerage fell." On the day of leaving St. Jean de Luz we passed Bayonne, which was at that time besieged by the first division of infantry under Sir John Hope. The regular road lies directly through the town, but in consequence of the siege we were forced to diverge to the left, and cross the Adige between Bayonne and the sea. Our march until we reached the river was through heavy sands. The pontoon-bridge, by which we crossed, was one of the most successful and ingenious contrivances which the engineer department had pro-

duced during the war. The Adige is of considerable breadth, and judging at the moment, I should have said it was nearly as broad as the Thames at London-bridge. The passage of the river was effected in the following manner: several *chasse-marées* were brought up and anchored with double chain-cables, at regular distances across the river, and over these a double net-work of cables was thrown, the strength of which was sufficient to bear any weight, and at the same time afforded a firm and secure footing. Although exposed to the enemy's fire during the whole time of passing, we accomplished our transit without any accident whatsoever. On leaving Bayonne our route for several days lay through sandy forests, and here was the commencement of our privations and fatigues. The deep sandy roads knocked up our horses and baggage-animals, while the want of all fresh provisions compelled us to subsist entirely on the most execrable ration beef. The houses, or rather the hovels, in which we were lodged at night, were generally untenanted and despoiled of every convenience. In one respect we were fortunate enough—we had plenty of clothing, in which some of the infantry regiments were miserably deficient. On our march we met some regiments proceeding to St. Jean de Luz to procure clothing: for the most part they were entirely without shoes and stockings.

We now diverged to the right, and passing the town of Dax, celebrated for its hot-wells, we again inclined toward the Pyrenees, and recrossed the Adige. We had been for some days close upon the heels of the army, and we were highly chagrined to find how many laurels had been reaped without our assistance. The victory of Orthes had been succeeded by several gallant charges, in which both the cavalry and infantry had been engaged. We frequently fell in with waggon loads of sick and wounded, and large bodies of prisoners going to the rear. On the day on which we recrossed the Adige we met the fifth and seventh divisions of the army, under the command of Lieut.-Gen. the Earl of Dalhousie, not—

Dalhousie the great god of war,  
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar,

but a worthy descendant of his. The day before we joined the army, we had halted about two o'clock in the afternoon, in the expectation of taking up our quarters for the night in a neighbouring town, when we received orders to push forward to the front, and, marching at a sharp trot till two o'clock in the morning, we arrived at our station. For miles before we reached the army the country before us was one blaze of light, and as we passed through the camps of the different regiments on the road-side, we were received with loud cheers. The night of my arrival was, I think, the most miserable I ever spent. The rain had been falling in torrents, and as our baggage was left far behind us, we had neither tents nor provisions, except what our holster-pipes could contain. Into one of mine I had crammed a Bologna sausage, which seemed made for the purpose, and a little bread and cheese, while in the other I had contrived to deposit a comfortable bottle of brandy. As soon as I arrived I threw myself from my horse, and applying my mouth to the mouth of the flask, (a proceeding technically termed *sucking the monkey*,) I soon fell into a sound sleep, which I enjoyed for

about three hours and a half, when I was roused for the purpose of commanding a foraging party. I soon found that our yesternight's exertions had taken effect on both horses and men: all around me I saw nothing but

Troops of pains and regimental woes.

We seemed just to have forestalled a party of the enemy, who appeared to be advancing with views similar to our own; however as I pushed forward as vigorously as our tired horses would allow me, I gained the place in view, and we suffered no disturbance. We found plenty of straw in the town, and I was fortunate enough to secure, on my own account, a good supply of wholesome provender, consisting of bread, ham, and a little very pleasant brandy. We returned to the camp in about two hours, and found our baggage had arrived, which enabled me to make a comfortable cup of tea, to which a slice of the captured ham afforded an excellent relish. I was startled out of a gratifying doze, into which I had just fallen, by the bugles sounding to horse, and in less than ten minutes we were all of us mounted and in order. A large body of the army, of which we formed a part, moved upon the town of Tarbes, a large and populous place. The scene, in passing through this town, was one of the most brilliant I had yet beheld. We saw the enemy, stationed at the top of the hills which overlooked the town, engaged with several bodies of our troops, which were attempting to turn their position. As we marched through the principal streets of Tarbes, the inhabitants flocked out of their houses to gaze at us as we passed; and certainly a gallant sight it was, our colours being all displayed, and our bands striking up a variety of gay and martial tunes. We were greeted on every hand with cries of *Vivent les Anglais! Vivent les Portugueses!* although the French were yet contesting the outskirts of the town. The moment we made our appearance in the suburbs, the enemy commenced a brisk fire upon us. The troop of artillery attached to our brigade was immediately sent forward to return the compliment. It fell to the lot of the squadron to which I was attached to perform the duty of covering the guns, that is to say, of ranging ourselves in line close behind them. I now began to think the matter rather serious, and certainly it seemed high time to prepare our testamentary documents. This friendly salutation between us and the enemy continued for the space of three or four hours, when the position being nearly turned, we were ordered forward to charge a body of dragoons which yet kept their station. Nothing struck me more forcibly on this occasion than the contrast between my own horse and the steeds of the old campaigners, which had been used to the service. While my own charger snorted, pranced, and plunged under me, and like the war-horse in Scripture seemed to cry Ha! ha! the horses which had been accustomed to the sound of the firing and had seen their fellows drop around them, stood trembling excessively as if in terror of a similar fate. This fact furnishes an illustration of the distinction between physical and moral courage. A young soldier when he first goes into battle, however hot and impatient he is, has still a little throbbing at his heart, and a little trembling in his limbs; while a veteran, on the contrary, loses all these symptoms of rash and youthful valour, and becomes more collected and calm in proportion

as he is acquainted with the extent of the dangers with which he is environed. But to the charge. The enemy prudently filed off as we advanced, and just as we were preparing to make a deadly onset upon them, they put spurs to their horses and made off with the most mortifying coolness. I confess I had wrought up my spirit to perform some terrible prodigies of valour, and when I saw our prey escape, I felt in the situation of a bow, the string of which has slipped just as the arrow has been drawn to the head.

Although we were disappointed in the present instance, a few days afterwards we had a rencontre which was sufficient to satisfy the keenest appetite. I have already, in the commencement of these my commentaries, attempted to describe my sensations during an infantry charge; but the same operation when I was mounted on the back of an ungovernable beast of a charger, proved a very different affair. It was about sunset after a long day's march, and we had halted and were just lighting our camp-fires, calculating amongst ourselves who would be the happy man to go out upon picquet, when we were suddenly ordered to mount and advance immediately. The enemy's picquet was within a few yards before us, and I with about twenty men was ordered forward to skirmish with them. Skirmishing is by no means a pleasant occupation; it is too like a harlequinade. My men made a very skilful use of their carbines, and we gradually drove the enemy's skirmishers in. I observed that they fell in upon a regiment of French dragoons, which were stationed upon an open space of ground on the outside of a small town. The object of our movement I immediately found to be, to attack this body of horse. Our regiment had no sooner arrived on the plain than we formed in front of the enemy. I was called in with my party just as our soldiers had drawn their sabres. This looked as if they were in earnest. The squadron to which I belonged was the first, and indeed the only one which charged. We advanced at a steady trot till we were about ten yards from the enemy, when the words "gallop," "charge," followed close upon one another, and every man dashed the rowels in his steed," and fixed himself firmly in his saddle. Like a young sportsman who first draws a trigger, I no sooner touched my horse's flank with my heel, than I involuntarily shut my eyes, and immediately after I felt a most tremendous shock. This made me look about me, and I perceived that the impetus of my noble charger had laid three French jades and their riders prostrate before me. One of the dragoons, a light active fellow, had just gained his legs, and with *sacre* in his mouth, and a long sabre in his hand, was about to wreck his vengeance upon my Bucephalus; when a back-handed blow from my sword upon his headpiece put a speedy termination to his schemes of revenge. Our squadron did not cover the whole front of the French regiment, but as far as we did extend, wherever we came in contact, the enemy were, to use Bonaparte's own expression, completely "*bouleversée, renversée.*" A portion of the enemy retired about a hundred yards, and immediately formed again with great adroitness; but we were so little disordered by the first attack, that we were ready, as soon as they were in order, to make a fresh charge, which we instantly did with the same spirit and the same success as before. The discomfited party, supported by a fresh squadron of hussars, again shewed front in the town; and so slightly had our men suffered in

these two charges, a thing almost unparalleled, but proceeding, no doubt, from the weak state of the French horses and men, that we repeated the dose again in the centre of the market-place, while the French inhabitants were looking out of their windows, and screaming with horror and amazement at the skilful manner in which we administered it. The French displayed their usual gallantry; and though they were evidently unfit to stand up before us, on being driven out of the town they tried the experiment a fourth time with the same success: nothing but darkness prevented us from either killing or capturing every man of them.

A great number of prisoners fell into our hands; but our principal object, as is the usage and practice of dragoons, was to capture horses, and not men; seeing that the quadruped will fetch about two hundred crowns, whereas the biped is utterly worthless. We returned into the town with our prizes, where in consequence of the darkness of the night and some of our men having straggled, a little plundering took place. Indeed so great was the hurry and confusion of all these transactions, that after I had got into camp, I discovered a couple of fine roasted gallinas and a bottle of sparkling champagne, which made an excellent supper; nor could I complain of the want of provisions for several days afterwards. I was roused the following morning by a messenger from my old friend and commander the Baron, who had received a severe wound in the head, and was just delivering up his sword to the common enemy. I found him certainly on the point of capitulation: he was still sensible; and beckoning to me to approach the spot where he lay, which was a dry ditch, covered by a tarpaulin supported at the corners with four sticks, he appointed me his executor, desiring me to transmit the produce of his effects to his mother at Nuremberg. There was something very melancholy in my poor friend's departure, under privations and in circumstances like these, though at the same time the scene was not altogether free from the ludicrous. Begging every one else to withdraw, he recounted to me in a whisper the various places in which his multifarious treasures were deposited. He had very little vested in any government funds or in real securities, but in the folds of his doublet, and in various parts of his equipage, he told me, a very considerable sum in gold would be discovered. His principal regret at leaving this world seemed to be the loss of the fine prospect of plunder, which our present circumstances promised. He compared himself to Moses, who perished the moment he was entering upon the land of promise. Before we marched, I performed the duty of my new office, and consigned the remains of the gallant officer to a hole which I caused to be dug for the purpose. He was interred like a soldier, in the most unsophisticated style, without either winding-sheet or coffin. Perchance, reader, if thou hast sojourned in the village of Carbon, thou hast stepped over the ashes of as true a soldier as ever smoked pipe and drank brandy beneath the canopy of Heaven!

The Baron, and one dragoon wounded, were the only losses which we sustained, while, on the contrary, the French had about two hundred men *hors de combat*. After three or four days hard marching, I was sent back, with my own troop and a company of Portuguese *caçadores*, to a small town called St. Martory, to guard the passage of a bridge against the brigands in the mountains and the French troops on the



other side of the river, and to prevent them from annoying the rear and cutting off the supplies of our army. The duty was by no means either a safe or a pleasant one. We were forced to be perpetually on the *qui vive*, not knowing the point from which the enemy would come upon us, though we were assured they were prepared to do so. Our horses were never unsaddled, nor did our men put off their clothes; and we stationed constant picquets on the opposite side of the river towards the Pyrenees. Some of the Portuguese who were employed on this service, caused us considerable alarm one night. Three French deserters, by a circuitous route, were intending to reach St. Martory, and the Portuguese in their alarm multiplied these three men in buckram into a large body of the enemy. The bugle roused me from my bed, to which, as a special favour to them, I had "for that night only" consigned my wearied limbs, and seizing my sword and belt, and placing my casque upon my head, I sallied forth, clothed in the *inexpressibles* usually worn by the Highland regiments. I believe many of the troop wore the same regimentals. The Portuguese were firing pretty sharply when I arrived amongst them, and I expected a serious affair of it. The serjeant of the Portuguese informed me that they had killed one of the enemy, (and sure enough one of the poor dragoons had fallen) and that the rest were lying behind an embankment. I instantly ordered our men to charge; but, as we were proceeding on a trot, we were stopped by the two other deserters, who were lying flat on their faces directly in our road, and who, on being questioned, informed us of the true state of the affair. Thus we returned shivering to quarters, without any loss of life, though not entirely without loss of blood.

E.

## ANACREONTIC.

From the Spanish of D. JOSE CADALSO.

"*Quien de aquesta Collina.*"

WHO with yonder festive band  
 Downward comes with easy pace,  
 With the wine-cup in his hand  
 And the smile upon his face?  
 With the ivy and the vine  
 Are his rosy temples crown'd—  
 Jolly swains and nymphs divine  
 Lightly there are dancing round,  
 To the pipe's enlivening voice  
 Every tongue his deeds repeating;  
 And with shouts and cheerful noise  
 All his jovial coming greeting.  
 'Tis Bacchus to a certainty,  
 The jolly God—I know him well.  
 Sir, you're mistaken, it was I,  
 The author of this bagatelle.

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## \* ON EPIGRAMS.

THE attention of general readers has been so long and so exclusively confined to the higher and more celebrated creations of genius, that to expect them to divert it willingly to humbler and more unpretending productions, appears in some degree an idle hope. Men are disposed to estimate things by their outward and visible forms, rather than their real and essential excellence. The eye which has been attracted and dazzled by the magnificence of some splendid palace, turns reluctantly to the lowly and unobtrusive beauty of a retired cottage. To some such mistaken and exclusive feeling may we chiefly ascribe the neglect into which what was once a distinct and pleasing branch of literature has fallen. The ordinary student considers an epigram as the vehicle of some low and ignoble witicism—some malicious personality, or the poor conveyance of a pun. If this sort of composition had never aimed at higher objects, it would have deserved the contempt it has received; but whoever is familiar with the literature of antiquity, will acknowledge, that amongst the Greek epigrams are to be found some of the sweetest flowers which genius has scattered in its flight to immortality.

In this book-making age, when few things are deemed too sacred or too worthless for publicity, and still fewer which deserve to be made public, are left in obscurity, it seems somewhat strange that the ambitious enterprise of our poetical aspirants should have suffered that capacious storehouse of poetry, the Greek Anthologies, to remain so long unexplored. Occasionally, at distant intervals, some tasteful scholar has felt and imitated their beauty, and too often without acknowledgment; but it is only lately that they have been pointed out to the English reader as worthy of his study and admiration. Cumberlan*d*, in his admirable essays on the Greek drama, (in the *Observer*) first recommended them to general attention, with some happy translations; and within a few years Mr. Bland has published a volume of selections from the Anthology, many of which are rendered with very great success. As the subject is still new to many of our readers, it may not be uninteresting briefly to trace the progress, and at the same time cite some of the more characteristic specimens of epigrammatic writing, from its origin to our times.

The word epigram, as is manifest, means nothing more than a simple inscription, originally affixed to religious offerings; afterwards it was written on the gate of the Temple, and by a gradual and easy transition, passed to other edifices of a public character—to statues of gods and heroes, and all who had distinguished themselves by their patriotism, courage, or virtue. The name was at first applied without distinction to inscriptions in verse or prose; and the old historians furnish many examples of the latter. Legislators and philosophers soon employed it to convey any political or moral precept which they wished to impress strongly; as from its brevity it might be more easily remembered. Finally, an epigram came to signify, amongst the Greeks, any short piece of poetry which conveyed a single idea, or expressed a single feeling; and what at first was nothing more than the naked communication of a fact, acquired in the end a recognized and respectable station in literature. Those who are unacquainted with this class of ancient

poetry, will form erroneous notions of its character, if they take the French and English epigrams, or even most of those of Martial and Ausonius, for their guide. A modern epigram is a short production, containing some conceit of thought, or play upon words, and generally of a satirical cast. Its inventors, however, never used it as a medium of satire or pun; and very rarely, and only in the decline of Grecian taste, of conceit. In their lighter convivial epigrams, the thought is generally of a melancholy cast—a reflection on the shortness of life, the transitoriness of our enjoyments, or some admonition against the frailties of our nature. The better order was commonly of a serious cast, like this of Pherecrates:—

“ Age is the heaviest burthen man can bear,  
Compound of disappointment, pain, and care;  
For when the mind's experience comes at length,  
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength;  
Resign'd to ignorance all our better day,  
Knowledge just ripens when the man decays;  
One ray of light the closing eye receives,  
And wisdom only takes what folly leaves.” CUMBERLAND.

As a class of composition the Greek epigram has no counterpart in the literature of any modern language; and that which corresponds to it the nearest, is the French *madrigal*, the Italian *canzonet*, and the more sober species of English *song*. In expressing a single thought, the Greeks were desirous of making it as simple as possible, and they sought after the simplest and most natural diction. They looked for a style which might become the sentiment, and forbore to imitate the splendid imagery, the varied and artful combinations, the minute descriptions, the development of character, the fictions and ornaments, the “pomp and circumstance” of the loftier order of poetry. Their restricted space afforded no room for display, and they therefore never aimed at it. Nor do they present any instances of wit—as the word is commonly understood. If they have any wit, it is only in the sense of Pope, who reduces it to mere happiness of language—“what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.” Hence the characteristic epithet of a Greek epigram is *δφελεια*, or neatness and grace. Whilst they resorted to obvious sentiments, and clothed them in simple and delicate language, they were sure to please; and from the earliest times scholars have found them a source of pleasure and solace in the original, and in imitations and translations they have been perused with delight by those who were unacquainted with the Greek. Johnson has paid an elegant and feeling compliment to an epigram of Ariphron; and we know that he often devoted his sleepless nights, and the intervals of pain in his last illness, to rendering them into Latin\*. We can, thus supported, bear very patiently the sneers of Chesterfield, who was neither scholar nor poet. It is unknown, however, to mere English students, that the Anthology is a great magazine of poetical common-places. It would not be difficult to point out the source of many beautiful passages of modern poetry among the old Greek epigrams. Cumberland detected the original of Ben Jonson's popular

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\* Scaliger used to beguile the hours of sleeplessness in turning Martial into Greek.

verses, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," &c. in the erotic pieces of Philostratus; and though they are not the most favourable specimen of the simplicity we have talked of, yet they do not appear to merit the very severe censures of Cumberland. Many other productions which have been long admired, might be followed up to the same source. Poets rarely like to confess their obligations, and where they can poach with so much impunity, there is an additional temptation to be dishonest. Some of the Greek epigrams have a value quite distinct from elegance of expression, and delicacy and truth of sentiment. They illustrate events, manners and feelings, where history from its generality is deficient; and in more than one instance furnish the evidences of history. Herodotus has preserved two of Simonides—the first, on a personage of celebrity in his time; the other, commemorative of one of the most glorious deeds which history has recorded—the sacrifice at Thermopylæ.

"Greatly to die—if this be glory's height,  
For the fair meed we own our fortune kind.  
For Greece and liberty we plunged to night,  
And left a never-dying name behind."

Thucydides, among others, cites the following epitaph on the daughter of the tyrant Hippias, slain by Harmodius and Aristogiton. We give it, not merely as a specimen of concise and appropriate sepulchral inscription, but also as a testimony to the simplicity of the age.

"Daughter of him who ruled the Athenian plains,  
This honour'd dust Archidice contains,  
Of tyrants mother, daughter, sister, wife—  
Her soul was humble, and unstain'd her life."

Aristotle very frequently quotes them to illustrate his assertions; and we are still in possession of several of Plato, which furnish the earliest and almost the only examples of play upon words in the whole Anthology. They are on a favourite boy, whose name was *Aster* (a star)—

"In life thou wert my morning star,  
But now that death has stolen thy light,  
Alas! thou shinest dim and far,  
Like the pale beam that weeps at night." MOORE.

Another to the same—

"Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?  
Oh! that I were that spangled sphere,  
And every star should be an eye  
To wonder on thy beauties here." *Id.*

One more specimen of this philosopher's poetical effusions—

"Whene'er thy nectar'd kiss I sip,  
And drink thy breath in melting twine,  
My soul then flutters to my lip,  
Ready to fly and mix with thine." *Id.*

Diodorus Siculus and Plutarch have likewise preserved a considerable number of these light and fugitive productions. Notwithstanding the diligence of collectors, the Anthology is very far from being complete. The earliest collection of any note is that of Melcager, one of the gentlest and most affecting of poets. He has flung a melancholy grace

over his verses, which renders them inexpressibly touching. His own epigrams are the chief ornaments of his beautiful collection. The following (translated by Mr. Bland) is supposed to be spoken by a lover on the shore of the Hellespont.

"Sea-wandering barks that o'er the Ægean sail  
With pennants streaming to the northern gale,  
If in your course the Coan strand ye reach,  
And see my Phanion musing on the beach,  
With eye intent upon the placid sea,  
And constant heart that only beats for me,—  
Tell my sweet mistress, that for her I haste  
To greet her landing from the watery waste:  
So Jove shall calm with smiles the waves below,  
And bid for you his softest breezes blow."

This, to a young girl who died on the day of her marriage, is very simple and affecting:—

"Callista, when she loosed her virgin zone,  
Found in the nuptial bed an early grave;  
Death claim'd the bridegroom's right: to death alone  
The treasure promised to her spouse she gave.  
To sweetest sounds the happy evening fled,  
The flute's soft strain and hymeneal choir;  
At morn sad wailings echo round the bed,  
And the glad hymns on quivering lips expire  
The very torches that at fall of night  
Shed their bright radiance o'er the bridal room—  
Those very torches, with the morning's light,  
Conduct the lovely sufferer to the tomb."\*

One more of Meleager, on a virtuous man,—

"Hail, universal Mother! lightly rest  
On that dead form,  
Which, when with life invested, ne'er oppress'd  
Its fellow worm."

This is another of those obvious thoughts which often occur in similar compositions. Martial has employed it; but, as usual, wrought it into a pun,—

"Mollia nec rigidus cespes tegat ossa, nec illi,  
Terra, gravis fueris; non fuit illa tibi."

Some of the wags of the last century have imitated it by reversing the prayer, in the epigram on Sir John Vanbrugh, in allusion to the ponderous character of his edifices—

"Lie heavy on him, Earth! for he  
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

\* The thought of being married to death is not uncommon in the Greek and Latin writers. There is another epigram of Paulus Silentiarius, on his daughter, in which it is very gracefully expressed; and Ovid—

"Nostraque plorantes video super ora parentes,  
Et face pro thalami fax mihi mortis adest."

And old Capulet, over the supposed dead body of Juliet. The beginning is affected and quibbling; but it concludes in a better strain—

"All things that we ordained festival  
Turn from their office to black funeral;  
Our instruments to melancholy bells;  
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,  
And bridal flowers serve for a buried corse"

In the decline and degradation of Grecian power, genius and taste sank under the common doom. The outbursts of poetry were few and distant, and flung a momentary radiance only over the general darkness. The next collector was Agathias, who gathered together such pieces as he found scattered about the productions of his age. His own poetry was admired by his contemporaries, and is often tender and just, but sometimes betrays the corruption of taste which began to prevail. The following is very spirited: it has, as an anonymous critic has observed of it, "all the gallantry of Waller, with none of his conceits; and all the warmth and poetry of Moore, with none of his indelicacy." No slight share of the plaintiveness and delicacy belongs to the translator, Mr. Merival.

"Go, idle amorous boys!  
 What are your cares and joys,  
 To love, that swells the longing virgin's breast?  
 A flame half hid in doubt,  
 Soon kindled, soon burnt out,  
 A blaze of momentary heat at best.  
 Haply you well may find  
 (Proud privilege of your kind)  
 Some friend to share the secret of your heart;  
 Or, if your inbred grief  
 Admit of such relief,  
 The dance, the chase, the play, assuage your heart.  
 Whilst we, poor hapless maids,  
 Condemned to pine in shades,  
 And to our dearest friends our thoughts deny;  
 Can only sit and weep,  
 While all around us sleep,  
 Unpitied languish and unheeded die."

We cannot quit Agathias without quoting another example of a different kind. It shows that the epigram had already lost its uniform simplicity; and independent of its pleasantry, proves that the *dubity* and cautiousness of lawyers has afforded in other times, as well as in ours, a reason for remonstrance, and the subject of sarcastic wit.

"A plaintiff thus explain'd his cause  
 To counsel learned in the laws:—  
 'My bond-maid lately ran away,  
 And in her flight was met by A,  
 Who, knowing she belong'd to me,  
 Espoused her to his servant B.  
 The issue of this marriage, pray,  
 Do they belong to me or A?'  
 The lawyer, true to his vocation,  
 Gave sign of deepest cogitation,  
 Look'd at a score of books, or near,  
 Then hemmed, and said—'Your case is clear.  
 Those children so begot by B,  
 Upon your bond-maid must, you see,  
 Be your's or A's;—now, this I say—  
 They can't be your's if they to A  
 Belong,—it follows then, of course,  
 That if they are not his, they're your's.  
 Therefore, by my advice, in short,  
 You'll take the opinion of the court.'"

During the dark and barbarous ages that succeeded, the collection of Meleager suffered more than that of Agathias. Whatever was ingenious, elegant, and fanciful, fell under the destructive rage of persecuting priests, who made little distinction between the embellishments which genius had flung over sensuality, and the purest and most beautiful relics of affection and sorrow. Manuscripts decayed, and, for want of transcribers, were sometimes entirely lost; and but for the timely diligence of a few scholars gifted with taste and perseverance, very little of the Greek epigrams would have come down to our times. To Planudes,—Salmasius, the celebrated antagonist of Milton,—but, above all, to the laborious and learned Brunck, are we indebted for that extensive collection, which has recently been edited by Jacobs with very considerable taste and unexampled erudition. We have not space for more than one or two additional selections. Leonidas has very sweetly versified an anecdote familiar to all, but which can never cease to be pleasing, it is so tenderly true to nature. The translation is by Mr. Rogers.

While on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,  
And the blue vales a thousand joys recal,  
See, to the last, last verge her infant steals!  
Oh fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.  
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,  
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

With this of Simmias on Sophocles, translated by Addison, we shall close our extracts from the Greek Anthology.

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade  
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;  
Sweet ivy! lend thine aid, and interwine  
With blushing roses and the clustering vine:  
Thus shall thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,  
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

One great distinguishing excellence of the Greek sepulchral inscriptions is their appropriateness. They do not, like the "Epitaphs to be let" of Pope, deal in any general eulogy, but spring out of the character of the person, and belong to him alone. They contain the name of the deceased, and whatever else is necessary to make them intelligible. Perhaps there is no part of English literature—if literature will permit the association—which is so despicable, as its sepulchral inscriptions. We are inferior not only to the ancients, but even to our contemporaries. No one can visit an English church-yard without being disgusted with the tawdry and unmeaning trash—the ungrammatical and "splay-foot rhymes," which disfigure the monuments of the departed; and where the same stuff is applied to fifty different persons of different ages, sex, and rank. These "sepulchral lies" have been well described in the epigram:—

"Friend, in your epitaphs I'm grieved,  
So very much is said;  
One half will never be believed,  
The other, never read."

The Greeks were singularly happy in the appropriateness of this sort of inscription, and in the delicacy with which the traits of character were touched out, and in the pathetic and affectionate language of

sorrow. In judging the Greek epigrams, they must be tried by their own laws. More must not be demanded from them than they were intended to convey. Least of all must we seek in them the wit and *piquancy* which belong to those of our times. Nor will any one derive much pleasure from their perusal, whose taste is not delicate enough to feel that the greatest charm of light poetry is the simple representation of unlaboured sentiments.

The Latin epigrammatists appear to have disdained the exquisite simplicity of their predecessors, and to have sought after more remote and striking combinations. In the midst of a good deal of conceit and some obscenity, Catullus has, however, attained a higher point of elegance and beauty than any other of the Roman wits. Martial somewhere equals him in genius to Virgil, and in this bold opinion he has been followed by some modern critics. Nothing of his that has come down to us justifies such a comparison. Had his imagination been less depraved and his taste more pure, his genius was certainly far beyond that of any of the Greek anthologists, with perhaps the exception of Meleager. Martial has been placed at the head of this class of writers ancient and modern; and if wit and fecundity are sufficient reasons, he deserves the station. In brevity, smartness and variety, he is above Catullus and all other professed epigrammatists. His style is pure and correct, though some very nice judges affect to perceive in it traces of the Spanish dialect. In what Addison calls mixed wit he is scarcely inferior to Cowley. The greatest fault of Martial, which belongs in some measure to his age, is his licentiousness; and notwithstanding the severity with which he reprehends vice, he is frequently its mischievous but seductive teacher. The epigrams of Ausonius are oftener imitations from the Greek than original, and the language had become in his time effeminate and affected.

Among the moderns the epigram has changed its character. Instead of comprehending a wide class of poetry, it has a distinct and limited acceptance. An epigram with us must be a *good thing*, or it is nothing. It is no longer the mould of an elegant and airy thought, or a plaintive and affecting feeling gracefully and artlessly expressed, but of far-fetched and occult resemblances wrought up to the highest polish and point. That delicate tenderness, which belongs to the amatory effusions of the Greeks, is not to be found amongst the epigrams of the moderns: it belongs to a different kind of composition. Of all modern writers Metastasio, perhaps, has been the most successful in finding out this secret path to the heart, although he has decked it too profusely with flowers. The songs of this elegant and pathetic poet approach the most nearly to the Greeks in feeling, though not in simplicity. One great advantage he has in common with his countrymen, in the peculiar softness and melody of his language, which renders it so fit for the sentiments of love. The fertility of his genius is unparalleled. Guarini, Tasso, and others of the Italian poets, are very happy in their amatory poetry, with the abatement of occasional conceits and florid embellishment. The moral sentiments, which make so large a part of the Greek Anthology, do not exist in separate pieces, but are incorporated into their larger poems. This may be observed of all the modern languages. The Italians, in their sepulchral inscriptions, have closely followed the Latin models; and rarely, if ever, do they entrust their



respect and affection for the departed to a poetical inscription in their native tongue.

The French madrigal is sometimes written in the very spirit of ancient Greece. In condensation of thoughts, happiness of epithet, and delicacy of turn, it is often unequalled. But the language, as well as the character of that mercurial people, is almost too sprightly and vivacious to be chained down to the uniform simplicity and ἀφειλία of the Greeks. They are too much addicted *à dire des fleurettes*. Yet what can be more simple-hearted and tender than this address of Madame de Mirepoix to the Duc de Nivernois, *avec une boucle de ses cheveux*?

Les voilà, les cheveux depuis long temps blanchis,  
D'une longue union qu'ils soient pour vous le gage :

Je ne regrette rien de ce que m'ôta l'âge ;

Il me laisse de vrais amis.

On m'aime presque autant, et j'aime davantage.

L'astre de l'amitié luit dans l'hiver des ans,  
Fruit précieux de l'estime, du gout, et du temps ;

On ne s'y méprend plus, on cède à son empire,

Et l'on joint sous les cheveux blancs

Au charme de s'aimer, le droit de se le dire.

Perhaps a more caustic satire was never written than this upon a certain Countess de la Caumont.

Quand l'Eternel, non sans remords,

Dé la Caumont eût fait le corps,

Sentant qu'une âme raisonnable

Ne pourroit, sans d'affreux dégouts,

Habiter dans un corps semblable,

Il en fit la prison d'un diable !—

—Et c'est le plus damné de tous.

The following affecting lines upon a young and beautiful female, torn away by death from the dearest hopes, is above what might be expected from the imputed inability of the French to feel deeply and sincerely. They are inscribed on an urn, at the entrance of a grove where the young girls of a neighbouring village used to assemble :—

Jeunes beautés, qui venez dans ces lieux

Fouler d'un pied léger l'herbe tendre et fleurie,

Comme vous j'ai connu les plaisirs de la vie,

Vos fêtes, vos transports, et vos aimables jeux.

L'amour berçoit mon cœur de ses douces chimères,

Et l'Hymen me flattoit du destin le plus beau ;

Un instant détruisit ces erreurs mensongères.

Que me reste-il ?—le tombeau.

Voltaire has furnished an immense number of epigrams on almost every subject, and of every degree of merit. It is as difficult to know where to begin as how to leave off in selecting from him. This delicate compliment is to Madame Lullin, with a nosegay, on the day she completed her hundredth year :—

Nos grands pères vous virent belle.

Par votre esprit vous plairez à cent ans :

Vous méritez d'épouser Fontenelle\*,

Et d'être sa veuve long-tems.

\* Fontenelle lived to the age of 100.

This, on a statue of Niobe, is an imitation from the Greek :—

Le fatal courroux des Dieux  
Changea cette femme en pierre.  
Le sculpteur a fait bien mieux,  
Il a fait tout le contraire.

This is likewise an imitation, on the statue of Venus by Praxiteles :—

Oui—je me montrai toute nue  
Au Dieu Mars, au bel Adonis ;  
A Vulcain même—et j'en rougis—  
Mais, Praxitèle, où n'a-t-il vue ? \*

He has imitated Ausonius, who had imitated some Greek epigrammatist, in the following :—Lais offering her mirror to Venus.—

Je le donne à Venus, puisqu'elle est toujours belle ;  
Il redouble trop mes ennuis ;  
Je ne saurois me voir dans ce miroir fidèle  
Ni telle que j'étais, ni telle que je suis.

But to the wit of Voltaire there is no end, and we must consult the patience of our readers, by putting an end to our quotations.

There is but little space left to speak of our own language. In the serious and tender style of epigram we have no one author who has written much, though we have many who have written well. From that cluster of poetical names which adorned the age of Elizabeth, many beautiful specimens of feeling and fancy might be selected. But conceit, quibble, and *cuphuism* were the weeds which grew up in that fertile soil, and deformed the harvest. Waller, when he escapes from the faults of his predecessors, is elegant and happy ; and sometimes, though very rarely, Cowley. Our epitaphs are confessedly of a very low character ; occasionally we meet with one that is readable, when genius takes it in hand, as that of Ben Jonson on the Countess of Pembroke, and a few others. Pope's are notoriously bad, from their vagueness and inappropriateness. We have stately monuments, with cold and stiff inscriptions in foreign languages ; yet how scanty a number of simple testimonies, of spontaneous outpourings of sadness and affection, can any one remember in the vast extent of our literature ! In the witty and satirical epigram, it may be doubted whether any language is more abundantly enriched. This, on Cibber's obtaining the Laureateship, is bitterly contemptuous :—

In merry old England it once was a rule,  
The king had his poet and also his fool :  
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,  
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

There is another of Pope on Dennis, which is dreadfully severe :—

Should Dennis publish you had stabbed your brother, \*  
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother ;  
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had ?  
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad :  
On one so poor you cannot take the law ;  
On one so old you scorn your sword to draw ;  
Uncaged then let the harmless monster rage,  
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

But Pope's poetry is a string of epigrams.

\* She forgets Anchises, and Paris, and a long list besides, or the scandalous chronicle has defamed her goddess-ship.

Prior has written a considerable number. The manner of his times, and the whole cast of our literature, had acquired a French tone of light, superficial and sportive smartness, into which the disposition of Prior easily fell, and in which he sustained his full share of distinction. The corrupted taste and profligate habits of Charles the Second's reign had been sufficiently amended by the Revolution to impart a little sobriety to the productions of genius, without abating the passion for point, and wit, and affectation. The humour of Prior is arch and racy; and in light epigrammatic effusions there is an ease, vivacity, and *piquancy* of expression, which pleases in the midst of occasional indelicacy.

The great facility which this mode of writing, from its brevity, afforded to satire, and the ease with which it might be written and remembered, have been the principal reasons why the modern epigram, strictly speaking, has been appropriated to witty severity. Every one at some period of his life feels the inclination and the ability to vent his anger or his contempt against an antagonist, and gladly avails himself of the happy medium of an epigram. We are always diverted with the exposure and ridicule of another, not merely from the cleverness with which it may be done, but also from a confused feeling of self-congratulation at having escaped the lash ourselves. Still, the epigram is commonly looked upon as the domain of small wits only. The masters of the song fly at higher game. They must achieve a tragedy or an epic; they are for "Ercles' vein," and cannot "roar gently." Some of our living poets, however, have sported in this field with very great success; and we hope it is no unbecoming wish that we may see, through their instrumentality, the epigram restored to its ancient honours.

N.

## WIGS.

WHILE Captain Parry is having a *tete-a-tete* with the North Pole, I have taken advantage of his absence to say a few words concerning the polar regions:—not the regions of cold, congelation, and candle-light, but of those illustrious envelopes of the mental faculties, vulgarly called wigs. The silken frame-work on which the superstructure of a wig is raised, I can almost believe to be the netting of Lachesis herself, so intimately is it connected with the destinies of its wearer. But the days of its glory are gone by: in the pictures of Addison, Garth, and other great men of that æra, the rich profusion of clustering locks, that do not "stream like a meteor to the troubled air," but rather hang like a milky-way round their shoulders, proves that the Augustan age of genius was also the Augustan age of wigs. I do not mean to infer that the latter was the cause of the former; but of this I am certain, that wigs have more influence on the fate of men than is generally supposed. Mr. Whitfield thought that nothing contributed more to the conversion of sinners; and as Samson lost his strength with his hair, so I have no doubt it was by means of a wig that he regained it.

The once fashionable expression, too, of "dash my wig," is no small proof of its importance: which oath, if it may be so called, does not of course come within the prohibition, "thou shalt not swear by the head; for thou canst not make one hair white or black." To make it white I fancy has not been a very desirable object since powder has been

out of fashion—among young men, at least, for I can still say in the words of Ovid—

“ Pulvere canitiem genitor  
Fœdat.”

But there is one Mr. Prince, who has very impiously discovered means to turn the hair not only black, but any colour into which a sun-beam can be dissected, combined, or recombined. The misfortune is, that it is uncertain what hue it will take until the experiment has been tried; but they who “set their crown upon a cast,” must “stand the hazard of the die.” What an awful suspense while the metamorphosis is going on! But how much more awful must have been the discovery I hear a lady made the other day, who, after the application of this specific, found her locks converted to a bright lilac—‘A bright lilac!’ exclaims my fair reader, ‘why that is ten times worse than bright red:’ much worse, I grant; and for my part, I cannot account for the universal antipathy that has been shewn towards red hair in every age of the world. Herodotus tells us, that the Africans put to death all red-haired people. Terence reckons it, together with cat’s eyes and a parrotty nose, as an insurmountable objection to a proposed bride; and a friend of mine declares, that he was flogged at Rugby for no other crime than having red hair.

But to return to my subject: it is no small gratification to see the judicial wig still legitimately upheld in its “pride of place.” How, indeed, could a judge summon gravity sufficient to check the insolence of a hardened culprit, or overcome the taciturnity of a contumacious witness, without those awful badges of authority—those hirsute cataracts “whose headlong streams hang list’ning in their fall,” and in whose curling waves lurk preambles, precedents, and perorations; cases, commentaries, and convictions; and all the animaleculæ distinctions and divisions that only a lawyer’s microscopic eye can discover? The argumentative, or pleader’s wig, with its dangling curls, like so many codicils to a will, is seldom made as persuasive as it might be, from the carelessness of the wearer, who often shews a fringe of his own hair beneath—a neglect altogether unpardonable, when we consider that the wig on a lawyer’s head is the refracting medium, in passing and re-passing through which it was intended that all the sinuosities of the law should be made straight; and if it be put carelessly on, the natural and too frequent consequence is, that they come out ten times more twisted than before. For my part, whenever I am led into the neighbourhood of Lincoln’s Inn, I always avoid jogging the arm of the servant whom I chance to meet carrying a square deal box by a brass handle, well knowing how much depends on the article it contains; and I can easily imagine the consternation of a late noble chief justice, who, on one of his circuits, when he arrived at the first place where his wig was in requisition, discovered that he had thrown it out of the carriage window on the road in a bandbox, mistaking it for a parcel of feminine paraphernalia.

In the library of St. John’s college, Oxford, there is a picture of King Charles, the wig of which is formed entirely from the Psalms, written in a legible hand, which I suppose some loyal subject transcribed in his zeal for his master as Defender of the faith. I mention this for the sake of the hint that may be taken from it to promote the study of the law; and I would recommend that the picture of some renowned judge, with the Statutes at large written in his wig, should be hung up

in Westminster Hall for the benefit of those briefless Peripatetics, whose forensic talents are still wrapped up in a napkin. Leaving these sanctuaries of the law, what a variety presents itself to the eye of the philoplocamist!—First, the hypocritical, or imitative periwig, that “redolent of joy and youth,” supplies the place of Nature’s pepper-and-salt locks on the head of the quinquagenarian bachelor, who still delights “to court the fair and glitter with the gay,” among whom it passes for a while as freehold property, till the unbroken repose of every curl, like the steady colour on a beauty’s cheek, betrays at last that it is merely copyhold.—Then comes the “*vix ea nostra voco*,” or whity-brown flaxen wig, that does not aspire to rivalry with Nature, nor yet altogether scorn the neatness of art, but hovering doubtfully between the two, presents much the same likeness to a head of hair, that the block on which it was made does to the head it was made for. Neatest of all is the philharmonic, or musician’s jasy, that rises a scratch natural from the forehead, and terminates behind in a chorus of curls set in octaves, on and off of which the hat is most carefully moved for fear of creating discord, while a dislocated curl or a rebellious hair is adjusted with as much care as I suppose Cæsar displayed in the adjustment of his own locks in the Senate-House, which freed Cicero from half his fears for the ambitious spirit of the man, though to me it would have been a proof that some affair of importance was revolving in his head. Last, but not least, is the theological wig, whose unctuous conglomeration of hair, powder, and pomatum, round the occiput of the reverend wearer, seems calculated by the force of gravity to turn his views towards heaven, while of a summer’s day the superfluity of fat, like the oil of Aaron’s beard, “runs down even unto the skirts of his clothing.”

As a man is always delighted when he meets with any thing that tends to support an hypothesis of his own, I was somewhat pleased with what occurred to me a short time back. Having stepped into the shop of “an operator in the shaving line,” after he had described the state of the weather for the last week, and settled that of the week to come; decided the war between the Turks and Greeks; stepped across the Hellespont and given Asia Minor to the Persians; walked with the Emperor Alexander to the East Indies; touched at Buenos Ayres on his return, and made a few changes in the Administration at home—when, I say, he had thus travelled round the world, while his razor was travelling over one half of my chin, during the time that he was engaged about the other half he entertained me with a dissertation on the criminal code; and upon closer inspection I found that he had covered a natural baldness with a counsel’s old wig, from which, to make it more becoming, he had cut away the pendent curls with which they are usually decorated; and this was, no doubt, the cause of the disapprobation he expressed at so much hanging. At another time, when he had exchanged his legal for a clerical wig, he told me he was sorry to hear that by a late act a bishop could send a curate packing without warning or wages. I tried to convince him that curates had been gainers by that act; but to no purpose—he had a curate’s wig and not a rector’s.

In the course of these observations I have said nothing concerning the wigs of ladies, because as their only object can be the imitation of Nature, it would be a capital offence against the laws of politeness to

hint that their hair owes any thing to art, except the style of wearing it, which I certainly consider very tasty at present, and have often been caught by the two little curls that come twisting out from under the back of the bonnet, to hook the attention of gazers like myself, and give Parthian wounds as they fly. For my part, I am very well content to follow two curls and a pretty shape without splashing into the mud, perhaps, to be disappointed in the face, as I used to do when there were no curls behind: and now, a lady who does not choose to countenance an admirer, by dextrous movements may give him the slip, with the character of a "dem fin girl," only from the prepossessing effects of these two curls. There is, however, a kind of semi-wig, commonly called a front, which is in great vogue under a bonnet or cap:—to any of my sex who may be smitten with a head of hair under such mysterious circumstances, I can only recommend the old adage—" *Fronti nulla fides.*"

M. R. Y.

LOVE AND FOLLY.

AMONG th' Olympian Chronicles I find—  
 No matter where I read them—it is stated  
 That Love was not, as we suppose, born blind;  
 He lost his eyes, so the account is dated,  
 Soon after man and Folly were created;  
 This story, quite an antiquarian treasure,  
 I shall set down, not as 'tis there related,  
 But tagg'd with rhyme, and here I feel great pleasure  
 While spoiling a good stanza in a slipshod measure.

Love who had often thought it pretty sport  
 To play with Folly half an hour or so,  
 Was lured by her at last to Plutus' court,  
 A place which Love, at that time, did not know;  
 And there was offer'd a fine golden bow,  
 And golden shafts, and peacock-feather'd wings,  
 And money-bags that glitter'd in a row,  
 Besides a thousand other hateful things,  
 Old parchments, rent-rolls, law-suits, jewels, chains, and rings.

Love laugh'd at all he saw; Folly look'd grave,  
 And preach'd about the wondrous riches there:  
 "Ha! ha!" says Love, "and are you Plutus' slave?—  
 I'm sorry,—for I liked you as you were,—  
 A hearty wench, buxom and debonair;  
 Farewell! I'm neither to be bought nor sold;—  
 Bless me! I feel a dampness in the air,—  
 A palace is a dungeon I am told,

And, faith! I half believe it, for I'm very cold.  
 "I'm off!" But Folly seized him by the head,  
 Threw gold-dust in his eyes, and quench'd their sight,  
 Alas! for ever! "Now, now," Folly said,  
 "We have him to ourselves,—here, day and night,  
 He shall do penance for our best delight!"  
 Stark nonsense! but what else could Folly say?  
 Meanwhile the poor blind boy, to left and right,  
 Sobbing and sighing, tried to grope his way,  
 But could not from that prison flee, ah! well-a-day!

Darkling he blunder'd, sad and sore distress'd,  
 And wander'd drearily from hall to hall;  
 Sometimes he tumbled in an iron chest,  
 And was lock'd up, or got a painful fall

Over some cash accounts, or, worse than all,  
Whenever his escape by flight he tried,  
He bruised his wings against the hard stone wall ;  
Till, wearied out, he sat him down and sigh'd  
So heavily, it seem'd as if he must have died.

Heart-sick he pined and dwindled to a shade ;  
Folly too grieved, but Plutus' sons were glad  
At his gaunt plight, because he might be weigh'd  
Against the very smallest coin they had,  
And be found wanting ; this done, they forbad  
His living any more at their expense,  
And turn'd him out of doors, calling the lad  
A vile impostor upon common sense,

With many ribald words which gave him great offence.

Poor Love was very ill, and his physicians,  
Pleasure and Youth, day after day attended,  
Night after night, with hourly repetitions  
Of kissing draughts with ladies' fingers blended,  
Sweetmeats, and heart's ease,—lord ! how fast he mended !  
And then they warm'd him to his heart's content  
With Cyprus' wine, and lo ! his sickness ended :  
So Love revived, and now on vengeance bent,  
He call'd aloud on Jove for Folly's punishment.

"Revenge !" he cried, "revenge me upon Folly !  
Behold me, Jove, she has put out my eyes,  
My happy eyes, now dark and melancholy !"  
Jove listen'd to his little grandson's cries,  
And cited the delinquent to the skies ;  
At first this heavenly summons made her wonder,—  
Then she felt certain she was found too wise  
To live on earth,—but, when she saw her blunder,  
She trembled like a leaf, being much afraid of thunder.

Her fears, as usual, vanish'd presently ;  
Then, looking round her with a saucy face,  
She ask'd if such a goodly company  
Could find it worth their wisdom to disgrace  
A girl like her, whose fault, in the first place,  
Was but a slight one, and withal committed  
Purely to serve her own dear human race :  
"I grant," said she, "the boy is to be pitied,  
Yet as he should be blind I ought to be acquitted.

"Think what a blessing it will be to man,  
And woman too, made up of imperfection,  
That Love no more can closely spy and scan  
A blemish on the mind or the complexion ;  
Besides, as he must make a blind selection,  
Paining them off to fill his motley train  
Just as his arrows take their chance direction,  
How many a squinting nymph and loutish swain  
May ogle and be spruce, nor find their frolics vain.

"Again, I'd have you know that Jove and all  
The gods may be beholden—" "Hush !" says Jove,  
"This argument grows somewhat personal ;  
Already hast thou said enough to prove  
Thy guilt ; in justice, therefore, to young Love  
A grievous penalty shalt thou abide ;  
And as 'tis fit the little god should rove  
Fearless throughout the world, thus we decide,—  
Love shall for evermore have Folly for his guide."

## BELSHAZZAR.\*

We cannot think it a good augury that we are so soon again called upon to notice a new volume, from the pen of the Oxford professor of poetry. Unluckily for both Mr. Milman and his readers, his works are not of such a kind that they may be allowed to gall each other's kibe with impunity, as those of the northern novelist do; and it is to be feared this frequent recurrence of them may tend to persuade us that, if they cannot be read without pleasure, there is a vague sense of duty performed mixed up with that pleasure, which, in cases of this kind, however it may add to its value in our sober judgment, does not increase its poignancy. The truth is, when we have finished the perusal of one of Mr. Milman's long dramatic poems, and assured ourselves that it is a good and meritorious work, we lay it down with the full conviction that its author is a person of cultivated talents and an elegant taste, and confidently hope that we shall, at some future period, be called upon to listen to him again. But when, contrary to the tacit bargain we have unconsciously made with ourselves, we find that "future in the instant," the case seems altered; and, after diligently perusing the new work, as in duty bound; we are inclined to look a little more closely into the nature of the pleasure we have derived from it, and to inquire whether it has not been *chiefly* made up of that kind of satisfaction which usually attends the consciousness of having well and duly performed an appointed task. Speaking thus much in the name of the public, and without pushing this inquiry farther at present, we may state, in illustration of our own feelings in regard to this and the previous works of Mr. Milman, that it was with a disposition to make this inquiry we took up the volume before us, and that this disposition was not changed on laying it down.

In fact, neither the subjects, the matter, nor the style of Mr. Milman's late works render it prudent in him to force them too frequently on public attention. However valuable may be the class to which his poems belong, the individuals of that class, in order to be tolerated, must be more than tolerable; and to be admired they must be admirable indeed: and even in the latter case, their rarity must form a part of their value, if they would hope to retain the estimation they merit. The feelings and imaginations of all classes of readers, learned or unlearned, gentle or simple, young or old, have necessarily formed for themselves such a chain of associations connected with Scripture stories, characters, and events, that to disturb those associations at all is dangerous, and to do so too frequently and pertinaciously is almost certainly fatal to the pretensions of those who venture it.

That it may be judged how far these remarks are applicable to the work before us, we will state generally that it is as inferior to the preceding one from the same pen (The Martyr of Antioch), as that was to The Fall of Jerusalem, and that its comparative and relative defects are of exactly the same kind as belong to those works. It has their cold pomp and overstrained dignity of style, and their loose and unmusical versification, added to a meagerness of interest and incident, and a feebleness in the delineation of character, which they did not altogether

\* Belshazzar: a Dramatic Poem. By the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.



possess; and, unlike those works, it has little richness of detail or eloquence of language, and still less refinement or finish of detached parts. Upon the whole, if it is a work that deserves and will receive respect and attention, these will be accorded to it more from the nature of its subject, and the name and character of its author, than from any either positive or even comparative merit of its own.

The plot of this poem comprises simply the last day of Belshazzar's life, including his impious feast, the taking of his city by the Medes and Persians, and his consequent dethronement and death. With these events are connected, by way of episode, the loves of the two Jewish captives, Adonijah and Benina. We shall not be very copious in our extracts, either from the exceptionable or the meritorious parts of this performance, because we do not think that in the one case we should contribute much to the edification, or in the other to the amusement, of the reader; for Mr. Milman's faults are, generally speaking, not glaring enough to serve as warning examples; and his good qualities are better to be appreciated and relished in connexion with each other, than when considered alone. Two or three examples of these latter, however, we will give, and those the best we can find, in order to shew that the poem is inferior to the one noticed in our number for April. But that these examples may have a fair chance of being justly appreciated, we will precede them by one or two of a different kind, in which it appears to us that Mr. Milman has exhibited more than his usual carelessness and haste. In the way of versification nothing can be much worse than the following passage, with which the poem opens. It is to the last degree heavy, inelegant, and monotonous.

*The City of Babylon.—Morning.*

THE DESTROYING ANGEL.

Within the cloud-pavilion of my rest,  
Amid the Thrones and Princedoms, that await  
Their hour of ministration to the Lord,  
I heard the summons, and I stood with wings  
Outspread for flight, before the Eternal Throne.  
And, from the unapproached depth of light  
Wherein the Almighty Father of the worlds  
Dwells from seraphic sight, by glory veil'd,  
Came forth the soundless mandate, which I felt  
Within, and sprung upon my obedient plumes.  
But as I sail'd my long and trackless voyage  
Down the deep bosom of unbounded space,  
The manifest bearer of Almighty wrath,  
I saw the Angel of each separate star  
Folding his wings in terror, o'er his orb  
Of golden fire; and shuddering till I pass'd  
To pour elsewhere Jehovah's cup of vengeance."

By the way, it may be here remarked that this destroying angel is an interpolation, as uncalled for as it is inefficient. It adds nothing to the interest and progress of the events, and indeed takes no part in them; unless we are to receive it as the agency which produces the writing on the wall. And if we are to regard it in this light, it takes from, instead of adding to, the mysterious awfulness of that event.

Surely the following speeches of Belshazzar are neither poetical nor characteristic:

“oh! thou  
Lord of the hundred thrones, high Nabonassar

And thou my father, Merodach ! ye crown'd  
This City with her diadem of towers—  
Wherefore ?—but prescient of Belshazzar's birth,  
And conscious of your destined son, ye toil'd  
To rear a meet abode. Oh, Babylon !  
Thou hast him now, for whom through ages rose  
Thy sky-exalted towers—for whom yon palace  
Rear'd its bright domes, and groves of golden spires;  
In whom, secure of immortality  
Thou stand'st, and consecrate from time and ruin,  
Because thou hast been the dwelling of Belshazzar !

Again :

Oh ye, assembled Babylon ! fair youths  
And hoary Elders, Warriors, Counsellors,  
And bright-eyed Women, down my festal board  
Reclining ! oh ye thousand living men,  
Do ye not hold your charter'd breath from me ?  
And I can plunge your souls in wine and joy ;  
Or by a word, a look, dismiss you all  
To darkness and to shame : yet, are ye not  
Proud of the slavery that thus enthral's you ?  
What king, what ruler over subject man  
Or was, or is, or shall be like Belshazzar ?  
I summon from their graves the sceptred dead  
Of elder days, to see their shame. I cry  
Unto the cloudy Past, unfold the thrones  
That glorified the younger world : I call  
To the dim Future—lift thy veil and show  
The destined lords of humankind : they rise,  
They bow their veil'd heads to the dust, and own  
The throne whereon Chaldea's Monarch sits,  
The height and pinnacle of human glory."

To put such merely impudent boastings as these into the mouth of a mighty king, is not the way to create an interest in us either towards his life or his death. He should have been invested with at least a semblance of dignity of character ; or if it was thought that this could not be done consistently with divine history, he should not have been chosen as a poetical hero at all : for the rise or the fall of such men as Belshazzar is here represented, are matters of equal indifference to us, in a poetical point of view. As a matter of mere history, it may be an impressive fact to know, that a human being was precipitated in a moment from such a height of external greatness. But when we know this as a matter of history, we can be made to feel little additional interest in it as a matter of poetical contemplation, unless the subject of it be represented to us as something essentially different from the rest of his species. Mere place and station will never make a poetical hero, any more than they can detract from one. We willingly contrast these passages with others of a different description. The following is, perhaps, the most poetical passage in the work, and certainly the versification of it, though far from perfect, is better than the author usually produces. The extract is a kind of prophetic anticipation of the fate that awaits Belshazzar ; but it is put into the mouth, not very appropriately, of Benjina, the Jewish maiden.

" Go on, in awe  
And splendour, radiant as the morning star,  
But as the morning star to be cast down

Into the deep of deeps. Long, long the Lord  
 Hath bade his Prophets cry to all the world,  
 That Babylon shall cease! Their words of fire  
 Flash round my soul, and lighten up the depths  
 Of dim futurity! I hear the voice  
 Of the expecting grave!—I hear abroad  
 The exultation of unfetter'd earth!—  
 From East to West they lift their trampled necks,  
 Th' indignant nations: earth breaks out in scorn;  
 The valleys dance and sing; the mountains shake  
 Their cedar-crowned tops! The strangers crowd  
 To gaze upon the howling wilderness,  
 Where stood the Queen of Nations. Lo! even now,  
 Lazy Euphrates rolls his sullen waves  
 Through wastes, and but reflects his own thick reeds.  
 I hear the bitterns shriek, the dragons cry;  
 I see the shadow of the midnight owl  
 Gliding where now are laughter-echoing palaces!  
 O'er the vast plain I see the mighty tombs  
 Of kings, in sad and broken whiteness gleam  
 Beneath the o'ergrown cypress—but no tomb  
 Bears record, Babylon, of thy last lord;  
 Even monuments are silent of Belshazzar!"

The following is an animated and picturesque description of the illuminated city on the night of Belshazzar's feast:—

"But lo! what blaze of light beneath me spreads  
 O'er the wide city. Like yon galaxy  
 Above mine head, each long and spacious street  
 Becomes a line of silver light, the trees  
 In all their silent avenues break out  
 In flowers of fire. But chief around the Palace  
 Whitens the glowing splendour; every court  
 That lay in misty dimness indistinct,  
 Is traced by pillars and high architraves  
 Of crystal lamps that tremble in the wind:  
 Each portal arch gleams like an earthly rainbow,  
 And o'er the front spreads one entablature  
 Of living gems of every hue, so bright  
 That the pale Moon, in virgin modesty,  
 Retreating from the dazzling and the tumult,  
 Afar upon the distant plain reposes  
 Her unambitious beams, or on the bosom  
 Of the blue river, ere it reach the walls."

Our next extract is a description of the prophet Daniel, on the appearance of those portents which indicate the downfall of the devoted city.

"Till but lately he was girt  
 With sackcloth, with the meagre hue of fasting  
 On his sunk cheek, and ashes on his head;  
 When, lo! at once he shook from his gray locks  
 The attire of woe, and call'd for wine; and since  
 He hath gone stately through the wondering streets  
 With a sad scorn. Amid the heaven-piercing towers,  
 Through cool luxurious court, and in the shade  
 Of summer trees that play o'er crystal fountains,  
 He walks, as though he trod o'er moss-grown ruins,  
 'Mid the deep desolation of a city  
 Already by the almighty wrath laid waste.

And sometimes doth he gaze upon the clouds;  
As though he recognized the viewless forms  
Of arm'd destroyers in the silent skies.  
And it is said, that at the dead of night  
He hath pour'd forth thy burden, Babylon,  
And loud proclaim'd the bowing down of Bel,  
The spoiling of the spoiler. Even our lords,  
As conscious of God's glory gathering round him,  
Look on him with a silent awe, nor dare  
To check his motion, or reprove his speech."

The following is pleasing and poetical:—

"The snowy light falls where she treads,  
As 'twere a sacred place! in her loose locks  
It wanders, even as with a sense of pleasure!  
And trembles on her bosom, that hath caught  
Its gentle restlessness, and trembles, too,  
Harmonious."

The last extract we shall give is from the scene which precedes the death of Belshazzar:

*The Streets of Babylon in Flames.*

BELSHAZZAR.

I cannot fight nor fly: where'er I move,  
On shadowy battlement, or cloud of smoke,  
That dark unbodied hand waves to and fro,  
And marshals me the way to death—to death  
That still eludes me. Every blazing wall  
Breaks out in those red characters of fate;  
And when I raised my sword to war, methought  
That dark-stoled Prophet stood between, and seem'd  
Rebuking Heaven for its slow consummation  
Of his dire words.

I am alone: my slaves  
Fled at the first wild outcry; and my women  
Closed all their doors against me—for they knew me  
Mark'd with the seal of destiny: no hand,  
Though I have sued for water, holds a cup  
To my parch'd lips; no voice, as I pass on,  
Hath bless'd me; from the very festal garments,  
That glitter'd in my halls, they shake the dust:  
Ev'n the priests spurn'd me, as abhorr'd of Heaven."

The foregoing extracts are doubtless not without merit; but when we say that they are the best we are able to select from the present work, it must be obvious to those who are acquainted with the previous productions of Mr. Milman, that there has been a great falling off in this. We are sincerely sorry that such should be the case, and earnestly advise Mr. Milman to look about him, if he would continue to deserve and retain that reputation which he at present possesses.

In conclusion, we cannot avoid noticing the following passage in the preface to this work:—"May I presume to hope that this, as well as the preceding works of the same nature, may tend to the advancement of those interests, in subservience to which alone our time and talents can be worthily employed—those of piety and religion?" Surely this is altogether a gratuitous passage, at best—not to say an impertinent one. Mr. Milman *may* "presume to hope" thus, if he

pleases; and there may be good ground for his hope: but to put forth that hope to the public, for no other reason than to make it an occasion of tacitly reproaching the pursuits and performances of every body but himself, and the particular class of persons to which he belongs, is what he may not "presume" to do—at least, without being told of it.

A. O.

## THE CONFESSIONAL.

## NO. III.—LOVE.

"I have done penance for contemning love;  
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me  
With bitter fasts, and penitential groans,  
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs:  
For in revenge of my contempt of love,  
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,  
And made them watchers of my own heart's sorrow."

*Old Play.*

THEY say that "marriages are made in heaven." I don't know,—but I think it not improbable, since many of those seemingly accidental encounters which should naturally *lead* to marriage, take place in that road which is declared by its frequenters to be the only one leading to heaven; and which road lies directly through a Methodist meeting-house. Let no one go about to persuade me that a place of this description is necessarily barren of poetical associations, even to those who are not absolutely satisfied as to the truth of the peculiar doctrines promulgated in it; and that even the anathemas of eternal damnation which are thundered forth there from time to time, from the stentorian lungs of an enthusiastic devotee, may not be made to fall upon the ear or the memory with a sound "most musical," howbeit "most melancholy." In fact, there is an unseemly erection of the above kind, standing a little to the south of this metropolis, which is to me more redolent of the air of love than is the grotto of Egeria or the rocks of Meillerie; and the voice of its chief priest, though to other believing as well as unbelieving ears apt to "grate harsh discords," is to me "as musical as is Apollo's lute:"—for it was within those walls, and under the sound of that voice, I used to sit for two hours together, twice every Sunday during the space of four long years, secretly sighing away my soul, and fancying that I could actually see it, in the form of a pale lambent flame, borne along on the breath of my mouth, till it reached the shrine to which it was directed, where it became absorbed by the lips and interfused in the eyes that seemed to be unconsciously waiting and watching for it; or, when *they* were absent, seemed to hover restlessly over the spot where it was accustomed to find them, as if unwilling to remain there, and yet unable to return.

It would afford curious matter for speculation, to trace out the various causes which contribute to the production of those *final* opinions that we adopt on any given subject. It has been my lot to associate a good deal with persons who hold in particular aversion the religious sect of which I have just had occasion to speak, and who lose no opportunity of calling in question even the general sincerity of their opinions—to say nothing of the pernicious nature and tendency of those opinions. But it so happens that these persons have never been able

## Love.

to make any impression upon me in either of these particulars. I do not very well know in what consists the peculiar nature of the doctrines taught by the sect in question, though I "sat under" one of its most distinguished teachers for four years; and I never had occasion to know of any *facts* which should induce me to prefer those doctrines on account of their outward and visible effects: consequently, I never attempt to *argue* against the validity of the opinions broached by my friends and associates on this subject. But of this I am certain, that the moment I find "leisure to be good"—the moment I have time to turn my thoughts wholly from the things of this world to those of another—it is among this vituperated sect that I shall first apply to be received; the moment my spirit becomes too stubborn and rebellious to be controlled by *me*, or too blind and feeble to guard and guide *itself*, (and now that love has ceased to be the cherished inhabitant of its temple—"the burthen of the mystery" of its thoughts—I every day feel this time approaching nearer and nearer)—I shall confidently surrender it into the hands of those under whose immediate influence its sweetest and richest energies were called forth, and the faint images and shadows of which *are* called forth to this day: for, as the war-horse is, in his youth, fed to the sound of martial music, and therefore whenever he hears it, even in old age, he feels the burning ashes of memory kindle those of hope within him,—so I never pass by the Rev. R—H—'s chapel, and hear his sonorous voice shouting within, but it stirs my heart and soul "like the sound of a trumpet;"—for *there*, to the sound of that voice, were they for four long years "fed with food convenient for them."

Perhaps there never was a mere mortal lover so easily satisfied as I have always been; and this has been my *banc*. I never knew (till now that it is too late) what is due to Love, and that he will not be content with less than his due. Shakspeare, who explains every thing that ever was or ever will be, has hit upon my case to a tittle,—not only in the instance which is my immediate subject, but in all the similar ones in which I have been engaged. In a lovely little copy of verses, on a certain kind of Love, in which he speaks of it under the title of *Fancy*,—a favourite name for it among the old poets—he says

"It is engender'd in the eyes,  
By gazing fed;  
And *Fancy* dies  
In the cradle where it lies."

This, though far from being true generally, has ever been entirely so with regard to me; and never so strikingly and consistently as in the present instance. In short, I have never permitted my love to arrive at years of discretion; or at least to put on the *appearance* of having arrived at them. I have stunted its growth, as the ladies do that of their pet lap-dogs; and by similar means, namely, by feeding it on "ardent spirits," instead of wholesome animal food: for love is unquestionably of a carnivorous nature. I have woven it into a glittering gossamer robe, pretty enough to look at, as it floats gracefully about in the unfelt summer air, but little adapted to stand the wear and tear, and keep out the wintry winds of human life.

(If, as I fear, I am too apt to change my metaphors from time to

time, in what may seem to the reader a somewhat sudden, as well as arbitrary and gratuitous manner, he will, perhaps, be good-natured enough to feel that this is an instinctive effort of my imagination, to respite itself from the too bitter contemplation of bare realities. As I have set myself the task of looking fearlessly into the past, my thoughts must be permitted to indulge themselves in mingling with it under any form rather than the plain and tangible one. If I were not thus to temporise and tamper with the recollections of my feelings, but to let them come upon me "in their habit as they lived," I should not be able to endure even the sound of their approach. I am obliged to "shoe my troop of horse with felt;" and even with this precaution they sometimes seem as if they were come to "kill, kill, kill!"

I have said it has always been my practice to check the natural growth of my love; but in the instance before us I did not permit it even to creep out of its cradle. I was content to look upon it as it lay smiling there, as if I felt or feared that to touch it would be to dissolve it into air. And in truth *this* was what I always did fear; and on this fear I always acted; and in the present instance more decidedly than in any other. I knew that none but babies long to possess the moon or the stars; and that none but mad people think it practicable to put them in their pocket. Now I regarded the sweet little beaming H—— P—— as "a bright particular star;" and my boasted reason (which was gaining more and more influence over me every day) told me that I had no more right or pretension to touch or to possess her, than if she had been the denizen of another sphere. I had known and loved her for more than twelve months before I ever thought of inquiring who or what she was. I had, indeed, heard her little sister call her Harriet; and even this was more than enough for me. What had I to do with names? It was *she* that I loved; and I was sure that, like Juliet's rose, she would "smell as sweet" by any one name as by any other. Those who are particularly anxious to learn their unknown mistress's name, while they are secure of being able at certain times to look upon her, may be assured that she will not long remain their mistress, and that their love is not of the sort of which I am treating. It may be either worse or better; but it is not the same. They either desire to *possess* the object of their thoughts; and in that case she will inevitably cease to be their mistress;—or their love is a parasite plant which cannot support itself—which must have something to cling to, or it first grovels in the dirt, and then dies. Such was not mine. It was all-sufficient to itself. Accordingly, for more than twelve months I used to attend this Methodist meeting twice every Sunday regularly. During the service I used to gaze, without intermission, upon the lady of my love (for she scarcely ever missed coming), with my eyes half-closed, in a rich and quiet trance of delight; and when the Meeting was over I used to walk behind her on the other side of the way, just near enough to keep her in sight, till she got home. Then I used to turn patiently round, and walk home myself; if it was in the morning, reckoning the minutes between then and half-past six o'clock in the evening, when I should see her again; and if it was in the evening, longing for the night to come, that I might lay my head underneath the clothes, and weep myself to sleep with thinking that I should not see her again till *next Sunday*. And this was the invariable routine for more than four

years! I do not think that I ever missed going to the Meeting twice every Sunday during that time; and I am certain that I never once laid my head upon my pillow without crying myself to sleep,—I knew not why, unless it was that it would be “so long” before I should see her again. I knew not why, *then*; but I know too well *now*. It was that I was all along treating my love as it was not made to be treated, and consequently as it will not bear to be treated. I was fancying it a star placed in the heavens above me, and was acting towards it accordingly; whereas, it was a flower, growing on the face of the earth like myself, and waiting to be plucked and placed in my bosom. I was fearful of touching it, lest a touch should kill it; and in the mean time it was dying of itself, for lack of the cherishing warmth that a touch might have communicated to it. I was regarding it as an immortal essence, and feeding it on ambrosia, while it was starving for want of the substantial “corn, wine, and oil,” which is, in fact, its natural and appointed food.

I cannot too often reiterate this truth upon the reader, because herein is included the sole end and intent of these Confessions—the only *moral* that is likely to be extracted from them. I repeat, then, that my grand mistake all through life has been wilfully to adopt a notion as to the nature, tendency, and utility of love, which turns out to have been directly opposed to the true one. I fancied I was acquainted with all the intricacies of this most intricate of all branches of knowledge, before I had learnt the simplest rule of its arithmetic, namely, that one and one, if properly added together, do not make *two*, but *ONE*.

I proceed to relate the remarkable circumstance which brought me acquainted with the name of my mistress; and the reader is to bear in mind that I relate it as a *fact*, the truth of which I solemnly avouch. I pretend not to account for it, but only to tell it. I have said that for twelve months I never inquired the name of that being in whom *my* being seemed to be involved. I used to dream of her almost every night; but I was never “a dreamer of strange dreams,” and had not thought it worth while to remember any of mine; for they were always eclipsed and turned into nothing by the vividness of my waking thoughts and imaginations. But one night I dreamt of her under very singular circumstances: and this is the only dream I have ever remembered, or thought worth the telling, though I never *have* told it till now;—and but for the very peculiar manner in which it is connected with my present story, I should have left it untold for ever, remarkable as it is; for I have always considered that to relate a dream is one of the most tedious impertinencies of which a man, or even a woman, can be guilty.

I dreamt that I had followed her home one Sunday evening, as usual, and that when she had gone in and the door was shut, I walked past the house, as I had frequently done at other times; but on this occasion, as I looked up at the door, which was at the top of three steps, I saw a name written upon it in large characters. When I awoke, this name was of course impressed on my memory; but at first I thought little or nothing of the circumstance—for I never had the slightest faith in dreams, omens, or the like. But presently I found that this name began to haunt me strangely, and in a way that I did not like; for it made me



*feel* that I was a little superstitious, while I prided myself on *knowing* that I was not so. I therefore determined to go and find out what her name really was, in order that I might not be pestered with this feeling, which I found to interfere with the quietness of my thoughts about her. Accordingly, a few nights after I had had this dream, I went to the street where she lived, to ascertain what I *now* wished to know. I was for some time at a loss how to set about my task; for I had a perfect horror of speaking to strangers, and still more of being the subject of remark and suspicion. After wandering about for some time, undecided what to do, I saw a boy coming from a neighbouring public-house with beer and a lantern. (The reader must not be displeased at these apparently insignificant details. He is to remember that I am now relating a *fact*, for the absolute and literal truth of which I pledge myself, and the sole interest of which depends on its *being* a fact;—my taste, therefore, as well as my conscience, protest against any thing like alteration or embellishment.) I determined to begin my inquiries with this boy, and to ask him, as a leading question, whether a Mr. so and so (naming any name that might come into my head) lived in that street. Accordingly, when he came up to me, without thinking of it a moment beforehand, I almost involuntarily mentioned the name I had dreamt of having seen on the door; but just as indifferently as I should have mentioned any other, if any other than this had happened to come into my head first. I asked him if he could tell me whether Mr. P——t lived in that street? meaning to follow up this question by another to ascertain who lived at a certain number. The reader may conceive my surprise, but he cannot conceive my feelings, when the boy replied “Yes, he lives at No. —,” mentioning that of her father’s house. My knees trembled under me, a cold dew stood on my forehead like rain, and I could scarcely stand or move. You might have knocked me down with a feather, as the phrase is. The boy added, “But I suppose you mean Mr. P——t,” pronouncing the name differently from what I had done, and indicating that I had mistaken one letter of it for another.—And thus, in fact, it actually turned out to be!!

I have related this story as it occurred, leaving the reader to make what he pleases or what he can of it. That it is literally true, I positively declare; but to account for it on either natural or supernatural grounds, is more than I pretend. It made a strong impression upon me at the time; but I soon came to think of it as a mere accidental coincidence. Since then, this latter has been the predominant inclination of my opinion on the point, but by no means the settled one; for whenever I am more than usually disposed to pamper and aggrandize my conception of the power of love, I am more than half tempted to regard the foregoing fact as a proof that that passion is capable of communicating a species of second-sight to the mind’s eye, which enables it to discover, not more than exists, but more than is present to the mere bodily senses.

With respect to the *mistake* which the dreaming senses seem to have made in their manner of transcribing the said name upon the tablet of my memory, it must be considered that the letters *u* and *a* are more easily mistaken for each other than almost any others in the alphabet; and that, in fact, half the similar errors (supposing this to have been

one) which so disfigure and falsify Shakspeare, are attributable to the carelessness of his transcribers! I take leave of this singular incident by stating, for the benefit and satisfaction of those who may be disposed to regard it as something more than a mere accidental coincidence, that no previous associations could possibly have given rise to the circumstance, since I knew no one who was acquainted with the parties, and had never made a single previous inquiry on the subject.

Little more remains to be told relative to this second act in the sentimental drama of my youth. The history of any one week is the history of the whole term of four years. Every Sunday I used to gaze myself into a fever of passion, which it required the tears of every night in the succeeding week to temper and cool. But these always had the desired effect; so that by the following Sunday I was sure to find myself ready to start afresh. To these regularly recurring intervals I attribute the long continuance of this singular intercourse. But for these it would doubtless have taken a very different turn, and come to a very different end. If I could have gazed my fill whenever I pleased, I should probably soon have had the sense to discover the error of my ways, and should speedily have brought matters to a close, one way or the other. But these perpetual alternations of heat and cold, wet and dry—this exact “balance of power” (I have hated the phrase ever since I found out the mischief it worked me, or rather the good it probably deprived me of, in this affair) kept me for ever swinging backwards and forwards, like a well-hung pendulum. I was a perfect eight-day clock, wound up regularly every Sunday, to go through the week till the Saturday night following. Probably if I had missed a single Sunday’s gazing, my love would have broken the spell on the one hand, by dying in its cradle for want of food; and if, on the other hand, it could have had a single day’s *extra* gazing during any giving week of the whole period, it might, perhaps, have gained strength to start up from its cradle, and assert its right; for I cannot doubt that, long before the end of the four years, it must have been able to *speak* and *go alone*, if it had been stimulated to try. But while this constant equilibrium was kept up, things bade fair to go on in the same way for ever; for, on my part, there was no reason whatever why they should either advance or retrograde. There was never a Sunday passed without our exchanging looks together; and here, where our intercourse began, there (as before) it ended. I never seemed to think that I was entitled to expect more, or to feel that I wanted more; and as I saw no prospect of my ever meeting with less, I was content, for want of knowing better, to go on as I was.

The nearest approach to a personal communication that ever took place between this lady and me, was once that in going out of the meeting I found myself near enough to her to touch the hem of her garment. But it did not make me whole; on the contrary, I remember that it produced scarcely any particular effect on my feelings, either as they regarded her or myself. It is from the recollection of this fact I now judge that what I was loving, was, not a living creature, but the picture of one painted on the *retina* of my imagination by Memory,—an artist accomplished in all things, except, like Sir Joshua, in the forming and mixing her colours; but *they* are so fugitive, that, in the case before us, I am convinced a single week passed without

retouching the picture, would have caused it to fade away into nothing; while on the other hand, a single extra sitting might perhaps have endued it with breath and motion, and caused it to step from its canvass into life, after the fashion of that in My Grandmother. I now feel that, if this consummation had happened, all might still have been well; for it was not then too late. But *now*, if the best I can hope for is sometimes to dream that it *did* happen, at all events the worst I need fear is, to awake and find that it did not.

We have now done with these toys of youth. As "it is the eye of childhodd fears a painted devil," so none but *that* can love a painted angel. Manhood cannot be content without either more, or less. We have now done with mere impulses and feelings, and shall henceforth have to do with actions and passions—with thoughts and imaginations—with hopes and fears. We have hitherto been floating on the calm surface of the stream, like the halcyon on its nest. We must now prepare to plunge, like Ladurlad, into the depths of the ocean of human life: and I may venture to do so as fearlessly as he did—for, like him, I am gifted with a protecting curse, which shields me from all injuries but such as itself inflicts. May I not hope, too, that as, like Ladurlad, I am not conscious of having done any thing to deserve this curse, it may one day or other leave me suddenly and of itself, as his did?—Nay, more,—when "the fire in his heart, and the fire in his brain" had passed away,

—————"Ladurlad sunk to rest.  
Blessed that sleep! more blessed was the waking!  
For on that night a heavenly morning broke,  
The light of heaven was round him when he woke,  
And in the Swerga, in Yedillian's bower,  
All whom he loved he met, to part no more."

And may it not be so with me? I will at least *hope* that it may—for "we cannot help our hopes"—as Juliana prettily says of her "dreams." At all events, I have made one step towards the consummation of those hopes—for I have discovered the spot where exists all I have loved in others met in one. Whether I am to be blessed with the possession of this one, remains to be seen. All I can be sure of is, that, if my deserts are less than those of others who pretend to this possession, my wants are greater; all the foundation I see on which to build my hopes is the possibility that this sole well-spring of future good now left open to me, in determining through what channel it shall flow, and what happy land it shall fertilise, may

—————"not take heed  
Of its own bounty, *but my need*."

Z.

EPIGRAM, FROM THE ITALIAN OF PANANTI.

*"S'hai difetti ti salva."*

Is beauty to thine outward form denied?  
Let Virtue's graceful veil its absence hide:  
As Cæsar wreathed the laurel round his brow,  
And hid the baldness of his head below.

G. M.

## THE ELOQUENCE OF EYES.

———— Nor doth the eye itself,  
 That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,  
 Not going from itself; but eyes opposed  
 Salute each other with each others form——

SHAKESPEARE.

THE origin of language is a puzzling point, of which no satisfactory solution has yet been offered. Children could not originally have compounded it, for they would always want intelligence to construct any thing so complicated and difficult; and as it is known that after a certain age the organs of speech, if they have not been called into play, lose their flexibility, it is contended that adults possessing the faculties to combine a new language would want the power to express it. Divine inspiration is the only clue that presents itself in this emergency; and we are then driven upon the incredibility of supposing that celestial ears and organs could ever have been instrumental in originating the Low Dutch, in which language an assailant of Voltaire drew upon himself the memorable retort from the philosopher—"that he wished him more wit and fewer consonants." No one, however, seems to have contemplated the possibility that Nature never meant us to speak, any more than the Parrot to whom she has given similar powers of articulation; or to have speculated upon the extent of the substitutes she has provided, supposing that man had never discovered the process of representing appetites, feelings, and ideas by sound. Grief, joy, anger, and some of the simple passions, express themselves by similar intelligible exclamations in all countries; these, therefore, may be considered as the whole primitive language of Nature; but if she had left the rest of her vocabulary to be conveyed by human features and gestures, man, by addressing himself to the eyes instead of the ears, would have still possessed a medium of communication nearly as specific as speech, with the great advantage of its being silent as the telegraph. Talking with his features instead of his tongue, he would not only save all the time lost in unravelling the subtleties of the grammarians from Priscian to Lily and Lindley Murray, but he would instantly become a cosmopolitan, a citizen of the world, and might travel "from old Belerium to the northern main" without needing an interpreter.

We are not hastily to pronounce against the possibility of carrying this dumb eloquence to a certain point of perfection, for the experiment has never been fairly tried. We know that the exercise of cultivated reason and the arts of civilized life have eradicated many of our original instincts, and that the loss of any one sense invariably quickens the others; and we may therefore conjecture that many of the primitive conversational powers of our face have perished from disuse, while we may be certain that those which still remain would be prodigiously concentrated and exalted, did they form the sole medium by which our mind could develop itself. But we have no means of illustrating this notion, for the wild boys and men who have from time to time been caught in the woods, have been always solitaries, who, wanting the stimulus of communion, have never exercised their faculties; while the deaf and dumb born among ourselves, early instructed

to write and talk with their fingers, have never called forth their natural resources and instructive powers of expression.

Without going so far as the Frenchman who maintained that speech was given to us to conceal our thoughts, it is certain that we may, even now, convey them pretty accurately without the intervention of the tongue. To a certain extent every body talks with his own countenance, and puts faith in the indications of those which he encounters. The basis of physiognomy, that the face is the silent echo of the heart, is substantially true; and to confine ourselves to one feature—the eye—I would ask what language, what oratory can be more voluble and instinct with meaning than the telegraphic glances of the eye? So convinced are we of this property, that we familiarly talk of a man having an expressive, a speaking, an eloquent eye. I have always had a firm belief that the celestials have no other medium of conversation, but that, carrying on a colloquy of glances, they avoid all the wear and tear of lungs, and all the vulgarity of human vociferation. Nay, we frequently do this ourselves. By a silent interchange of looks, when listening to a third party, how completely may two people keep up a by-play of conversation, and express their mutual incredulity, anger, disgust, contempt, amazement, grief, or languor. Speech is a laggard and a sloth, but the eyes shoot out an electric fluid that condenses all the elements of sentiment and passion in one single emanation. Conceive what a boundless range of feeling is included between the two extremes of the look serene and the smooth brow, and the contracted frown with the glaring eye. What varieties of sentiment in the mere fluctuation of its lustre, from the fiery flash of indignation to the twinkle of laughter, the soft beaming of compassion, and the melting radiance of love. “*Oculi sunt in amore duces*,” says Propertius, and certainly he who has never known the tender passion knows not half the copiousness of the ocular language, for it is in those prophetic mirrors that every lover first traces the reflection of his own attachment, or reads the secret of his rejection, long before it is promulgated by the tardy tongue. It required very little imagination to fancy a thousand Cupids perpetually hovering about the eyes of beauty, a conceit which is accordingly found among the earliest creations of the Muse. ’Twas not the warrior’s dart, says Anacreon, that made my bosom bleed,—

No—from an eye of liquid blue  
A host of quiver’d Cupids flew,  
And now my heart all bleeding lies  
Beneath this army of the eyes.

And we may take one specimen from innumerable others in the Greek Anthology.

Archer Love, though slyly creeping,  
Well I know where thou dost lie;  
I saw thee from the curtain peeping  
That fringes Zenophalia’s eye.

The moderns have dallied with similar conceits till they have become so frivolous and threadbare as to be now pretty nearly abandoned to the inditers of Valentines, and the manufacturers of Vauxhall songs.

The old French author Bretonnayau, not content with lamenting,

like Milton, that so precious an organ as the eye should have been so limited and vulnerable, considers it, in his "*Fabrique de l'œil*," as a bodily sun possessing powers analogous to the solar orb, and treats it altogether as a sublime mystery and celestial symbol. A short extract may shew the profundity of his numerical and astronomical views :

" D'un—de trois—et de sept, à Dieu agréable,  
Fut composé de l'œil la machine admirable.  
Le nerf et le crystal, l'eau et le verre pers,  
Sont les quatre elemens du minime univers;  
Les sept guimples luisans qui son rondeau contournent,  
Ce sont les sept errans, qui au grand monde tournent,  
Car le blanc qui recouvre et raffermi nos yeux,  
Nous figure Saturne entre ces petits creux, &c. &c."

And yet all this mysticism is scarcely more extravagant than the power of witchcraft or fascination which was supposed to reside in the eyes, and obtained implicit credence in the past ages. This infection, whether malignant or amorous, was generally supposed to be conveyed in a slanting regard, such as that "jealous leer malign" with which Satan contemplated the happiness of our first parents.

Non istic obliquo oculo mea commoda quisquam  
Limat, non odio obscuro, morsuque venenat,

says Horace; and Virgil makes the shepherd exclaim, in his third eclogue

" Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos."

Basilisks, cockatrices, and certain serpents were fabled not only to have the power of bewitching the birds from the air, but of killing men with a look—a mode of destruction which is now limited to the exaggerations of those modern fabulists yclept poets and lovers.

Every difference of shape is found in this variform organ, from the majestic round orb of Homer's ox-eyed Juno, to that thin slit from which the vision of a Chinese lazily oozes forth; but in this as in other instances, the happy medium is nearest to the line of beauty. If there be any deviation, it should be towards the full rotund eye, which although it be apt to convey an expression of staring *hauteur*, is still susceptible of great dignity and beauty, while the contrary tendency approximates continually towards the mean and the suspicious.

As there is no standard of beauty, there is no pronouncing decisively upon the question of colour. The ancient classical writers assigned to Minerva, and other of the deities, eyes of heaven's own azure as more appropriate and celestial. Among the early Italian writers the beauties were generally *blondes*, being probably considered the most estimable on account of their rarity; and Tasso, describing the blue eyes of Armida, says with great elegance,

" Within her humid melting eyes  
A brilliant ray of laughter lies,  
Soft as the broken solar beam  
That trembles in the azure stream."

Our own writer Collins, speaking of the Circassians, eulogises "Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair," with more beauty of language than fidelity as to fact; but our poets in general give the palm to that which is least common among ourselves, and are accord-

ingly enraptured with brunettes and dark eyes. When Shakspeare bestowed green eyes upon the monster Jealousy, he was not probably aware that about the time of the Crusades there was a prodigious passion for orbs of this hue. Thiebault, king of Navarre, depicting a beautiful shepherdess in one of his songs, says,

‘ La Pastore est belc et avenant  
Elle a les eus vairs,”

which phrase, however, has been conjectured to mean hazle, an interpretation which will allow me to join issue with his majesty and improve his taste. But taste itself is so fluctuating, that we may live to see the red eye of the Albins immortalised in verse, or that species of plaid recorded by Dryden—

“ The balls of his broad eyes roll’d in his head,  
And glared betwixt a yellow and a red.”

For my own part, I decidedly prefer the hue of that which is now bent upon the page, for I hold that an indulgent eye, like a good horse, cannot be of a bad colour.

My paper would be incomplete without a word or two upon eye-brows, which, it is to be observed, are peculiar to man, and were intended, according to the physiologists, to prevent particles of dust or perspiration from rolling into the eye. Nothing appears to me more impertinent than the fancied penetration of these human moles, who are for ever attributing imaginary intentions to inscrutable Nature, nor more shallow and pedlar-like than their resolving every thing into a use, as if they could not see in the gay colours and delicious perfumes, and mingled melodies lavished upon the earth, sufficient evidence that the beneficent Creator was not satisfied with mere utility, but combined with it a profusion of gratuitous beauty and delight. I dare say they would rather find a use for the coloured eyes of Argus in the peacock’s tail, than admit that the human eye-brows could have been bestowed for mere ornament and expression. Yet they have been deemed the leading indices of various passions. Homer makes them the seat of majesty—Virgil of dejection—Horace of modesty—Juvenal of pride, and we ourselves consider them such intelligible exponents of scorn and haughtiness that we have adopted from them our word *supercilious*. In lively faces they have a language of their own, and can aptly represent all the sentiments and passions of the mind, even when they are purposely repressed in the eye. By the workings of the line just above a lady’s eyebrows, much may be discovered that could never be read in the face; and by this means I am enabled to detect in the looks of my fair readers such a decided objection to any farther inquiry into their secret thoughts, that I deem it prudent to exclaim in the language of Oberon—“ Lady, I kiss thine eye, and so good night.”

H.

EPIGRAM, FROM THE ITALIAN OF PANANTI.

“ *Negri capelli e bianca barba.*”

His hair so black, and beard so grey,

• ’Tis strange.—But would you know the cause?

’Tis that his labours always lay

Less on the brain than on the jaws.

G. M.

## BRACEBRIDGE HALL.\*

THE public appears often an ungenerous, at all times a suspicious patron, warm as a child in the first burst of its enthusiasm, and still displaying its infantine temper in its capricious mode of treating old favourites. But after all, its ungraciousness is more in semblance than in reality—its stock of favour and compliment has been already exhausted—and, too sincere to keep a reserve of admiration, it feels itself quite unable to meet a renewed demand. Hence, if the early publications of an author have met with eminent success, his later ones are sure to meet with rebuffs *in seeming*. The reader cannot abandon himself to admiration exclusively: comparisons are forced on him; and if he have too much good nature to set about comparing the author with his brethren, he cannot avoid comparing him with himself—his present with his past productions. This is not likely to be in favour of the latter, since predilection for old favourites is only to be overcome by a very palpable degree of improvement.

If subsequent publications meet with such a reception from the mere reader, what must they expect from the critic? from him, who cannot utter his *dicta* in ejaculations and monosyllables, but must lay down his *pros* and his *cons* at length in dreadful legibility. From him the twice-told tale of unqualified admiration will not be suffered—"he is nothing, if not critical," and the new qualities put forth by the authors in review, must be the burden of his strain. Unfortunately, however, as a writer proceeds, he develops more defects than beauties—the defects thicken upon us, as he grows more confident and careless—while the beauties get threadbare by degrees, and become trite and mawkish by being harped upon. Hence criticism often seems to indulge in ungenerous "after-thought," and to recall spitefully the uned of praise it formerly bestowed, while, in truth, it is but censorious from necessity, and "severe from too much love."

Besides, we may take liberties with an old and established friend, and abuse him good-naturedly to his face, while we leave our esteem and good opinion of him unspoken—as sentiments he might safely reckon upon, though never a word concerning them were uttered. After this, without mentioning the pleasure received in the perusal of "Bracebridge Hall," we will come at once to the point, and say, that we consider it much inferior to the Sketch Book. A kind of languor prevails through the volumes, amidst which we in vain look for the spirit of their predecessors. The pictures, especially the wild scenes of America, are wrought with more pain, but by no means with the felicity of former stories. Dolph Heyliger is but a clumsy shadow of Rip Van Winkle, and the scenes of the latter were given with a taste and keeping, that seem to have escaped the author in the more laboured descriptions of the former. The Storm-Ship is however very well told; there is a curious and most original intermixture of the ludicrous and the terrible in those old Dutch superstitions. We know not a more puzzling character in romance than a Dutch ghost; and had we encountered one in the pages of Radcliffe, we certainly should not know what to have

\* Bracebridge Hall: by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. 2 vols. 8vo.



thought. Geoffrey is extremely happy in the delineation of these non-descripts, and, however our friend may impugn the originality of Rip Van Winkle, the author has Dutchified it in most admirable style.

The opening of "Bracebridge Hall" introduces us to a family party, which we before had the pleasure of meeting in the Sketch Book. The cause and end of their meeting is a wedding, about to take place between "the fair Julia" and "the Captain." This affords the author an opportunity of sketching various characters; and an accident that conveniently befalls the heroine, enables him to dwell upon the matter till the two volumes are completed. The chief character is the squire himself, a good-humoured and agreeable old gentleman, whom Geoffrey meant seemingly to depict as an original. But in this he has overshot the mark, and has made him more of the cloistered pedant than the country squire. He is tiresomely conversant with old volumes; has taken a strange fancy to falconry; and the other peculiarities with which he is marked, are too common-place to shed any novelty or interest upon the character. Lady Lillycraft is the best drawn and the most original, though, we much fear, such beings are exceedingly rare. Master Simon is humorous enough, a second Will Wimble, but rather more starched than his prototype. The defeat which he and the general suffer, from the radical during the May sports, is well sketched. The bride and bridegroom are true to nature, being, like all people in their situation, sufficiently insipid. But our heaviest censure must fall on Ready-Money Jack: this personage is a living character, of the name of Tibbets, very well known by the nickname here bestowed on him. He is a resident in Islington, and is no doubt the gay, frank, bold, ready-monied man represented. But, to make use of a hackneyed term, it is too *cockneyish* to sketch a character from a suburb of the metropolis, and give it forth as a sample of the rural John Bull. The incongruity is quite evident, and a similar defect is visible through all the characters: the squire is a pedant, the general a militia-man, the yeoman a cockney. Yet with all this, the work is exceedingly well written, and entertaining: it is a pity that the author did not add to its intrinsic talent, that truth to nature, which a little time and observation might have enabled him to do. Perhaps this was not his design—perhaps hurry prevented him; but it is necessary to mark strongly the want of this truth, as the work may be considered in other countries to represent a faithful picture of our country life and manners.

But these objections are applicable merely to the vehicle; the matter contained is for the most part excellent. The "Stout Gentleman" is a capital quiz, and the pictures of the Schoolmaster and his Assistant are faithfully sketched. The Spanish tale is pretty, but rather in the ordinary track of romance-writing. "Annette Delarbre" is beautifully told. But Mr. Crayon must pardon "certain writers in Magazines" (as he terms a friend or two of ours with precise civility) for reiterating the charge, that his best tales are not original. Had not the story of "Hina" previously existed, we should indeed want words to express our admiration for "Annette Delarbre." But our denying the credit of the original thought, by no means interferes with the just tribute of praise due to the raising of the superstructure. The "Rookery" is a very amusing paper, but as it is one likely to be well-

known and quoted, we shall choose for our extracts some portions of "The Storm-Ship."

"In the golden age of the province of the New Netherlands, when it was under the sway of Wouter Van Twiller, otherwise called the Doubter, the people of the Manhattoes\* were alarmed one sultry afternoon, just about the time of the summer solstice, by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. The rain descended in such torrents as absolutely to spatter up and smoke along the ground. It seemed as if the thunder rattled and rolled over the very roofs of the houses: the lightning was seen to play about the church of St. Nicholas, and to strive three times in vain to strike its weathercock. Garret Van Horne's new chimney was split almost from top to bottom; and Doffue Mildeberger was struck speechless from his bald-faced mare, just as he was riding into town. In a word, it was one of those unparalleled storms that only happen once within the memory of that venerable personage, known in all towns by the appellation of 'the oldest inhabitant.'

"Great was the terror of the good old women of the Manhattoes. They gathered their children together, and took refuge in the cellars, after having hung a shoe on the iron point of every bed-post, lest it should attract the lightning. At length the storm abated, the thunder sunk into a growl, and the setting sun, breaking from under the fringed borders of the clouds, made the broad bosom of the bay to gleam like a sea of molten gold. The word was given from the fort that a ship was standing up the bay."

"In the mean time the ship became more distinct to the naked eye: she was a stout, round, Dutch-built vessel, with high bow and poop, and bearing Dutch colours. The evening sun gilded her bellying canvass, as she came riding over the long-waving billows. The sentinel, who had given notice of her approach, declared, that he first got sight of her when she was in the centre of the bay; and that she broke suddenly on his sight just as if she had come out of the bosom of the black thunder-cloud. The bystanders looked at Hans Van Pelt, to see what he would say to this report: Hans Van Pelt screwed his mouth closer together, and said nothing; upon which some shook their heads, and others shrugged their shoulders.

"The ship was now repeatedly hailed, but made no reply, and, passing by the fort, stood on up the Hudson. A gun was brought to bear on her, and, with some difficulty, loaded and fired by Hans Van Pelt, the garrison not being expert in artillery. The shot seemed absolutely to pass through the ship, and to skip along the water on the other side, but no notice was taken of it!—What was strange, she had all her sails set, and sailed right against wind and tide, which were both down the river. Upon this Hans Van Pelt, who was likewise harbour-master, ordered his boat, and set off to board her, but after rowing two or three hours he returned without success; sometimes he would get within one or two hundred yards of her, and then, in a twinkling, she would be half a mile off. Some said it was because his oars'-men, who were rather puny and short-winded, stopped every now and then to take breath, and spit on their hands; but this it is probable was a mere scandal. He got near enough, however, to see the crew, who were all dressed in the Dutch style, the officers in doublets and high hats and feathers: not a word was spoken by any one on board;—they stood as motionless as so many statues, and the ship seemed as if left to her own government. Thus she kept on, away up the river, lessening and lessening in the evening sunshine, until she faded from sight, like a little white cloud melting away in the summer sky."

"Messengers were despatched to different places on the river; but they returned without any tidings—the ship had made no port. Day after day and week after week elapsed, but she never returned down the Hudson. As,

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\* New York.

however, the Council seemed solicitous for intelligence, they had it in abundance. The captains of the sloops seldom arrived without bringing some report of having seen the strange ship at different parts of the river; sometimes near the Pallisadoes, sometimes off Croton Point, and sometimes in the highlands; but she never was reported as having been seen above the highlands. The crews of the sloops, it is true, generally differed among themselves in their accounts of this apparition; but that may have arisen from the uncertain situations in which they saw her. Sometimes it was by the flashes of the thunder-storm lighting up a pitchy night, and giving glimpses of her careering across Tappaan Zee, or the wide waste of Flaverstow Bay. At one moment she would appear close upon them, as if likely to run them down, and would throw them into great bustle and alarm; but the next flash would shew her far off, always sailing against the wind. Sometimes, in quiet moonlight night, she would be seen under some high bluff of the highlands, all in deep shadow, excepting her top-sails glittering in the moon-beams; by the time, however, that the voyagers would reach the place, there would be no ship to be seen: and when they had passed on for some distance, and looked back, behold! there she was again, with her top-sails in the moonshine!—Her appearance was always just after, or just before, or just in the midst of unruly weather; and she was known by all the skippers and voyagers of the Hudson by the name of ‘the Storm-Ship.’”

There is one observation we must not omit; it is, that the style of the work under review is not so pure and select as that of the “Sketch Book.” We could multiply instances—the frequent use of the word *get*, of *bloody* as a verb, &c. We press this on the author’s attention, not only for his own sake, but for that of literature in general, which his former work has so much benefited. Before the appearance of the “Sketch Book,” all writers seem to have been either above or below considerations about style, diction, and such things. Poetry had just succeeded, not only in throwing off its trammels, but was endeavouring to rid itself even of a decorous garb. Prose had begun to follow the example; and the lighter departments of literature, especially those of criticism and essay-writing, were abandoning rapidly all qualities of purity or elegance, whilst they sought novelty in singularity, and strength in abruptness. The success of the “Sketch Book” was a reproof to some random writers, of talents at least equal to those of its author, but whose publications were lying on the shelf. The beneficial consequences of this practical lesson appear to us manifest in the periodical literature of the day; which, in such a light-reading age as the present, must be of paramount importance, being the first to lead the way in deterioration or improvement. The essays of the “Sketch Book” and “Bracebridge Hall” we reckon under the class of periodical literature, and indeed they answer the description much better than most articles of Magazine and Review. Therefore whatever progress the author makes in future, and we have no doubt it will be of improvement, he should at least look to preserve that peculiar species of excellency to which he is certainly most indebted for the rise of his fame.

O.

## REPUBLIC OF PLATO.\*

HAVING thus sketched an outline of the mode in which the warriors are to be trained, Plato discusses the means of securing their faithful performance of the duties assigned to them. He seems abundantly sensible both of the importance and difficulty of providing a security adequate to this purpose.

The first and foremost of all securities, in his opinion, is a good education. This indeed would, taken singly, be insufficient; but without it, all others would be vain and ineffectual.† To supply the defect of certainty, which would still remain, and to ensure the good behaviour of the military class, Plato proposes one or two other expedients.

His first expedient is to cheat their understandings with a fictitious tale and imposture. "You and your arms, and all your array, are in reality sprung from the maternal bosom of the earth; you are, therefore, under the strictest obligation to protect both your mother and your brother citizens, whom she also has brought forth and supports. Your fellow-citizens are all your brothers; but the Deity has mixed up a certain quantity of gold in your original formation, which adapts and entitles you to the post of command; in the bosoms of the rest he has placed brass and iron, by which they become fitter for husbandry and other subordinate functions. This gold will in most cases be transmitted by you to your posterity; but if in any instance this should not happen, and any one of you should produce a degenerate son, you must without mercy degrade him down to the lower castes. For an oracle has declared, that when brass or iron shall govern, the state will be destroyed." (pp. 121, 122.)

Such is the story which Plato proposes to impress upon the military class, in order to generate in their minds a brotherly feeling towards their fellow-citizens. By what means any persuasion of its truth can be created, he himself professes entire ignorance.‡ Socrates (who is detailing the scheme) asks Glaucon if he knows any contrivance to persuade them: to which the latter replies, that he knows no method of making any set of men originally believe such a story; but, could they once be convinced of it, their sons and posterity would naturally and infallibly adopt a similar persuasion. (p. 122.)

As a farther expedient for ensuring the good behaviour of the warlike class, Plato fixes their constant abode in tents close to the city; they are to possess no individual property, except in case of the greatest necessity||; even their tent and their storehouse¶ are to be accessible to every one; they are to eat all together, and a sufficiency of victuals is to be provided for them by the rest of the city. They are to be informed also, that as they possess within them the pure

\* Continued from page 517, vol. iv.

† Οὐκ οὐκ τὴν μέγιστον τῆς εὐλαβείας παρσκευασμένοι ἂν εἴεν, εἰ τῷ ὄντι καλῶς πεπαιδευμένοι εἰσίν; Ἀλλὰ μὴν εἰσὶ γ'. ἔφη. Καὶ ἔγωγ' εἶπον, Τῷτο μὲν ἐκ ἄξιον διῴσχυρίζεσθαι, ὡ φίλε Γλαύκων· ὁ μὲντοι ἄρτι ἐλέγομεν, ἄξιον, ὅτι θεὸς αὐτὰς τῆς ἐρῆνης τυχεῖν παιδείας, ἣτις ποτὶ ἐστίν, εἰ μέλλουσι τὸ μέγιστον ἔχειν, πρὸς τῷ ἡμεῖροι εἶναι αὐτοῖς τε καὶ τοῖς φυλαττομένοις ἐκ' αὐτῶν. p. 123.

‡ Οὐκ οὐκ ὁποῖα τέλμη, ἣ ποῖοις λόγοις χρώμενος ἴρω. p. 121.

§ Οὐκ οὐκ στρατιωτικαί. p. 122.

|| ἂν μὴ πᾶσα ἀνέγκη.

¶ ταμίειον.

gold from heaven, it would be both useless and sacrilegious in them to aspire after the corrupt coin which circulates on earth. (p. 124.) Nor ought they even to touch or drink out of gold or silver. On the non-possession of individual property Plato lays such stress, that if this regulation were once overleaped, the military class would (he says) infallibly degenerate from their character of protectors, and become the tyrants and the worst enemies of their fellow-citizens.\*

Adimantus, at this point, objects to Socrates, that from these severe regulations the situation of the military caste would become worse than that of any other citizens, and strip of every thing which is usually supposed to render life valuable. Socrates fully admits that the duty exacted of them would be hard, and their privations numerous; but in spite of all this, he thinks they might probably enjoy great happiness. Yet even if the case were otherwise, his scheme is directed to ensure the happiness of the whole, and that of any particular part must be surrendered without reserve, if required. (pp. 125—128.) Those rules must be adopted and enforced, upon every man, which may best qualify him for discharging his stated service to the community. But of all those circumstances which disqualify a man for the performance of his duty, great wealth or great poverty are the most important and operative. The governing caste, therefore, is to prevent most watch-

\* Ὅποτε δὲ αὐτοὶ γῆν τε ἴδιαν καὶ νομίσματα κτήσονται, εἰκόνομοι μὲν καὶ γεωργοὶ ἀντὶ φυλάκων ἴσονται, δεσπόται δ' ἐχθροὶ, ἀντὶ συμμάχων τῶν ἄλλων πολιτῶν γενήσονται. μισῶντες τε δὴ καὶ μισθόμενοι, καὶ ἐπιθελεύοντες καὶ ἐπιβελεύμενοι, διάξουσι πάντα τὸν βίον, πόλυ πλεῖω καὶ μᾶλλον δεδιότες τὰς ἑνδον ἢ τὰς ἑξωθεν πολέμους, ζήοντες ἥδη τότε ἐγγύτατα ἐλθέμεν, αὐτοὶ τε καὶ ἡ ἄλλη πόλις. p. 124.

These plans for remodelling the temper and dispositions of the governing caste, will hardly fail to strike the reader as singularly insufficient, and even puerile, particularly the fiction which he designs to impress upon them. Plato himself avows that he knows not how to realize such a stratagem; and this confession attests his good faith, as unequivocally as the singularity of his provisions evinces his deep sense of the end to be secured. To intrust a particular class with irresponsible power, and then to insure their proper application of it, was the important problem. Plato saw that any man, or any class, if suffered to retain the usual propensities of their nature, and to contract the current associations, would be irresistibly tempted to abuse their power. He saw that this temptation could only be effaced by a system of education so thorough and searching as to monopolise the whole man, and to transmute effectually the governing principles of human conduct; by stifling all the separate ties of property and kindred; and by associating, somehow or other, the well-being of their fellow-citizens with their own sense of superior origin and merit. In short, unless the ruling class could be artificially elevated to the level of demigods, they would infallibly abuse an irresponsible power.

If Plato has been unsuccessful in solving this grand problem, he cannot at least be accused of glossing over the difficulty, and deceiving mankind into a belief that it is a point easily accomplished, and requiring little provision or contrivance, which is the usual method with modern political writers. According to these latter, the all-sufficient security against any misapplication of power is, to place it in the hands of men of high birth and large property. Such persons are, by an aristocratical thinker, represented as exempt by inheritance from the weaknesses of average humanity, and free from all temptation to maltreat others. Thus to frame a principle, merely for the purpose of sanctioning an established usurpation, does indeed facilitate the task of invention, because it leaves the difficulty unconquered and the end unattained. Plato will not condescend to this flattery of birth and opulence, nor can he stoop to impose upon mankind, by telling them that the person who has a great deal of property, will for that reason cease to desire any more, and will become not only innoxious, but even earnest and laborious (without any assignable motive) in acquiring the talents essentially requisite to a good ruler.

fully the growth either of one or the other. (p. 128.) "But if a state of war should arise, will not the energies of the state be crippled, without some superfluous wealth?" Plato replies, that if his state was engaged in hostility with two others, it could easily buy off and ally itself with one of its enemies against the other, by promising as a reward the whole booty to be captured. And even if its enemy were at the outset only a single city, yet that city would certainly be divided into parties, which would interrupt its unity, and these internal divisions would render it weaker than the well-arranged and harmonious republic of Plato. A city governed in the vulgar manner, scarcely appears to Plato worthy of the appellation of one whole. It is many cities, not one city.\* Nor would he permit his own republic to increase farther than is consistent with the entire preservation of its unity.

Having indicated the general arrangements and education of his republic, Plato thinks it unnecessary to specify the particular laws relative to matters of detail. Men thus trained and relatively situated would, he says, readily discover the best modes of proceeding. Could the system of education be once successfully realized, and produce one set of human beings such as he conceives, all the ulterior perfections of polity and legislation could not fail to branch out. But the strictest caution would be necessary to prevent this plan of education from degenerating. Were the judicious mixture of music and gymnastics intermitted, or were music of a different character allowed, a complete alteration in the sentiments of individuals, and thence a subversion of the state, might result.† (pp. 129—133.) There are some excellent remarks on the little benefit produced by improvement in regulations of detail, while the general system of government and education remains unsound; and on the folly evinced by ill-governed cities, who rejected with abomination any proposal of reform, and clung to those statesmen whose fame depended upon the preservation of the vicious system. (pp. 134-5.)

For the establishment of temples and religious rites, as well as those ceremonies which propitiate the dead, Plato refers to the authority of Apollo, whom he would consult upon the subject. (p. 136.)

Wisdom, courage, temperance, and justice, would, in Plato's opinion, be the result of such a system throughout his republic. The two former qualities belong exclusively to the governors and the military caste; the two latter to every citizen. Temperance teaches every individual to recognize a limit to his appetites, and brings about an unanimous feeling as to the propriety of submission on the part of the subject, and supremacy on that of the governor. (pp. 142, 143.) Courage (belonging exclusively to the military) consists in a right and rational comparative estimate of the objects of human apprehension. (p. 140.) Justice consists in the performance of a single and exclusive duty by each individual; and it prohibits any one man from assuming a business which another is better qualified to exercise.‡ The rules of justice are observed when the three sections of the city, the governors, their

\* 'Εκάστη αὐτῶν πόλεις εἰςὶ πάμπολλαι, ἀλλ' ἓ πόλεις. p. 130.

† Οὐδ' αὖ γὰρ κινεῖνται μωσικῆς τρόποι ἀνευ πολιτικῶν νόμων τῶν μεγίστων, ὡς φησὶ τοῖς δαδῶν καὶ ἐγὼ πείθεμαι. p. 132.

‡ Τὰ αὐτῷ πράττειν, καὶ μὴ πολυπραγμανεῖν, δικαιοσύνη ἐστίν. p. 144.

military assistants, and the productive classes, (*φυλακικόν, ἐπικυρικόν, and χρηματιστικόν*) each perform their distinct services without clashing or interference. (p. 146.)

To these three sections of the community, Plato assimilates three parts of the mind of an individual—reason, passion or heat, and appetite. Reason is the guardian or governor—passion, its ally or assistant (*ἐπικυρικόν*), though not always faithful—the ministration of the rest belongs to appetite (*ἐπιθυμητικόν* in the individual, *χρηματιστικόν* in the community.) Justice in an individual, like justice in a community, consists in a proper adjustment of these three principles; when each performs its own function, and does not encroach upon the province of the rest. So also temperance in an individual is like temperance in a community, consisting in a due subordination of the inferior appetite to the bridle and sovereignty of reason. (p. 157.)

At the beginning of the fifth book, Plato treats of the education and condition of females in his republic. Whether any peculiar business shall be assigned exclusively to women, as distinguished from men, or whether individuals of either sex shall indiscriminately exercise and be distributed through all the separate callings, is the question which first comes under his consideration. His decision is, that women, as well as men, shall exercise all the different employments in the state. Because the superiority of men over women is perfectly universal, nor is there any field of action in which a woman can display equal aptitude with a man: it will not be prudent, therefore, to commit any particular pursuit exclusively to females. But as some women undoubtedly manifest greater ingenuity and aptitude than others, the proper course will be to distribute them throughout the different professions, as inferior functionaries and assistants to men, according to the talents with which they appear to be endowed. (p. 172.) If they are to be employed in the same functions as men, the same education will be demanded for them as for the male sex. (p. 167.) Women, therefore, of the finest endowments and disposition will be selected, to associate themselves with the class and in the function of guardians. Their minds and bodies will be trained in exactly the same manner as those of the male guardians. They will be subjected to the same musical and gymnastical education, and will be co-operating, though less efficient, ministers of the very same services. (pp. 172-3.)

The male and female guardians will live and eat constantly together in the encampment appropriated to them. Their intercourse, however, will not be promiscuous, but regulated under the superintendence of the magistrate, one of the most difficult and delicate tasks (as Plato admits) which could possibly be imposed upon him. (p. 177.) He is to pair together the finest couples of men and women, consecrating the time of their union by certain feasts and sacred rites. Inferior pairs are to come together by lot, in order to remove the appearance of responsibility from the magistrate in cases where he could have no means of forming a conclusion. From the age of 30 to 55 in males, from 20 to 40 in females, the breeding powers are thus considered as under the appropriation and superintendence of the magistrate, for the purpose of improving the breed. Should any individual thwart this purpose by intercourse either illicit or unsanctioned by the magistrate, such a proceeding is stigmatised as iniquitous and unholy, as tending to introduce

into the state (had it remained undiscovered) an inauspicious issue, which had not been ushered in by the established religious prayers and observances. Should any young man discover signal proofs of merit, a more abundant range of sexual intercourse is to be conferred upon him, partly as a reward, partly ἵνα καὶ ἄμα μετὰ προφάσει, ὡς πλείστοι τῶν παιδῶν ἐκ τῶν τοιούτων σπειρῶνται. (p. 178.)

The issue of the superior pairs, who have been coupled under the express direction of the magistrate, are to be taken from their mothers as soon as born, and brought up by the public and authorized nurses. The mother is to suckle it for a short time; but the greatest pains are to be taken that no father or mother may know their own child, nor any child his own father or mother. (p. 175.) A man is to call every child born in the tenth or seventh month after his marriage by the title of son or daughter; all persons born at the same time with himself, by the name of brother and sister. (p. 180.)

The issue of the inferior pairs are to be taken by the public nurses, and concealed in some obscure and unknown spot.\* It is probably meant that they are to be destroyed, as no subsequent mention is made of them. The same fate also awaits the offspring of the superior pairs, if they should turn out deformed, (ἀνδπηρον.) Men and women who have passed beyond the regulated period of breeding, are no longer restricted by the magistrate in their intercourse, (except mothers and fathers with daughters and sons, known and defined as I have stated above.) But these women are to take especial care either to bring no offspring into the world, or, if any should be born, to expose it; inasmuch as it cannot be received into the community.†

Such are the remarkable regulations by which Plato altogether extinguishes the ties of kindred, and merges them in the corporate and patriotic affections. His object is to introduce an entire community of pleasure and pain among the governing class, and to prevent the objects of their love and hatred from becoming at all separated and individualized. Property and kindred are the two grand circumstances which narrow and isolate the feelings and wishes of a man.‡

Another benefit which Plato remarks as emanating from this extinction of individual interest, is the removal of almost all the cause for litigation, except personal injuries. And with regard to these latter, he seems to think it advisable that every one should rely upon his own strength for his own protection, in order to render perfection in the gymnastic exercises still more indispensably requisite. (p. 185.)

Some regulations next follow respecting the conduct of these military guardians in a war. The male and female guardians are both to take part in warlike expeditions. They are also to take the children with

\* Ἐν ἀπορρήτῳ τε καὶ ἐδήλῳ κατακρύψουσιν, ὡς πρέπει. p. 179.

† Μάλιστα μὲν μὴδ' εἰς φῶς ἐκφέρειν κῆμα μηδὲν, ἂν γένηται ἂν δὲ τι βιάσθαι, ὅτε ἐκτιθέναι ὡς ἐκ ὕψους τροφῆς τῷ τοιούτῳ. p. 180.

‡ Ἄρ' οὐν ἡ τὰ τε πρόσθεν εἰρημὴν (the absence of private property) καὶ τὰ νῦν λεγόμενα ἔτι μᾶλλον, ἀπεργάζεται αὐτὸς ἀληθινὰς φύλακας, καὶ ποιεῖ μὴ διασπῆν τὴν πόλιν, τὸ ἰμὸν ὀνομάζοντας μὴ τὸ αὐτὸ, ἀλλ' ἄλλον ἄλλο; τὸν μὲν εἰς τὴν αὐτῷ οἰκίαν ἔλκοντα, ὅτι ἂν δοῖται χωρὶς τῶν ἄλλων κτήσασθαι τὸν δὲ εἰς τὴν αὐτῷ, ἑτέραν ὄσαν; καὶ γυναῖκά τε καὶ παῖδας ἑτέρως, ἡδονῇ τε καὶ ἀλγηδόνι ἐμποιῶντας, ἰδίῳ ὄντων ἰδίῳ; ἀλλ' ἐν δόγματι τῷ οἰκίῳ πέρι, ἐπὶ τὸ αὐτὸ τείνοντας πάντας εἰς τὸ δυνατόν, ὁμοπαθεῖς λύπης τε καὶ ἡδονῆς εἶναι. p. 184.



them, wherever it is practicable to place them on a secure spot near the field of battle, partly that they may gain experience, partly to whet the valour of the fathers and mothers. (p. 188.) In case of cowardice, a warrior is to be degraded to the post of an artificer. On the other hand, the man of distinguished bravery is to be crowned by the youth who accompany the expedition; he is to be celebrated in songs, and to enjoy the most conspicuous place at feasts and other ceremonies; any person to whom he is attached is not permitted to refuse a return of his affection; and he is to be worshipped as a god after death. (pp. 189—190.) The conduct of the warriors towards their enemies, particularly towards Grecian enemies, is to be more humane than that usually practised in the time of Plato. They are never to enslave, or to inflict general ravage upon another Greek nation; nor are they to strip the dead bodies of their enemies. (pp. 191-3.)

At this point, Plato causes Socrates to be interrupted by Glaucon, who expresses a doubt concerning the practicability of the scheme which he has been sketching. Socrates, after saying that an exact copy of the scheme would not be required, but merely an approximation to it in spirit and principle, proceeds to touch on the causes which opposed its introduction. He perfectly and heartily admits the magnitude of these causes, and represents the plan as difficult in the highest degree, though certainly not altogether unattainable. (p. 228.)

The leading and indispensable requisite to the application of his principles is contained in the following remarkable sentence: "Unless (he says) either philosophers shall rule in the cities, or those who are now styled kings and governors (*δυνάσται*) shall become genuine and complete philosophers—so that political power and philosophy may in this manner coincide, and the numbers who now pursue each of them separately may be of necessity excluded—there exists not any respite of misery for states, nor (as I think) for the human race."\* This condition is absolutely necessary for the establishment of his republic (he continues).

The definition which follows of the character of a real philosopher, embraces almost the whole sum of moral and intellectual excellence. His thirst for knowledge is universal and insatiate, and this ensures his acquisition of the practical experience necessary for government, inasmuch as there is no branch of information which he is content to abandon. (p. 209.) But yet there is one unvarying standard, which serves as the guide, the measure, and the connecting link of his researches, and to which all the particular facts that he acquires become subservient. This constant search after general principles constitutes an important distinction between him and other men, who never ascend above the fact of the moment, nor submit their opinions to any test or comparison. (p. 206.) Indeed (as Plato remarks) it is merely the presence or absence of a standard of reference which constitutes the difference between knowledge and conjecture (*ἐπιστήμη* and *δόξα*). *ibid.* Besides this, the philosopher is quick in acquiring instruction, and tenacious in retaining it; his attachment to truth is ardent and inviolable, and maintains such complete supremacy in his mind, as to allay the thirst for

money and all bodily luxuries, and thus to ensure a temperate conduct. (pp. 209—210.) His views are grand and expansive, and altogether free from that illiberality and over-estimate of trifles (*σμικρολογία*) which Plato judiciously deems more inconsistent than any other quality of mind, with philosophy. (p. 210.) The same turn of thought prevents him from over-rating the desirableness of life, and confers upon him genuine intrepidity and contempt of death. He is gentle and good-tempered, and possesses a natural decency and elegance which sets off the rest of his character to the best advantage, (p. 211.) *μνήμων, εὐμαθής, μεγαλοπρεπής, εὐχαρίς, φίλος τε καὶ ξυγγενῆς ἀληθείας, δικαιοσύνης, ἀνδρίας, σωφροσύνης.* (ibid). Such is the splendid assemblage of qualities, without the combination of which no man (according to Plato) is fit for the pursuit of philosophy as it ought to be pursued.

Here Adimantus objects : that the actual character and situation of existing philosophers by no means corresponded to the description of Socrates. For of those who devoted their lives to this pursuit, the greater number were persons of inconsiderable talents, indeed base and contemptible\*, while the very best of them were by their pursuit rendered useless to the state. (p. 212.) To this Socrates accedes, and proceeds to explain the reasons which rendered such a result inevitable, from the actual state of institutions and manners.

So brilliant an union of endowments must naturally occur very rarely, under any circumstances ; and each of those accomplishments, which constitute when combined the philosophic character, will, if possessed singly, disqualify and withdraw him from the pursuit. Wealth, beauty, strength, and powerful connexions (should such be his situation) will also distract and dissipate his mental powers. (p. 217.) Should his genius still shine forth as superior, he will meet with caresses and flattery from parties who are anxious to enlist in their service so able an auxiliary ; and this will render him satisfied with his own attainments, and remove all motive to that application without which the science of government cannot be acquired.† When too, on his entrance into public life, he listens to the opinions in general circulation, the current of fashionable applause and censure will overmaster his mind, and will wash away the very best previous instruction imaginable.‡ His estimate of virtue and vice will thus become altogether debased, and adjusted to the reigning errors, even on the supposition that his private education beforehand had been excellent. But this will in all probability not have been the case ; for the instructors of youth will be obliged by their own interest to inculcate lessons conformable to the dominant opinions, and to bestow upon these precepts the name of wisdom.§ His notions of truth and justice will thus be perverted from the earliest period of infancy, and the whole tone of morality becomes nothing but a wretched flattery of the actual pre-

\* Πάνυ ἀλλοκότως, ἵνα μὴ παμπονήρης εἴπωμεν.

† Τὸ δὲ ἐκ κτητὸν μὴ δελεύσαντι τῇ κτήσει αὐτοῦ. p. 222.

‡ Ποίαν ἂν αὐτῷ (δοκίμῃ) παιδείαν ἰδιωτικὴν ἀντίξειν, ἣν ἐκ κατακλυσθεῖσαν ὑπὸ τοιοῦτου ψόγου ἢ ἐπαινοῦ, οἰχέσσεσθαι φερομένην κατὰ τοῦν ἢ ἀν' οὗτος φέρῃ. p. 218.

§ Μὴ ἄλλα παιδαύειν, ἢ ταῦτα τὰ τῶν πολλῶν δόγματα, ἀδελφάζουσιν ὅταν αθροισθῶσι, καὶ σοφίαν ταύτην καλεῖν. p. 219.

ferences of the public.\* All this is still farther confirmed and enforced by the tenour of the laws, which inflict disgrace and punishment upon the dissentient. (p. 219.) Under such disadvantageous circumstances, the formation of a single valuable and philosophical character must be matter of the greatest rarity.† And the man of surpassing energy and abilities, who under a good system of education would have been foremost in promoting the welfare of his country, becomes only the instrument of deeper and superior injury. (p. 222.)

## SONG TO MARY.

FORGET not thou our childish hours!—  
 The spirit of our joys,  
 Like music past and gather'd flowers,  
 Each fleeting hour destroys :  
 Too lovely were they to be lost,  
 And wisest those who prize them most.  
 We do not mourn them—days have come  
 More calm, without decline ;  
 Days that have peopled memory's home  
 With deeds and thoughts divine ;  
 And years have taught our hearts to prize  
 Man's noblest aims and destinies.  
 But those sweet, careless, joyous hours,  
 And all they promised us,  
 The cloudless sky, the path of flowers,  
 Still may delight us, thus—  
 A glimpse of Heaven was given us then,  
 And we would see that Heaven again.  
 We want to look this wide world through  
 As then it brightly lay  
 Before our eyes : a thing all new,  
 A game for us to play,  
 And to our young, unskilful hand  
 Its chances seem'd at our command.  
 And in the dim, unmeasured length  
 Of many a distant day  
 A treasure of exhaustless strength  
 Behind, before us lay ;  
 And hearts to love, and hopes to gain  
 The love we priz'd, were given us then.  
 Well, "all is beautiful," the bright  
 And dazzling dawn of youth ;  
 The glories of that better light  
 The high, full noon of truth—  
 Yet still the wayward poet says,  
 "Forget not thou our childish days."

E. T.

\* Οἷς μὲν χαίρει ἑκείνος, ἀγαθὰ καλῶν· οἷς δὲ ἄχθ' το, κακά. p. 220.

† "Ο,τι περ ἂν σῶθῃ καὶ γίνηται, οἷον δι' ἐν ταύτῃ καταστᾶσι πολιτειῶν, θεοῦ μᾶλλον αὐτὸ σῶσαι λέγων, οὐ κακῶς ἱρεῖς. p. 219.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL,  
BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

HERE is another work of the mighty magician of Scotland, produced with a rapidity which will excite mingled admiration and regret in all who take a deep interest in his lasting fame. In the lively preface appended to these volumes, he condescends to notice the feeling which we have ventured to express, and to justify his speed.

He states, what we can readily believe, that those passages, which have been praised for their high finishing, have really been struck off fastest in his felicitous moments, while those in which he has comparatively failed have been produced with the greatest toil. But this is scarcely an answer to the complaint, which is not applied to the imperfect execution of particular passages, but to the quantity of dull and common-place matter which is retained in his volumes. We do not ask him in vain to labour for the perfection of his happiest effusions; but to give us more of his best in a certain space, with a smaller portion of alloy. He shews no cause why the noble pictures of external nature, the fresh and breathing characters, the high tragic scenes, which of late he has scattered sparingly through his works, should not be presented within a smaller space, especially as he confesses that his plots are of no use except to bring in his "fine things." He is not bound down by his story to a certain quantity of dullness. When he consoles himself that, while many of his works will be consigned to oblivion, his best will survive, he forgets that posterity will not collect together all his most brilliant fragments, and form them into a perfect whole. The scenes of a novel, however deep an impression they may make on the reader's mind, will not live in the memory like the golden couplets of a poet. They do not derive their charm from the nobleness of individual images, from the exquisite choice of expressions, or from the condensed depth of their sentiment, but from the striking exhibition of persons and scenes, which leave only traces of their outlines behind them. Unless, therefore, the works to which they belong are altogether preserved, they are in imminent danger of being altogether lost, with the present generation of readers. Full many a passage—nay, many a volume—worthy of immortality, will, we are afraid, be weighed down by the inferiority of the matter with which it is encircled. The chapters of Fielding's works are almost all separate gems, any one of which inserted in an ordinary book would make it worth purchasing; but what would have become of their author's fame, if, instead of lavishing them on three or four novels, he had scattered them through fifty? Would they have the same effect as "Elegant Extracts," even if they were so collected, as they have in their natural and connected arrangement directed by a master's hand? The mere story we grant to be of minor importance: we can allow the author to be led astray from it by such characters as Dalgetty, and Baillie Nichol Jarvie, which he instances; but we cannot concede to him that he is incapable of sustaining a simple and consistent plot, or that he must become dull so to succeed. We have not forgotten "The Bride of Lammermuir," the most complete of all his works; which is almost as single and as harmonious as a tragedy of Sophocles. Here

a deep interest is excited at the first—events move regularly on, and the shadows of fate gradually extend more darkly over them—and the whole is conducted to a terrible yet majestic catastrophe, in which the prophecies of old are fulfilled. And assuredly, in the course of this noble tale, there is no want of high individual excellences; for, passing over the stern and towering Ravenswood; the resolution of Lucy, springing out of seeming weakness, and overpowering the reason of a delicate nature; the sweet love-scenes at the haunted well; and the ludicrous invention of the faithful Caleb—there are those fearful hags whose horribly disinterested love of matters appertaining to the charnel-house and the grave places them almost on an equality with the weird sisters of Shakspeare!

"The Fortunes of Nigel" is, we are afraid, one of the most unequal of its author's productions. Its brightest passages are among the very best which he has written; but they are far between, and the intervals are singularly dreary. There is no principle of unity—no central point of interest—not an individual whose fortunes we desire to follow. It seems poured out of a great novelist's common-place-book, and put together by a very unskilful hand. His nominal heroes are generally vapid; but then he usually introduces some other character whose changes we delight to observe, or affords us rich glimpses of historic story. Here, however, is neither of these sources of enjoyment: the author confesses that he has no story to tell; and although many of his persons are well worthy of observation, none of them are calculated to awaken very cordial sympathy. Lord Nigel Olifaunt, the aristocratic hero, is an individual for whom no one can feel; who has no romantic virtues or vices to endear him to us; but whose fault is, that he is a careful, prudent, and successful gamester, and who obtains his means of sharing in the luxuries of the metropolis by winning small sums of inexperienced players. There is something peculiarly revolting to the imagination, too, in the punishment of mutilation which hangs over him, and his liability to suffer which, connects unpleasant associations with every step he takes to avoid it. As if this were not enough, he is the victim of an accumulation of petty misunderstandings, perpetually placed in ambiguous situations which produce vexatious mistakes—like the Cecílias, Camillas, and Evelinas, of Miss Burney. Lord Dalgarno's deep-laid scheme for his ruin, and the means which he employs, are very painfully conceived, and inartificially conducted. The whole scheme of Margaret, for his release is quite a puzzle, the solution of which we give up in despair; and the episode of Lady Hermione is as drearily incredible as any Spanish tale in the circulating library. The marriage of the peer with the watchmaker's daughter is perhaps rather too jacobinical an event for a romance; but we concede our author's right to introduce and to consecrate as many innovations in the etiquette of fiction as he pleases.

Notwithstanding these deficiencies, and others which it would only be tedious to mention, this work contains passages which are far beyond the power of any contemporary novelist. Here, by what conjuration and mighty magic we know not, the very image of the time of James the First is set palpably before us. "Life in London" as it was at the beginning of the seventeenth century, is revived, "in form as pal-

pable" as that which Mr. Egan now draws. We seem to remember Fleet-street as it then was, as well as we know it in its present aspect: the houses, the persons, the humours of the scene are here; and so strong a hold has the picture taken on our imagination, that we have once or twice looked with disappointment on its gay variety of shops, and wondered that the stalls were not there, and that the voices of the apprentices were not heard. Every thing is not only accurately depicted, but endowed with present life: we do not look on a museum of stuffed anatomies, but on a crowd of animated beings in whom we take a present interest; we feel the past in the instant, and live in the very bosom of the age to which the great magician transports us. He does not call from the "vasty deep" spirits which never were, but men who have been—not shadowy abstractions, but creatures of flesh and blood, just as they were and might be. We only wish he had done as much justice to the Temple as to its neighbouring street; that he had not entirely joined the faction of the apprentices against the Templars; but had seen something like fair play between them.

What a delicious glimpse he might have given us of high revels in chambers; how might he have set before us the gay suppers in which the players and poets of the age condescended to mingle with the young gownsmen; what frolics might he have kept up at the Devil Tavern, what words have made us listen to, "spoken at the Mermaid!" All this is reserved, we dare say, for another novel; wisely, as far as concerns the author's account with his publishers, but not as affecting his great reckoning with posterity. This part of the work, too, admirable as it is in itself, leads to nothing. It would answer just as well for the beginning of any other tale. The two 'prentices who are there introduced to us with such note of preparation, make no figure afterwards, but utterly disappoint all our reasonable hopes. "Jin Vin," indeed, seems just fitted for his place, and promises either to fill the state coach or the Tyburn cart, as fortune may please;—but Tunstall, "the gentle Tunstall," seemed created with a more sentimental destiny. Pale, patient, thoughtful, he deserved at least to fall in love, and to be jilted, as Sir Walter's delicate heroes regularly are by their sturdier rivals. We took Mr. Puff's advice, and made sure he was not really a watch-maker; but we looked in vain for his change. We have our suspicions that full justice has not been done him, and that he was originally designed for a better lot than it afterwards pleased his careless manufacturer to grant him.

There is perhaps nearly equal power exerted in the painting of the low debaucheries and wretchedness of the inhabitants of Whitefriars, famed under the name of Alsatia; there is a prodigious number of varied figures crowded into the scenes, and a picturesque arrangement of all the accompaniments of the melancholy orgies which Crabbe might envy. But the general effect is merely painful, for want of some true piece of human kindness to sweeten the mass of hardened profligacy and wretchedness; some touch of Nature, as there ever is in Hogarth's pictures, to reconcile us to our species; some redeeming trait which makes us feel that "there is a soul of goodness in things evil," and that fragments of nobleness will ever survive in man, however degraded his condition. If, however, the revels of the Duke of Hildebrod, prodigious as he is in his way, sicken us, we are soon, even

in the midst of his shocking haunts, to be excited, appalled, and melted by the deepest tragic passion. The whole scene of the murder of the old usurer, who has been prowling about to obtain the piece of money on Nigel's table—his soul fixed intensely on that one object, which he grasps in death—is fearfully grand. The deep desolation of the antique house standing in the midst of that den of wretches; the frightful intensity with which the victim is brought before us in the previous scenes,—heighten inconceivably the terrors of the situation, which is itself most vividly depicted. Even this is inferior to the masterly, we had almost said sublime, development of the character of Martha Trabois, the usurer's daughter; who has tended her miserable father in this place of infamy till all affection seems dried up within her, and she appears a living anatomy; and who is aroused in this moment of extremity to filial agony and to towering revenge. It is as noble a vindication of the unalienable rights of nature as is to be found even in the writings of our author; and as a great picture imbued with the august solemnities of death and life, it may be ranked with the description of Meg Merrilies watching the last agonies of the smuggler, the young fisherman's funeral in the Antiquary, and the closing chapters of *Waverley*.

Of all the characters introduced in this work, the most complete, in point of finishing, is unquestionably King James. It seems done to very life. The utter childishness of his taste, the singular littleness of his personal vanity, his selfish goodnature, his almost incredible meanness, his silly love of practical jests and low victories, his pedantry, his shuddering terror of naked steel—all his degrading foibles and fopperies—are brought before us with a reality which is almost startling. Some may be inclined to wonder how a man of our author's political opinion could voluntarily make such an exhibition of any thing whose brows were "circled with a kingly diadem." But, whatever may be a poet's creed, his genius will be essentially liberal. He is too conversant with the essences of things to be slavishly devoted to their outward shows. He is so accustomed to contemplate man as man, to trace back to their mysterious sources those passions which are common to the species, to depict those sufferings and joys of which all men are partakers, that he cannot habitually prostrate his own spirit before despotic power. He is familiar with the true majesties of the heart. If he pays fitting homage to time-honoured institutions and usages, he feels that they derive their peculiar colouring from our human affections. If he dwells fondly on the decayed relics of tyrannic grandeur, he feels at the same time the mightier antiquity of the universe. A wit, a satirist, may give the full benefit of his powers to the cause of absolute monarchy; a court is his proper atmosphere, and its creatures the fit subjects of his pen; but true imagination can never be servile. Its possessor may condescend to a birthday ode; but whenever he fairly exercises his faculties on worthy themes, the old instinct will revive, and humanity assert its true immunities in his works. A man's interest is nothing when put in competition with his passions and his powers, especially in the case of a great poet, who must necessarily have the most intense consciousness of both. He may honestly change his opinions, and he may give up honour and conscience for gain; but he will not, he cannot resign, for his life, one essential principle of his poetry.

There is no great merit in the delineation of the remaining male characters. Lord Huntinglen, indeed, is "a stout pillar of the olden time," and the usurer is the most intense of his class; but George Heriot does not stand out very prominently from the canvass. Richie Moniplies is tedious, and Sir Mungo Malagrowth a mere nuisance. But the author perhaps never succeeded so well in the delineation of females who are very women—not marked with peculiar characteristics as individuals, except so far as they are pre-eminently feminine—as he has done in his pictures of Mistress Margaret, and Dame Nelly, the frail wife of Nigel's host. Nothing can be more charmingly natural than the behaviour of the little beauty in the interview with Dame Ursula,—her delicate waywardness, her pretty impatiences, the sweet self-will of a spoiled child, as she buries her dimpled face in her small hand. How delightful, too, are her terrors, and her tears, when sent to the Tower in her page's dress, which so well belie that strange attire! What a sentiment of shape is there in the allusion which Heriot makes to her little foot in the midst of his displeasure! The slippery virtue of honest John Christie's wife well prepares us for the caprices and the relentings of Lord Dalgarno's mistress. She seems moulded to yield and to repent, to cry and laugh in the same breath; and is the very perfection of female weakness, which has no principle to sustain it. How pleasant is her inquiry whether they shall not reach Scotland that day; her happiness to be with my Lord, and her tears for honest John; her transient sense of her own degradation, so easily changed into pride; her entire abandonment to the emotion of the moment, and want of purpose! The instant death of her seducer in the midst of this trifling comes like a blow upon the heart. The whole annals of fiction scarcely contain another transition so awful.

The more we dwell on the excellencies of this work, the more we regret that it is not better. He who can write its best passages should not write for the booksellers. Unfortunately, he is infected with the spirit of our literature, which can brook no delay, but requires the stimulus of immediate applause. Every popular writer of the day has grown as periodical as the Editor of a Magazine. We earnestly wish that the greatest of authors would learn a due respect for their genius; would dare to build for the future; and choose not merely to be read and praised for a month, but to produce works which shall shed their sweetness on future ages.

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SONG.—BY T. CAMPBELL.

DRINK ye to her that each loves best,  
 And if you nurse a flame  
 That's told but to her mutual breast,  
 We will not ask her name.  
 Enough, while memory tranced and glad  
 Paints silently the fair,  
 That each should dream of joys he's had,  
 Or yet may hope to share.  
 Yet far, far hence be jest or boast  
 From hallow'd thoughts so dear;  
 But drink to them that we love most,  
 As they would love to hear.



## THE MIRACULOUS CANDLE.\*

At Amiens famed for treaty-making

Meant to be kept by neither party,

There dwelt a carpenter, asleep or waking

Honest, and of a constitution hearty,

Purchased by early hours and labours sweet,

And healthy meals on unadulterate meat.

Hight Christopher, or Kit for shortness' sake,

Moral, nay pious, for he went to mass,

Heard oft the priest a doleful mention make

Of folks that sold themselves for gold and brass,

And worldly luxuries, to the grand deceiver—

Heirlooms to Hell's black autocrat for ever!

Kit took the hint and would not be deterr'd

(Thinking he'd have, at least, good company)

From following their example—'twas absurd

To toil and labour, when in riches he

Might rival Cræsus—for a *distant* evil,

And finally perhaps, outwit the Devil.

The sire of sin mark'd his unholy craving,

Assumed a monkey's shape to tempt the man,

Gave him a lease of thirty years—on leaving,

Told him that when the term expired a plan

Should be matured, promoting him direct

Of the infernal palace architect.

Now thirty years of life and riches sounded

To Christopher a time that ne'er could end :

He lived accordingly—in wealth abounded—

Like rich men lived, to eat, and sleep, and spend,

Drink, wench, game, idle, trample on inferiors,

And think no mortal beings his superiors.

This course for fifteen years he ran—just half

The term that Satan granted, when one day

While feasting with his friends on cow and calf,

Cook'd in Beauvilliers' famed and savory way,

And wondering how a mortal could be poor—

Three loud raps shook the distant entry-door.

A servant from the cellar, whom he'd sent

To fetch a luscious bottle of the best,

Enter'd and told him, full of discontent,

That a stout man below *would* be his guest;—

Kit fear'd it was his friend from Acheron,

Search'd out his lease and down to meet him ran.

Satan meantime shewn in a room aside

Seated himself—his tail that coil'd up lay

Beneath his coat-skirt, now took freedom wide,

Cul'd round the chair, or switch'd like cat's at play;

His breath smelt strong of brimstone; for the rest

He look'd a parson in black broad-cloth drest.

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\* In Vol. I. Lett. 32, of the Jewish Spy, there is an account of an everlasting candle at Amiens which never wasted or burnt out, and by which the church obtained large sums from devotees. It was unfortunately extinguished at the French revolution! From this, perhaps, it is said that the Amiennois light their candles at both ends—"Ils brûlent leurs chandelles par les deux bouts."

He told our carpenter to come his way :  
 The latter shew'd his lease and grumbled well :  
 Satan said fifteen years of night and day  
 Made thirty, for they reckon'd so in hell,  
 And that they could not change the reckoning  
 Of their infernal years for mortal thing.  
 Poor Christopher look'd sorrowful ; requiring  
 Just to his guests above to say goodb'ye .  
 Satan consented, at the time desiring  
 His utmost haste, for he must call hard nigh  
 To take with him a lawyer's sinful sou' !  
 Just then resign'd, past hope, to his control .  
 Kit told his friends the secret of his fate—  
 " Go, take that candle," said a half-drunk priest,  
 "'Tis nearly burnt, ask Satan but to wait  
 Till it be out, and leave to me the rest."—  
 Kit was the Devil's favourite, and a minute  
 Was not so long—there was a secret in it .  
 The carpenter took back the candle-end,  
 While Boniface some holy water brought  
 And then baptized it, saved his anxious friend,  
 And in a trap the thoughtless Devil caught,  
 Who hell-ward flew, cozen'd in his endeavour—  
 As this same candlesnuff burnt on for ever !

2.

ON BEING SHEWN SOME BEAUTIFUL SPECIMENS OF  
 ORNAMENTAL PORCELAIN.

SINCE to clay we must turn, 'tis consoling to know  
 That to objects as lovely as these they can mould us ;  
 And, wherever this frame may be destined to go,  
 In its relics our friends need not fear to behold us.  
 This rose we may fancy, its delicate hues  
 So faithful to nature, when living composed  
 The bosom of beauty adored by the Muse,  
 Where tenderness sigh'd or affection reposed.  
 The form that so gracefully plays with the dart  
 Which the blind little god in his archery uses,  
 Was one of those nymphs who imagine the heart  
 May be play'd with unhurt till the moment she chooses.  
 Yon shell was a poet ; but where is his fame ?  
 The verses he destined to live are unknown ;  
 Yet he dreamt in *his* time he was leaving a name,  
 And as idly are dreaming the bards of our own.  
 That gardener smilingly gazing on flowers  
 Which seem as if breathing their odours around,  
 Was a lover of nature that dwelt in her bowers,  
 And rear'd her young sweets as they sprang from the ground.  
 For me, when I've pass'd through the change that gives birth  
 To a substance like this, and again see the light,  
 May the artist thus gracefully form from my earth  
 The lamp that some nymph loves to read by at night !  
 For then I may watch the emotion that plays  
 In her eyes, as the lines of the minstrel they trace,  
 And receive, ere in slumber she closes their rays,  
 The last parting beams of expression and grace.

T.

## CHURCH-YARD WANDERINGS.

“ Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.” SHAKESPEARE.

SOBER subjects, Mr. Editor, but yet of universal concernment, and on that account, perhaps, adapted for a magazine. What individual gazes upon the most obscure cemetery without feeling the uncertain tenure of human existence—without a thought respecting the time when “dusty death” shall number him with those that lie low!—the period when the warm tide of life shall cease to career through his veins, and the glories of nature no more expand themselves before his delighted vision! “Even the callous-hearted sexton, who sings at grave-digging, and with whom “custom hath made it a matter of easiness”—he who tosses about the jowls of many who were his pot-companions forty years ago, in the days of his youth; this white-haired, hard-featured man is sometimes visited while at his vocation with an unbidden thought, as to who the trusty brother of the trade may be that will “do for him what he has done for thousands.” The soldier, apprenticed to carnage, has also felt forebodings of his own doom steal across his mind, however careless he may appear on the subject;—in short, who has not?

For my own part, I am fond of communing with the dead: they have the start of me a little while; are more advanced in knowledge than the living; and if they had the gift of utterance, would, probably, testify to me how little knowledge is, after all, really worth. There are times when their speaking silence communicates unutterable feelings to the heart—feelings that flow back to the very sources of existence, prompting strange thoughts and imaginings. Though in the full flush of health and manhood, I can find pleasure in visiting the last abodes of mortality, and in conning over the “hoary text,” that “teaches the rustic moralist to die.” The habitations of the dead, though forsaken by the world in general, are not wholly so: I am accustomed to visit them often, and to regard them as the dwellings of friends with whom I must soon abide. I have a great admiration for beautiful church-yards, and a fastidious taste in choosing situations for sepulchres; oftentimes setting at nought certain ceremonies of consecration, and other common-place essentials to the quiet repose of the defunct in the view of mother church. My taste for a place of sepulture is like his who exclaims—

“ Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;  
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave;  
With here and there a violet bestrown,  
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave,  
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.”

or the wild and picturesque grave-ground of Ossian, even more congenial than that of the “Minstrel” to one of my disposition—“A rock with its head of heath; three aged pines bend from its base; green is the narrow plain at its feet; there the flower of the mountain grows and shakes its white head in the breeze. The thistle is there alone shedding its aged beard. Two stones half sunk in the ground shew their heads of moss.”

The mouldy vaults of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's may be occupied for me in all their “night and desolation,” until they are

themselves entombed in the ruins of their superstructures, leave me undisturbed but a few feet of ground on such a spot as is described above. I have no freehold of my own that will answer my views for a burial-place, nor shall I be able to spare 500*l.* from my family, like Lord Camelford, to be buried on the shores of the Leman or the banks of the Arno. I am, therefore, fond of visiting the church-yards in the vicinity of the metropolis, in one of which I may by and by "set up my everlasting rest;" for I wish to repose out of the authority of city churchwardens, who would speedily retake the little space I might occupy in their smoky domains to accommodate a new tenant, and gather a fresh fee by scattering my half-decayed members to the winds.

In London, where I see

"Much that I love, and more that I admire,  
And all that I abhor"—

in London, people are more regardless and negligent of their places of interment than in any other great city of the civilized world. With reason and philosophy, strictly speaking, the feeling of respect for a lifeless body amounts to little; it is but ashes and dust. Still there are associations connected with the resting-places of the dead, pleasing melancholy associations, ranking with those sensations that fling the richest colouring over our existence, and are too amiable and virtuous to perish. It seems a sort of sacrilege to treat the dead with disrespect, and regard them as sources of profit. Purse-pride, sordid purse-pride, is the presiding deity in this vast city. Here it literally

"——— nods in sable plumes,  
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs."

From the Lord Mayor to the sexton—from the Gog and Magog of the Guildhall to the remotest corner of the charnel-house, where mortality is corrupting and the fungus springs loathsome from the festering carcase—it pervades, directs, and governs. Can they have time to consider the dead, who are absorbed in trafficking with the living, in over-reaching each other, calculating profit and loss, and worshipping Mammon with soul-destroying idolatry? Hence death has become a source of public and private revenue, as well as every thing besides; and relatives, too often *friends*, undertakers, attorneys, sextons, and the government, share in the spoils of the destroyer. The poor man in his decease and interment exhibits the same picture every where; and the few tears shed for him who had no means of purchasing them, may be safely pronounced genuine. The noble is conveyed to the mausoleum of his ancestors with indifference; for the mimic mourning which attends him may be bought in every street, and the heir is already exulting in the possessions of the individual to whom, perhaps, he owes his being. But the decease of the majority of substantial people, as they are called, or persons of some property, is in London, more than in other places, linked with long-cherished hopes dependant upon the event. Scarcely is life extinct, when dutiful friends and relatives hasten to satisfy the cravings of curiosity, and realize the thirst of profit. The group assembles near the chamber of death, in which some solitary individual may now and then be found with anguish at the heart's core, while the rest only keep up a decent solemnity to sanctify appearances. The officious attorney, who, in these days,

viper-like, worms himself into the most secret recesses of families, opens and reads the will with a grave and important air. A visible grief begins to shew itself in the legatees, in proportion to the accomplishment of their pecuniary expectations. Those who are disappointed look sullen, and soon steal off. The undertakers and their hirelings, the *gouls*\* of a christian land, are ordered to make an ostentatious display, which may save trouble by shewing in open day the sorrow of surviving friends, the virtues of the deceased, and, above all, the wealth he has left behind him. Plumes are multiplied on plumes, and escutcheon upon escutcheon, and mourners hired to "bear about the mockery of woe." To some obscure and dingy spot, partly surrounded by dwellings, or walls easy of access to the resurrection-men, (who do their best, like carrion-flies, to remove the causes of foetid exhalations,) the body is conveyed in theatrical state—feathers, tinsel, and gold leaf, waving and glittering among the sables. In the mean time the sexton issues orders to his deputies; for he himself is not the "Goodman Delver" of Shakspeare, bearing the image and superscription of his art about him, but a man of importance in his parish; he points out the spot where the strata of coffins is supposed to be most decayed. Their actual state is ascertained by an iron rod, which is thrust into the earth as a grocer uses a "chesetaster." There, deep or shallow, in proportion to the decay of the former possessors, the *employés* dig the grave. The procession arrives at the same moment with half a dozen others, and the minister consigns them to the soil, with a hurried repetition of the authorized service. If the executors omit to place a *hic jacet* over the body, it rests for a year, or perhaps two, till the progress of decomposition, which is said to be rapid in the plethoric corse of well-fed citizens, allows it to be turned up to make room for one who was once a next-door neighbour. Such are the ceremonies of a London interment. Who would not declare for an undisturbed rest on "the breezy hill that skirts the down," or on "the rock with its head of heath?"

Fortunately, in this climate the summer heat rarely endures long enough to concoct fevers from the putrid exhalations of crowded burying-grounds. A lady of strong good sense and high family, who died some years ago, desired that her remains might be burned and her ashes placed in her tomb, as an example to lead the way in this salutary reform. Her monument recording her motives for so acting, may be seen in the burying-ground of St. George's, Hanover-square. Nothing but a legislative enactment, forced by some horrible evidence of its effects, will change the present mode of burying almost in the houses of a crowded city. The dread of iron coffins, lately exhibited by certain parish officials, is easily accounted for—they keep corruption close, and retard the exhumation of the bodies for fresh interments; thus, by using them generally, a means of supporting an extra-parochial dinner now and then would be lost, and larger and more decent receptacles for the dead must be provided. We therefore despair of seeing extensive cemeteries formed at a distance from its crowded dwellings until a plague has once more devastated the capital.†

\* Beings supposed in Eastern romance to feed on dead corpses.

† The burying-place of the Innocents in Paris was, like those of London, situated in the midst of a crowded neighbourhood. Fevers broke out around it, and were

In the vicinity of London there are several cemeteries kept in decent order, and far different from the ruinous-looking repulsive enclosures within the precincts of its labyrinth of buildings in which "black melancholy dwells;" the melancholy of horror, and not of chastened and saddened recollection; but even these shew that the dead are indeed soon forgotten. No hands are observed in them suspending garlands on the tombstones, or plucking obtrusive weeds from the graves. They remain unstrewn with symbols of affection, and no "rosemary" is offered "for remembrance" there. The sod is pressed, indeed, by the footstep of the passenger whose path to business or pleasure lies over it, but visits of regard to the tombs of the departed, very common in some parts of England, are unknown. There is such a change of men and things constantly passing before the eyes of the living; there is so much care and such a number of those collisions which blunt the more exquisite sensibilities of our natures always harassing us, that the early indifference manifested towards the dead in the memory of survivors, is easily accounted for. The flowery feelings of life are fading away fast before the withering influences of money-getting and corruption. In the country the loss of a friend inflicts a wound which it will take years to heal; in town, friends are easily replaced, because town friendships do not make parts of ourselves: the things of the heart, which those in the country in some measure do. The sight of the church-tower, beneath which a beloved relative or friend reposes there, brings before us a regretful remembrance of him; but in London we have no passing mementos of the dead, for the living absorb all our faculties, and the soil that sounds hollow on the coffin too often buries the memory of town friendships with the body it covers.

It may seem harsh thus to accuse a civilized people of neglecting the dead, when their memory is preserved in some countries with a religious veneration, and when even unenlightened nations exhibit an affectionate regard for them. The *morais* of the South Sea Islanders, and the observations lately made by our countrymen among the amiable people of the Loo Choo Islands, prove this. The American savage never forgets the tomb of his fathers. In his trackless woods he scoops out the pit in which he inter the body; and though drawn by war or hunting hundreds of miles distant, though years may have elapsed and age paralyzed his limbs, he can even then direct the enquirer to the spot again, and can recal with filial respect the number of moons which have passed away since he committed the parental reliques to the earth; he remembers too the exact height of the sun that marked

observed to be very fatal during the hot months of summer. In 1780, the soil had arisen eight feet above the height of the neighbouring streets. Vaults stuffed full with corrupting bodies; pits, in which the dead were piled in layers on each other; and fresh graves daily opening in the midst of putrefaction, easily explained the causes of the disorders which raged in their vicinity; and the council of state, in spite of the resistance made to it for a long time by the church, issued an order in 1786 to abate the nuisance. The remains of human beings, equal in number to the population of the city, were removed to the stone quarries situated under Paris, and the site of the cemetery was changed into a market. Masses of human flesh were found converted into spermaceti, from the want of the necessary air to complete the process of decay. Four large cemeteries, one of them 20 acres\*, were allotted at a distance from the city, where the air cannot stagnate, to inter the dead.

\* For an account of one of these, see Vol. iv. p. 135, New Monthly Magazine.

the hour of interment. The Parguinotes, so basely sacrificed to their enemies the Turks, with a fine romantic feeling of regard for the bones of their fathers, collected them in heaps in their market-place, and burned them, that they might not be thought to have abandoned them to the detestable barbarians, who were licensed to rob them of their native soil. This was an act worthy of Grecian hearts when Greece was in her glory. Thus a respect for the dead is a natural feeling born with us, and matured with our being. The regard of the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans for their dead, and the stupendous, but vain evidences time has spared of their respect for them, are known to all conversant with antiquities. But of modern burying-places the Turkish are those which most impress the mind with the solemnity of the last change. Black cypresses form a grove around every tomb, which is never disturbed, and consequently the cemetery encreases in size, with every fresh interment, until it covers a whole horizon. Grave upon grave, with the plantations thus multiplied, present a sad and gloomy appearance; the tops of the cypresses undulate in the wind for leagues, like waves on a dark ocean of death. White marble here and there contrasts with the deep dense shades of the sombre foliage, and the whole scene is stamped with a most impressive and melancholy grandeur. In the south of Spain the cemeteries afford a direct contrast of character to those of Turkey. "During the time I sojourned in Spain," says L. M. de Langle, "I found in various towns and villages the most charming burying-grounds, in regard to the situation and rural aspect they presented. On the road from Granada to Cadiz, in a little town of Antiquera, one struck me beyond all the rest; and though I only saw it once passing, I have its exact picture imprinted on my memory. It was in the centre of the town, and the church was situated near the middle of it. It stood on high ground, was a perfect square, and commanded a clear view all round: a streamlet ran sparkling through the centre, the soil was covered with jessamines, violets, roses, and numberless other flowers, that sprung up spontaneously without culture. There were no cypresses, sycamores, or other trees of sorrow, with their bastard-green colour, nurturing melancholy beneath their boughs, and seeming devoted to the service of death; but there were plenty of lote-trees and apple-trees, on which a thousand birds were singing and making love among the branches."

In the uncultivated and wild parts of America, the grave of a settler or backwoodsman is excavated in the midst of a boundless forest, beneath trees that have flourished for unknown ages, and in a spot, perhaps, never before visited by a human intruder. The grave is dug deep to prevent wild beasts from disinterring the body. There it is inhumed "unhouselled" without dirge or prayer, and, being covered with earth, is resigned for ever amid the solemnity of those mighty solitudes to its unbroken repose. The cemetery of Napoleon is a singular instance of adaptation to the character of the individual buried—a vast rock rising out of the ocean, alone, towering, unshaken and magnificent; a perfect emblem of the genius of the man, as it must appear in future history. When the feminine apprehension of, or hatred to his ashes, that fortunately consigned them to such an appropriate grave, instead of bringing them to Europe, has subsided, and his virtues and vices are duly weighed unwarped by modern prejudices, his name connected with his

gigantic exploits will still more resemble the rock of St. Helena rising "majestic 'mid the solitude of time."

How beautiful are many of our country church-yards, filled with humble graves and covered with wild flowers. This is the case particularly in Wales. Some country burying-grounds have a character of seclusion and peace that almost reconcile us to the resignation of life. We almost wish to be located in them—to "steal from the world" into them. The mind of man must surely be in a state of aberration when it is busying itself among the tumults of active life, and toiling amid boisterous crowds in dissatisfaction; or else it would not contemplate tranquillity with such pleasure, even the tranquillity of the grave!

The burying-places in and around London offer little to the eye in the shape of monuments that is worth seeing; a heavy sameness reigns every where, and the inscriptions, which in sentiment or correctness do not always harmonise with the rank of the deceased in life, are stupid, fulsome, and hackneyed. Indeed for the most part they are penned in the very mediocrity of dulness. An epitaph must be either very bad or very good to be tolerated; and it is to these two extremes that the epitaph collector confines himself. A church-yard is a species of album, in which are recorded the effusions of the educated and uneducated, of stiff heraldic scholarship, and of simple affectionate sorrow. If the latter tell a lie on a tomb, still there is an amiable excuse for so doing, which the former is without; thus, if a child erect a tombstone over its parent, or a widow over her husband, if they say the deceased was the most perfect of beings, we can excuse it, for they, no doubt, thought him so. The heraldic or scholastic liar in epitaphs is a different character,—he sins in open day; and when he tells us with a flourish that Sam. Scrip lies below, who was a most charitable and humane man, and yet never gave a farthing in his life to the poor that the law did not force him to give, and performed not a single good action, nay, actually died of grief, though worth half a million, because he lost ten thousand on a mortgage, we are disgusted at such a perversion of truth.

Inscriptions over the dead are of great antiquity, but have no rules to restrain or modify them. Those most admired have been terse and short, as that over Tasso, "*Ossa Torquati Tasso*"—"The bones of Torquato Tasso." There is great beauty in this, it is in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise, and is inscribed on a broken column: "*Ma Mere*." This from Malherbe, on the tomb of a young lady, is sweetly applied:—

Et elle a vécu, ce que vivent les roses  
L'espace d'un matin!

The following is asserted by Boileau to be the best epigrammatic epitaph ever written:—

Cy gist ma femme—ah! qu'elle est bien  
Pour son repos, et pour le mien!

A village chorister of Hanover, after the death of a beautiful girl whom he loved, carved rudely on her tombstone a rose, and beneath it the words *C'est ainsi qu'elle fut!*

One of our best epitaph writers was Ben Jonson. Pope's are artificial and unnatural, with few exceptions. Jonson's to the memory of the



Countess of Pembroke is well known, and that on Elizabeth L— H— is nearly equal to it in merit ; that to Sir J. Roe is very pleasing.

I'll not offend thee with a vain tear more,  
Glad mentioned Roe. Thou art but gone before  
Whither the world must follow ; and I now  
Breathe to expect my *when* and make my *how*,  
Which if most gracious Heaven grant like thine,  
Who wets my grave can be no friend of mine.

• My first ramble was into the church-yard of Paddington, the excellent state of which reflects great credit on the parish. The scenery is pretty, but the buildings of this limitless city are making rapid advances towards it. The Green on one side, with its huge old elms, recalls ancient times, when the neighbourhood of the dead was that of sport and merriment during holidays. Shady trees grow in the church-yard over the tombs, and the nettles and ruder weeds are cleared away. The number of tombstones is great, but there is scarcely a striking inscription or noted name recorded among them. On a humble stone, erected by Lord Petre to the memory of Dr. Geddes, who died in 1802, aged 65, is the following liberal extract from his works :—“ Christian is my name and Catholic my surname ; I grant that you are a Christian as well as I, and embrace you as my fellow disciple in Jesus, and if you were not a disciple of Jesus, still I would embrace you as my fellow man.”

The following wretched doggrel appears upon a stone erected to one J. Russel :—

The grave is a sweet bed of roses  
When true believers it encloses ;  
When our sweet Saviour left the tomb  
He left a long and sweet perfume.

There is something touching in the simplicity of the following :—“ Farewell, Eliza ! The recollection of thy many and rare virtues will be long and tenderly cherished in the affectionate regrets of thy afflicted father, sister, and brother !” There are some mortuary inscriptions that appear more than once in every church-yard, such as those beginning “ Afflictions sore long time I bore ;” and “ The world is a city full of crooked streets,” &c. well known to be from the “ unlettered muse.” In these cases, it is probable, the verse of poetry essential on a tomb-stone in the opinion of the poor man, is left to be selected by the stone-cutter, whose acquaintance with the muse extends no farther than to two or three well-known ditties, and these he uses indiscriminately, and generally misspells. There is about some inscriptions, too, an endeavour to render death palatable to survivors, by recording the advantages of it, in order to make the best of an evil (if it be an evil) which cannot be avoided.

In this burying-ground there is a monument to the memory of Eleanor Boucher, daughter of J. Addison, Esq. of Oxon Hill, Maryland, America, who appears to have been a relative of the noted Addison. It concludes thus :—“ After a long series of ill health, supported with a resignation truly Christian, on the 1st of March 1784, at the age of 44, she closed her valuable life, having, like her relation the celebrated Mr. Addison, been oppressed by a shortness of breath, which was aggravated by a dropsy. Like Addison, also, she shewed in the man-

ner of her death, in what peace a Christian can die." Addison's daughter, by the Countess of Warwick, died at Bilton in Warwickshire in 1797, very old and weak in her intellects; but what other branches of his family, if any, yet remain, either in England or America, is not generally known.

The following is almost the only tolerable epitaph of the more *lengthy* kind in the burying-ground.

ON THOMAS WALKER, born 1777, died 1818.

Bounds the warm tide of youth along thy veins?—  
 Swells thy aspiring heart with bold designs  
 Of high accomplishment and lasting praise?  
 Then, traveller, pause awhile—this humble stone  
 Shall speak thee admonitions eloquent.  
 The strength of manhood flourish'd in the frame  
 Of him who moulders here beneath thy feet :  
 Deep admiration of the works of God,  
 With contemplation patient and profound,  
 Had now matured his intellectual powers;  
 His hand and heart in confidence were raised  
 To give existence to his teeming thoughts,  
 When forth the inevitable fiat came  
 And hurl'd him in the grave. Dark are the ways  
 Of Providence—by man inscrutable!  
 O ponder this in lowliness of soul,  
 And, with a holy fear pass on—farewell!

V.

# SONG,

BY T. CAMPBELL.

EARL March look'd on his dying child,  
 And smit with grief to view her—  
 The youth, he cried, whom I exiled,  
 Shall be restored to woo her.  
 She's at the window many an hour  
 His coming to discover;  
 And her love look'd up to Ellen's bower,  
 And she look'd on her lover—  
 But ah! so pale, he knew her not,  
 Though her smile on him was dwelling.—  
 And am I then forgot—forgot?—  
 It broke the heart of Ellen.  
 In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,  
 Her cheek is cold as ashes;  
 Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes  
 To lift their silken lashes.

## MODERN PILGRIMAGES.

## NO. V.—LONDON.

“ But our scene's London now ; and by the rout  
We perish, if the Round-heads be about.”

COWLEY, *Prol. to The Guardian.*

LONDON, the proud metropolis of Britain, the cradle of independent principles in religion and government, the rich, the mighty, the munificent, need scarcely boast, as an adjunct to her fame, of having given birth to great men. And as from a distance I gaze upon the sombre majesty of atmosphere above her, through which are dimly seen, rearing themselves like shadowy giants, her thousand domes and spires, I think how insignificant is man lost amid the stupendous work of his own hands. But to a moment's reflection, what are its riches or its beauty compared to the moral grandeur reaped through many an age of strife and turmoil and revolution. Her aspect is new to me—I am a stranger to her walls, and every step I tread, every name that strikes upon mine ear, recalls vividly the scenes of past history, which till now I had contemplated but in the lifeless page of the historian. The early and imprudent reigns of the first Stuarts are present to my mind:—Where then was the firm bulwark of English liberty?—In this City. During the craft-won ascendancy of the hypocritical godly, where did common sense and freedom still find refuge?—In this City. And at the hour of Restoration, who routed the dregs of democracy, and rallied round the throne?—This City. England's millions of acres, all united, could not sum the host of noble associations excited by this immortal spot.

In itself, in its aspect and age alone, the “City of the Human Powers” commands an interest mightier than I dare attempt to grasp. A ruin, or a stream, or a village, hallowed by a single name, is quite enough for me; but it would require more than Herculean powers to cope with this hydra of an hundred heads. We may seek to magnify the associations of the rural nook; but this little world must be viewed through the wrong end of the telescope, and even the microcosm would be overpowering. We must select a single name from out the roll, in the worship and admiration of which, must be forgotten the thousand others that are obtruded upon our notice.

And what name shall we choose to be the spirit of so great a shrine? What metropolitan of fame, or, to use the language of the day, what cockney shall be the hero of our theme? Shall it be Hampden, or Milton, or Pope? Shall our pilgrimage be to Bread-street, Cheapside, or Bunhill-fields, in honour of the blind Bard? Or shall we track from lodging to lodging the mighty critic, who preferred Fleet-street even to the Highlands? But age giveth precedence, and our judgment might have anticipated this rule of decision, by fixing at once on the Father of English Poetry to represent the oldest and noblest city of Britain.

There is no poet of the olden time for whom I have such a regard as for Geoffrey Chaucer. Shakspeare is too universal, and Milton too austere, to excite any personal feelings of love towards them. But Chaucer, little as he speaks of himself, is manifested in his writings as a gay, good-humoured, kind-hearted soul, “such as the Muses love.”

More thoroughly English than any poet of our land, his prevailing mood, his staple feeling, is rich and exuberant humour. He delights in a broad, but not in a malicious grin. His mirth is always tempered with sensibility, and is of that kind, which is built not on a paucity, but upon a superabundance of feeling. But to me, I must confess, his most pleasing peculiarity is his cockneyism:—he is manifestly the inhabitant of a great city, that has a mass of fellow-creatures ever bustling around him, and hence is possessed of that store of observation and acuteness,—that air of continual society, which the poets of the fields seldom possess. I like also the freshness of feeling, with which he enjoys a green mead, his frequent reference to May and May-scenes, and the liveliness of spirit which he always assumes the moment he enters on rural description. This to me is far more delicious and poetical than the cold and languid air, with which the dweller-among fields generally enumerates in verse the beauties to which he has grown dead, and with which he has become too familiar. Compare parallel passages in Chaucer and Thomson, and the distinction will be instantly perceived. In the pictures of the former, nature brightens up, and the inanimate objects viewed by the poet, seem to catch life from the spirit with which he regards them;—in the descriptions of the latter, every thing is faithfully, but languidly portrayed—nature droops with the contemplative spirit of the poet, who moralizes and philosophises over the scene, instead of enjoying it—he finds no matter of excitement in the objects of his every-day life, and when he fancies himself in love with rural and picturesque beauty, he is but fond of ease and languor, and the sloth of an idle day-dream.

But this spirit of painting inanimate nature is not the only peculiarity which Chaucer owed to his town-life. His portraiture of character, and figure, and dress,—the inimitable strokes which rival the palpable power of the artist's pencil, in presenting a picture to one's imagination—all this is owing to his having spent his days in this busy haunt of men. His power in comic description is amazing—it is not like painting a picture, but unrolling it—sometimes a line or a word, aided by the quaintness of the style, flashes a whole picture at once on the view. As when he calls the Frere “a full solempné man.” It seems at times as if every character had sitten for the picture, so well are not only the general traits, but is each individual mark touched off to the life:—

“Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,  
To make his English swete upon his tongue;  
And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,  
His eyen twinkled in his head aright,  
As don the sterres in a frosty night.”

And of the Miller,

“Upon the copright of his nose he hade  
A wert, and thereon stode a tuft of heres,  
Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.  
His nose-thirles blacké were and wide,” &c.

Of his feelings towards the place of his birth, Chaucer has left one most affectionate record. “Also the citey of London, that is to me so dere and swete, in which I was forth growen; and more kindly love have I to that place, than to any other in yerth, as every kindly cature hath full appetite to that place of his kindly engendrure, and to wilne

reste and pece in that stode to abide." This passage in his "Testament of Love" was written in prison, where the poet was confined for having been concerned in a city quarrel, relating to the election of a Lord Mayor. The circumstance explains the plaintive wish at the end of the sentence; which, if it can be taken to mean the "reste and pece" of the grave, the poet obtained after having reached a good old age. And his being buried in the city he loved, acquired for it more honour than he could have foreseen; since it was his tomb that first originated the Poet's Corner, and drew into its company the ashes of so many of his illustrious brethren.

Chaucer's life was one from which we might expect "The Canterbury Tales,"—a law student, a soldier, a courtier, a diplomatist, an exile, a laureat, a comptroller of the customs,—

"Qui nullum ferè vivendi genus  
Non tetigit,"—

just fitted to leave, as he did, an epitome of the universal manners of his age. Incited in his youth to literary exertion, most likely by the public honours which at that time were bestowing on Petrarch, he applied himself first to a poetical version of the *Roman de Rose*, in which occupation he acquired his early taste for allegory, as well as the foreign style of language, which he ever preserved. This is evident on comparing the original with the translation, the lines of the latter being, in many places, word for word the same with those of the former, with merely an English termination to mark the difference. It is nevertheless surprising, notwithstanding his foreign travel and study, how English he is, especially in his later works. Like all men of genius, he was advanced beyond the prejudices of his age, was a follower of Wickliffe, and had adopted those principles of independence suited to the times, the power of the clergy, not that of the sovereign, being the ascendancy most to be dreaded and resisted. He is hard upon the Frere, and all the idle followers of the church; but his picture of the beneficed clergyman marks his respect for true religion. His taste was equally, though perhaps not proportionably advanced: he ridicules the old tales of romance, and tells stories with great seriousness, which are quite as ridiculous. His poetry must have been amazingly popular in its day; and would, no doubt, have given birth to a numerous and talented school of followers, if England had remained happy and prosperous, as it promised in the times of the Third Edward. But the troubles that followed put good humour, as well as foreign-fetched tales, out of season. It was an age, like the present, self-occupied,—with objects of excitement around it daily occurring, that permitted neither leisure nor inclination for bestowing interest on aught but sad reality. And when passing events possess this paramount interest and importance, Couriers and Annalists will be considered as the best, and the only poets.

One of the remarkable characteristics of Chaucer, and indeed of Langlande, and all the other early English poets, is the esteem and respect with which they regard and paint the lower orders of their countrymen. This feeling is strongly contrasted with that of the French in those days, whose bias was wholly aristocratic.\* Chaucer,

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\* Ellis, in his "Specimens," speaking of our Yeomen, says, "It is very honourable to the good sense of the English nation, that our two best early poets,

## London.

though a courtier, and evidently versed in tales of chivalry and tests of knighthood, always seems to descend with pleasure to the plain, unaffected homeliness of low life : and the fidelity of his pictures shews that he must have been intimately and personally acquainted with the manners of that class. He seems at home the moment his Muse gets into such company ; and though the poet of Palamon and Arcite cannot be said to be out of his element in the description of tournament, and pomp, and ceremony, yet does he seem to breathe with fresher life in humbler scenes. He had sympathies for all ranks, and with true English feeling he has drawn the connexion between the high and the low. This forms the great beauty of his "Griselda:"—the tale of Chaucer strikes me as fraught with a hidden and a noble moral, which certainly it has not in the pages of Boccaccio. The demand of the peasants—their lord's answer—his choice—the demeanour and pathetic obedience of Griselda—and the kind intent of her lord, veiled under the harsh exercise of his authority—all these speak more to me than is set down. "It is not in the bond," but yet I feel it : and hence hath that tale a charm for me, beyond all the other writings of the poet.

Donnington Castle, and Woodstock, share with London the memory of Chaucer ; as does the Borough, where the Tabard Inn is not to be forgotten, whence the Canterbury pilgrims set out on their journey. The meaning of *tabard* (an old cloak) having become obsolete, the name of the inn has been for these many years changed to that of the Talbot. But it still exists, and an inscription about Geoffrey used to be seen in the inn-yard. The greater part of his life, there can be no doubt, was spent in London, "the place of his kindly engendrure." And were we inclined to be gay, many comical proofs of the poet's being a cockney, might be brought from his orthography ;

The olive of pece ; and eke, the dronken vine ;  
The victor palme ; the *laurer*, too divine,"

which can be no mistake of the print, for even Tyrwhitt adopts it. There are a hundred other instances of the same kind, that have escaped my memory. Now this, in my mind, is a compliment ; but should any think otherwise, let them call to mind all the great men of Elizabeth's age, and of Anne's—the haunters of tap-rooms and taverns, of the coffee-house and the cockpit—the Johnsons, the Shakspeares, the Addisons, the Steeles—all arrant city and metropolitan, as their writings avouch.

But London, it must be allowed, is no longer what she was—the focus of literature and taste. Like Rome, that in the increase of her grandeur was compelled to admit all Italy to the honours of citizenship, her press has spread the stock of literary riches all over the sur-

Chaucer, and the author of *Piers Plowman*, have highly extolled this useful body of men, while the French Minstrels of the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries, universally seem to approve the supercilious contempt with which the nobles affected to treat them." Nevertheless, many of the productions of Elizabeth's reign are terribly aristocratic, especially Sackville's "*Gorboduc*,"

"The Gods do hear, and well allow in Kings,  
The things that they abhor in rascal routs."

"Rascal Routs" is a favourite expression of Sackville's.

face of the land. And in every petty village is now to be found the pert, pretending critic, that was, of old, confined to the metropolitan pit. The mounds and banks of the intellectual pond have been broken up—the streams have gone forth, and circulate through a thousand channels. It is painful for us to observe, that some who have been thus enriched, do pride themselves much upon the acquisition, and pretend to look with most undutiful contempt on the source and origin whence they derived it. “They are better theatrical judges in Dublin than in London,” say some. “The purest English is spoken in Edinburgh,” say others. Various excellencies are pleaded in favour of America. From all these opinions I beg to differ—with none of them am I angry. Let each man, like Diogenes, roll his tub. But truly indignant am I with some, who most pusillanimously, and for reasons I cannot guess, are afraid to own themselves natives and citizens of the spot which produced a Chaucer, a Hampden, and a Milton.

R.

## TO MAY.

Πῶς οὐ χρὴ τὸν δοῖδεν ἐν ἑσπερι καλὸν αἰεῖν,

MELEAGER.

WELCOME, welcome, bonny May,  
With thy fields so green, and thy skies so gay,  
And thy sweet white flowers that hang on the tree;  
Welcome, welcome, dear May, to thee!

Welcome to thy gentle moon,  
And the soft blue calm of thy genial noon;  
Welcome to thy lightsome eves,  
And the small birds singing among the leaves.

Thy touch has waken'd the spirit of love  
In earth, and in sea, and in heaven above;  
The cheerful air runs o'er with balm,  
'Tis too soft for joy, and too gladsome for calm.

From the heart of man thou hast taken the seal,  
Thou hast taught the breast of dear woman to feel;  
And cheeks are smiling, and thoughts are free,  
And all is happy on earth but me.

I feel thee not as I felt of old,  
For my heart within me is wither'd and cold;  
I feel thee not, but I see thy face,  
And 'tis bright with its own Elysian grace.

Thou wert lovely once—thou art lovely now,  
Though all is alter'd on earth but thou;  
And the poet's voice, though broken it be,  
Has yet a song of praise for thee!

But thou art fleeting, and wilt not stay—  
Like the joys of youth thou art passing away,  
With thy eye of light, and thy foot of mirth,  
To chase the sun around the earth.

Thou art passing onward, and wilt not stay—  
Then a kind farewell to thee, bonny May!  
Bright may thy path be, and happy thy cheer,  
And a kind farewell till another year!

W.

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR.

NO. I.

WHEN I first visited Dublin (it was about three years ago), I was a frequent attendant at the Courts of Justice, or, as they are more familiarly styled, the "Four Courts." The printed speeches of Curran had just fallen into my hands; and, notwithstanding their numerous and manifest defects, whether of the reporter or the speaker, the general effect of the perusal was to impress me with a very favourable opinion of Irish forensic eloquence. Although, as an Englishman, I might not participate in the political fervour which forms one of their chief recommendations to his admirers in Ireland, or, in my severer judgment, approve of a general style that differed so essentially from the models of British taste, still there was a freshness and vitality pervading the whole—glowing imagery—a bounding phraseology—trains of argument and illustration at once vigorous and original—and incessant home pushes at the human heart, of which the attractions were entirely independent of local or party associations. Under these impressions, and the opportunity being now afforded me, I made it a kind of literary object to ascertain how far the peculiarities that struck me belonged to the man of the country. With this view I resorted almost daily for the space of two terms to the Four Courts, where I studied with some industry the manner and intellectual character of some of the most eminent pleaders. The result was a little collection of forensic sketches, accurate enough, it struck me, as far as they went; but on the whole so incomplete, that I had no design of offering them to the public:—they remained almost forgotten in my commonplace book, until his Majesty's late visit to Ireland, when I was persuaded by a friend to follow in the royal train. All that I saw and thought upon that occasion is beside my present purpose. I return to my sketches:—My friend and I remained in Ireland till the month of December. We made an excursion to the Lakes of Killarney and to the Giants' Causeway; and, during our tour, the Circuits being fortunately out, I was thus furnished with the means of correcting or confirming many observations upon some of the most prominent subjects of my sketches. The same opportunity was afforded me on my return to Dublin, where the Courts were sitting during the last month of our stay. I now, for the first time, and principally from deference to my companion's opinion that the subject would be interesting, resolved at a leisure hour to arrange my scattered memoranda into a form that might meet the public eye. I may not be enabled to execute my plan to its entire extent: for the present I offer the following remarks upon one of the leading members of the Irish bar. In the event of my fulfilling my purpose, I must premise, that I do not profess to include every member of that body who has risen to eminence in his profession: I propose to speak only of those whom I heard sufficiently often to catch the peculiarities of their mind and manner; and, with regard to these, I beg to disclaim all pretensions to adjust their comparative merits and professional importance. With the single exception of Mr. Plunket—for he unquestionably stands the first, the order in which they may appear in my list is not to be taken as the measure of their



general estimation. Were it possible, I should introduce their names in the form of a Round Robin, where none could be said to enjoy precedence.

*Mr. Plunket.*—Mr. Plunket's father was a Presbyterian clergyman in the North of Ireland. He died during the infancy of his children, leaving them and his widow without any provision: but learning has always been cheap in Ireland, and Mrs. Plunket contrived to procure for her sons a classical education. The subject of the present notice was, at an early age, befriended by the late Lord Avonmore. I have conversed with one or two persons who recollect to have seen him a constant inmate at his Lordship's house, and their report of him is, "that he was a clever, hard-headed boy, very attentive to his studies, and very negligent of his person." He passed, in due course through Trinity College, Dublin; and was called to the Irish bar in 1787: his professional advancement was rapid and steady. The first public notice that I can find of his name is upon the trial of the Sheareses, in 1798: he was associated with Curran and Ponsonby in the defence of the unfortunate brothers, and, like them, vainly urged every topic that legal ingenuity could devise to avert their doom. I am not aware that Mr. Plunket appeared as counsel for the prisoners in any subsequent state-trial. He became a member of the Irish Parliament in 1797. On the question of the Union, he took the side of his country: his speeches on that occasion contain many fine specimens of reasoning, invective, and deliberate enthusiasm. A single sentence will convey an idea of their general spirit:—"For me, I do not hesitate to declare, that if the madness of the Revolutionist should tell me 'you must sacrifice British connexion,' I would adhere to that connexion in preference to the independence of my country; but I have as little hesitation in saying, that, if the wanton ambition of a minister should assault the freedom of Ireland and compel me to the alternative, I would fling the connexion to the winds, and I would clasp the independence of my country to my heart." But in those days, as was remarked, "the voice of the patriot in the senate was answered by no echo from without." The nation was panic-struck; gold and promises were profusely scattered; the majority of the "Honourable House" were impatient to be sold, though the wages of their sin was death. The people had nothing to offer but gratitude and fame—the minister had titles, offices, and pensions, and the Irish Parliament was knocked down to the highest bidder.

In 1803, Mr. Plunket appeared as one of the counsel for the prosecution on the trial of Mr. Robert Emmet. One particular of his conduct on that occasion exposed him to great, and, as it appears to me, most unmerited reproach. The unfortunate prisoner made no defence—in truth, he had none to make; he produced no evidence, and his counsel announced that they would state no case to the jury. On this ground, they contended that the counsel for the Crown should not be allowed to address the jury a second time. Mr. Plunket insisted upon his right; the Court decided the question in his favour, and he proceeded to comment at length upon the conduct of the prisoner, and upon the wildness and guilt of the conspiracy of which he had been the projector. Emmet's youth and talents, and his deportment on his

trial, excited universal sympathy: almost all, even those who would not consent to spare him, pitied him as a victim—many admired and deplored him as a martyr. The latter exclaimed against Mr. Plunket's exercise of his privilege to speak to the evidence, as an act of gratuitous inhumanity. I confess I see the matter in quite another light: Mr. Plunket was a public man, whose opinions had great weight with the community; and I conceive it to have been both natural and laudable, that he should have seized the opportunity of reprobating, in the most emphatic terms, the visionary projects of revolution that still prevailed. Curran, from a similar impulse of public duty, had done the same thing a few days before on the defence of Owen Kirwan, where we find him digressing from the immediate case before the jury, into an elaborate and glowing exposition of the guilt and hopelessness of attempting to better the condition of Ireland by force. But the enemies of Mr. Plunket were not satisfied with a general assertion, that his conduct had been unnecessarily harsh. To affix a deep stigma upon his character, it was industriously circulated that he had been a constant guest of Emmet's father, at whose table he had inculcated political principles upon the son which now brought him to the grave; and, to give credit to the calumny, a passage was interpolated in the report of Emmet's address to the Court, in which the dying enthusiast was made to pronounce a bitter invective against "the viper that his father had nurtured in his bosom." Mr. Plunket was compelled to resort to a public vindication of his character. He instituted legal proceedings against a London Journal in which the libel was inserted, and obtained a verdict: he also published an affidavit, positively denying every material fact in the accusation. He might have gone farther, and have truly sworn that the accusation was never made until after the supposed accuser was in his grave. I have conversed with several who were present at the trial, one or two of them friends and admirers of Emmet: they all solemnly assured me, that not a syllable escaped his lips bearing the remotest allusion to the charge; and the omission in Mr. Plunket's affidavit of this conclusive circumstance, was pointed out to me as a singular absence of sagacity in a man so notoriously sharp-sighted where the concerns of others are confided to his care. I should not have dwelt thus long upon this transaction, were it not that "Mr. Plunket's conduct to Robert Emmet" is, to this day, frequently adverted to, by persons unacquainted with the particulars, as an indelible blemish upon his reputation.

Mr. Plunket was made solicitor-general in 1802, and attorney-general and a privy councillor in 1805. He retained his place when the Whigs came into office, in 1806. I believe that this was the commencement of his connexion with Lord Grenville, to whose party he has since adhered. After the death of Mr. Fox, it was intimated to him, that the new administration had no intention of superseding him, but he preferred to follow the fortunes of Lord Grenville, and resigned. Since 1812, he has sat in the Imperial Parliament, as a member for the University of Dublin.

Mr. Plunket has for some years past confined himself to the Court of Chancery, where he holds the same pre-eminence that our Romilly did in this country. Of all the eminent lawyers I have heard, he seemed to me to be the most admirably qualified for the department

of his profession in which he shines. His mind is at once subtle and comprehensive: his language clear, copious, and condensed: his powers of reasoning are altogether wonderful. Give him the most complicated and doubtful case to support—with an array of apparently hostile decisions to oppose him at every step—the previous discussion of the question has probably satisfied you that the arguments of his antagonists are neither to be answered nor evaded—they have fenced round the rights of their clients with all the great names in equity—Hardwicke, Camden, Thurlow, Eldon:—Mr. Plunket rises: you are deeply attentive, rather from curiosity to witness a display of hopeless dexterity, than from any uncertainty about the event. He commences by some general undisputed principle of law, that seems perhaps at the first view not to bear the remotest relation to the matter in controversy; but to this he appends another and another, until, by a regular series of connected propositions, he brings it down to the very point before the Court; and insists, nay demonstrates, that the Court cannot decide against him without violating one of its own most venerated maxims. Nothing can be more masterly than the manner in which all this is done. There is no ostentation of ingenuity and research. Every thing is clear, simple, and familiar: you assent without a struggle to each separate conclusion. It is only when you are brought to the ultimate result that you startle at discovering the consummate skill of the logician, who, by wily and imperceptible approaches, has gained a vantage point from which he can descend upon his adversaries, and compel them to abandon a position that was deemed impregnable. But Lords Hardwicke, Thurlow, Camden, &c. are said to be against him. The advocate accordingly proceeds to examine each of these authorities in detail—he analyses their language—by distinctions that seem natural and obvious, but which in reality are most subtle, he shews how capable it is of various interpretations—he confronts the construction contended for by conflicting decisions of the same judges on other and similar occasions—he points out unsuspected anomalies that would arise from adopting the interpretation of his adversaries, and equally unsuspected accordances with general principles that would follow his own. He thus goes on, until by reiterated processes of matchless sagacity he has either neutralised or absolutely brought over to support himself all the authorities upon which his opponents most firmly relied; and he sits down, leaving the Court, if not a convert to his opinion, at least grievously perplexed to detect and explain the fallacies upon which it rests.

Mr. Plunket is not said to be a profound lawyer: he cites fewer cases than any other counsel at the Irish Bar; and on common occasions frequently contents himself with merely commenting upon those adduced against him. His supremacy is altogether intellectual. He leaves to others the technical drudgery of wading through tomes and indexes in search of legal saws and “modern instances:” the moment a question is submitted to him, his mind intuitively applies all the great principles that are favourable or hostile: these he has firmly fixed and scientifically arranged in his memory; and so far may he be said to be never unprepared. For the rest he depends upon the resources of a talent that never fails him—upon his relentless vigour, where he is right and sincere, upon his formidable ingenuity and sophistry, where he

cannot venture to be candid, upon his extemporaneous power of going through the most intricate processes of thought with all the ease and familiarity of ordinary discourse; and most of all upon a rapid apprehension which grasps, and secures, the entire of any proposition of which a single particle may chance to flit across his mind—a perfection of faculty that enables him to draw the most unexpected conclusions from the topics adduced against him, and thus to render all the industry of his antagonists subservient to his own occasions.

This, though an imperfect sketch, will convey some general ideas of this eminent advocate; but there is one peculiarity in his powers, which to be adequately comprehended must be actually witnessed. I allude to his capacity (in which he exceeds every public speaker I ever heard) of pouring out, I would almost say indefinitely, a continuous unintermitted volume of thought and language. In this respect, I look upon Mr. Plunket's going through a long and important argument in the Court of Chancery to be a most extraordinary exhibition of human intellect. For hours he will go on and on, with unwearied rapidity, arguing, defining, illustrating, separating intricate facts, laying down subtle distinctions, prostrating an objection here, pouncing upon a fallacy there, then retracing his steps, and re-stating in some original point of view his general proposition; then flying off again to the outskirts of the question, and dealing his desultory blows with merciless reiteration wherever an inch of ground remains to be cleared; and during the whole of this, not only does not his vigour flag for a single instant, but his mind does not even pause for a second for a topic, an idea, or an expression. This velocity of creation, arrangement, and delivery is quite astonishing; and what adds to your wonder is, that it appears to be achieved without an effort. Mass after mass of argument is thrown off, conveyed in phraseology vigorous, appropriate, and succinct, while the speaker, as if the mere minister and organ of some hidden power, that saves him the cost of laborious exertion, appears solely anxious to impress upon others his own reliance upon the force of what seems to come unsought. This singular command over his great powers, coupled with his imposing exterior and masculine intonations, gives extraordinary weight to all he says. From his unsuspected earnestness of tone and manner, you would often imagine that his zeal for his client was only secondary to a deeper anxiety that the Court should not violate the uniformity of its decisions by establishing a precedent fraught with anomaly and danger, while the authoritative ease and perspicuity with which he states and illustrates his opinions gives him the air, as it were, of some high legal functionary appearing on behalf of the public, not so much to debate the question before the Court as to testify to the law that should regulate it. So that in respect to this quality of apparent conviction and good faith, we may well apply to Mr. Plunket the words of Cicero in commendation of one of the ancient orators of Rome; nor will the illustration be found to fail from any want of coincidence in the personal characters of the two men: “In Scipio, oratio, sapientis hominis et recti, gravitas summa, et naturalis quædam inest auctoritas, non et causam, sed ut testimonium dicere putares.”

\* The speeches of Scipio, who was a wise and virtuous man, were distinguished by the utmost dignity, and by a certain natural imposing authority, which led his audience to suppose that he appeared less in the character of an advocate than of a witness.

But although Mr. Plunket is thus skilful in giving plausibility to reasonings that do not satisfy himself, I think it ~~fast~~ <sup>just</sup> to add (what I have heard asserted) that even his own fine understanding is often the dupe of his other faculties, and that, in the hurry and fervour of argumentation, his judgment, with all its vigilance, cannot escape the snares his ingenuity has weaved for others. I have even fancied at times (when in the course of a cause some unexpected point of law is started) that I have observed his argumentative devices in the very act of ~~im-~~ <sup>im-</sup>posing themselves upon his mind as irrefutable conclusions. He rises to make, perhaps, a single observation, and is about to resume his place, when a new topic in support of his argument flashes across his mind. As he proceeds to state it, fresh principles and illustrations crowd in to defend him in his position: an incidental remark is thus expanded into an elaborate piece of reasoning, during the progress of which he gradually becomes more confident and earnest, until, from the intense ardour with which he follows up each successive advantage, he finally works himself into a conviction that all the merits of the question are on his side. But it is only when he is the retained advocate of a particular party, whose claims he has to sustain in open court, that Mr. Plunket is subject to this species of mental deception. In the cold and cautious meditation of the closet, when he has to pronounce upon a disputable case submitted for his opinion, the predominance of his argumentative powers operates upon his judgment in quite another way. Instead of rushing to hasty conclusions, he finds a difficulty in coming to any conclusion at all. The very perfection of some of his faculties, his sagacity, his subtlety, and his intuitive perception of the remotest consequences of any given premise, which render him so powerful as an advocate, have in this case only the effect of incumbering him with equal arguments and equal difficulties on either side, and thus of keeping his mind in a state of logical suspense. This fact is well known, and the consequence (I speak from general report) is, that in this department of his profession his practice is utterly disproportioned to his great experience and his unrivalled estimation.

The effect of Mr. Plunket's powers is greatly aided by his external appearance. His frame is tall, robust, and compact. His face is one of the most striking I ever saw; and yet the peculiarity lies so much more in the expression than the outline, that I find it not easy to describe it. The features on the whole are blunt and harsh. There is extraordinary breadth and capacity of forehead; and when the brows are raised in the act of thought, it becomes intersected with an infinite series of parallel lines and folds. Neither the eyes nor brows are particularly expressive; nor indeed can I say that any of the other features would singly indicate the character of the man, if I except a peculiar muscular largeness and rigidity about the mouth and lips, from which you may collect, that smiling has "never been their occupation." The general character of Mr. Plunket's countenance is deep seriousness—an expression that becomes more strongly marked from the unvarying pallor that overspreads his features. It is literally "the pale cast of thought." Some have accused his physiognomy as being unsocial and austere. To me it appeared that the signs of those qualities have been confounded with the natural and now indelible traces of a grave and vigorous intellect, habitually absorbed in masculine investi-

gations, and preferring to dwell in the midst of its own thoughts. Nor do I find any thing repelling in the circumstance that his features seldom descend for a moment from their dignity. Knowing what his mind, and his history have been, I am prepared for what I meet. I find no flashes of sensibility, no play of shifting or conflicting emotions, but a calm constitutional severity of aspect, importing a mind conscious of its powers, and vigilantly keeping them in unremitted discipline against the daily task that awaits them. I expected to have found a tinge of melancholy in Mr. Plunket's features—such as I had observed in Grattan and some other eminent Irishmen, who had attended the parliament of their country in its last moments, and who could find nothing in after-life to console them for the loss. I often heard Mr. Grattan speak upon that event. I had no national sympathy with his sorrow, yet I never found him more eloquent or interesting than when, in a circle of his private friends, he poured out his indignation against a measure that had baffled all his hopes, and his unavailing regret that he had been *too confiding* at a conjuncture, when it was possible to have averted the disaster. But I could discern no traces of similar sentiments in Mr. Plunket's looks. He was, however, a much younger man, and could form new views and attachments; nor is it perhaps surprising that at this distance of time he should not revert with sadness to an event, which in its consequences has opened to him so much larger a field for the exhibition of his powers.

Mr. Plunket's manner is not rhetorical—it is (what I consider much better) vigorous, natural, and earnest. He has no variety of gesture, and what he uses seems perfectly unstudied. He is evidently so thoroughly absorbed in his subject as to be quite unconscious that he has hands and arms to manage. He has a habit, when he warms, as he always and quickly does, of firmly closing both hands, raising them slowly and simultaneously above his head, and then suddenly striking them down with extraordinary force. The action is altogether ungraceful; but its strength, and I would even add, its appropriateness to the man and to his stern simplicity of character and style, atone for its inelegance. Besides, this very disdain of the externals of oratory has something imposing in it: you are made to feel that you are in the presence of a powerful mind that looks to itself alone, and you surrender yourself more completely to its guidance from the conviction that no hackneyed artifice has been employed to allure your confidence.

Mr. Plunket's delivery, as already mentioned, is uncommonly rapid, but his articulation is at the same time so distinct that I seldom lost a word. In calm discussion his intonations are deep, sonorous, and dignified; when he becomes animated, his voice assumes a higher pitch, and the tones, though always natural and impressive, are occasionally shrill. His extemporaneous powers of expression are not to be described by the common term, *fluency*. It is not merely over words and phrases, but over every possible variety of construction, that he appears to hold an absolute command—the consciousness of this power often involves him in grammatical difficulties. He allows a thought to drift along into the midst of obstructions, from which no outlet can be desisted, as if for the mere purpose of surprising you by his adroitness when he discovers the danger, steering it in safety through all the streights and intricacies of speech—or by the boldness with which he

forces a passage if he cannot find one. But it is only over-argumentative diction that he has acquired this mastery: when he calls in the aid of sentiment and passion to enforce his logic, his phraseology labours, and, if the passage be unpremeditated, frequently falls short of the strength and dignity of the conception. But his deficiency in this respect evidently proceeds from want of practice, not of capacity; nor does the exertion that it costs him to supply appropriate language ever restrain him from illustrating a legal argument by any bold practical figure that may cross his mind.\*

Mr. Plunket is a memorable, and I believe, a solitary instance of an eminent barrister whose general reputation has been increased by his parliamentary efforts. His speeches on the Union, in the Irish House of Commons, raised him at once to the first class of parliamentary orators. When he was returned by the University of Dublin (in 1812) to the imperial senate, Curran publicly predicted that his talents would create a similar sensation here: I need not add how completely the prophecy has been fulfilled. It would lead me too far to enter into a minute examination of Mr. Plunket's parliamentary style and manner; in many points I should have to repeat some of the foregoing remarks. I cannot, however, forbear to observe, that his language and views in the House of Commons discover a mind that has thoroughly escaped the noxious influence of his professional habits. He has shewn that it is possible for the same person to be a most subtle and dexterous disputant upon a technical subject, and a statesman-like reasoner upon a comprehensive one. With regard to his political tenets—his opposition to the Union, his connexion with the Whig administration of 1806, and his subsequent exertions in favour of Catholic Emancipation, seem to have placed him on the list of Irish patriots; but his support of popular privileges, where he has supported them, appears to be entirely unconnected with popular sympathies—his patriotism is a conclusion, not a passion. In all questions between the people and the state, it is easy to perceive that he identifies himself with the latter; he never, like Fox and Grattan, flings himself in imagination, into the popular ranks, to march at their head, and in their name, and as one of them, to demand a recognition of their rights. Mr. Plunket has not temperament for this. He studiously keeps aloof from the multitude, and even when their strenuous advocate, lets it be seen that he thinks for them not *with* them—he never warms into “the man of the people.” His most animated appeals in their behalf retain the tone of a just and enlightened aristocrat, gravely and earnestly remonstrating with the

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\* I shall cite a single example: it will also serve as a specimen of the proneness to imagery that prevails in the Irish courts. The question turned upon the right of presentation to a living. Mr. P.'s clients and their predecessors had been in undisturbed enjoyment of the right for two centuries; the opposite party, called upon them to shew their original title. Mr. P. insisted upon the legal presumption, arising from this long possession, that the title had been originally a good one, though the deeds that had created it had been lost, and consequently could not be produced. In commenting upon the necessity and wisdom of such a rule of law, without which few properties of ancient standing could be secure, he observed—“This is the great destroyer of evidence, but he is also the great protector of titles. If he comes with a scythe in one hand to mow down the monuments of our possessions, he holds another glass in the other, from which he incessantly metes out the portions of duration that are to render those monuments no longer necessary.”

members of his own body upon the danger and imprudence of holding out against the immutable and unconquerable instincts of human nature. The only exception that I recollect to these remarks, occurs in his speeches against the Union. There he boldly plunged into first principles, and among other instances when he exclaimed, "I in the most express terms deny the competency of parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hand on the Constitution. I tell you, that, if circumstanced as you are you pass this act, it will be a nullity, and that no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately—I repeat it—and I call on any man who hears me to take down my words; you have not been elected for this purpose—you are appointed to make laws, and not legislatures. You are appointed to act under the Constitution, not to alter it; to exercise the functions of legislators; and not to transfer them; and if you do so, your act is a dissolution of the government: you resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you." Yet even here, and in some bolder declarations on the same occasion, I am inclined to suspect that Mr. Plunket assumed this indignant tone rather as a member of the assembly whose independence was assailed, than from any impassioned sympathy with the general rights of the body that he represented. Had the question been a popular reform, instead of the extinction of the Irish parliament, he would in all likelihood have been equally vehement in resisting the innovation.

Mr. Plunket's general reading is said to be limited; and if we may judge from the rareness of his allusions to the great writers of ancient and modern times, the opinion is not unfounded. When he was about to appear in the British parliament in 1812, it was whispered among his friends that he prepared himself with information on the general state of European politics from the most ordinary sources: he wanted facts, and he took the shortest and easiest method of collecting them. I have understood that up to a recent period, he frequently employed his leisure hours upon some elementary treatise of pure mathematics. If the fact be so, it affords a striking proof of the vigour of a mind which could find a relaxation in such a pursuit.

I have already glanced at a resemblance between Mr. Plunket and the late Sir Samuel Romilly. If I were to pursue the comparison into the private characters of the two men, the points of similarity would multiply, and in no particular more strikingly than in the softness and intensity of their domestic affections. But this is sacred ground: yet I cannot forbear to mention that it fell to my lot (when last in Ireland) sitting as a public auditor in the gallery of the Court of Chancery, to witness a burst of sensibility, which, coming from such a man as Mr. Plunket, and in such a place, sent an electric thrill of sympathy and respect through the breasts of the audience. An aged lady, on the day after her husband's death, had signed a paper resigning her right to a portion of property to which she became entitled by his decease, and the question was, whether her mind at the time was perfectly calm and collected. Mr. Plunket insisted that it was not in human nature that she could be so at such a crisis;—"She had received a blow such as stunned the strongest minds; after a union of half a century, of uninterrupted affection, to find the husband, the friend, the daily companion, suddenly called away for ever!" He was proceeding to describe



the first anguish and perturbation of spirit that must befall the survivor of such a relation, when he suddenly recognized in the picture all that he had himself a little while before endured. The recollection quite subdued him—he faltered, and became inarticulate even to sobbing. I cannot describe the effect produced throughout the Court.

I have thus attempted to present a sketch of this eminent Irishman, in matters of intellect unquestionably the most eminent that now exists. If I intended it to be any thing but a hasty sketch, I should feel that I have been unjust to him: some of his powers—his wit and irony, for example, in both of which he excels, and his cutting and relentless sarcasm where vice and folly are to be exposed—have been altogether unnoticed; but his is the “*versatile ingenium*,” and in offering the result of my observations upon it, I have been compelled to select rather what I could best describe, than what I most admired; and even if I had succeeded in a delineation of all the powers that raise Mr. Plunket above ordinary men, I should have had to add, that our admiration of him is not limited by what we actually witness. We speculate upon his great attributes of intellect, and ask, “what might they not have achieved, had his destiny placed him in the situation most favourable to their perfect development? If, instead of wasting them upon questions of transitory interest, he had dedicated them solely to the purposes of general science—to metaphysics, mathematics, legislation, morals, or (what is but spoken science) to that best and rarest kind of eloquence which awakes the passions only that they may listen to the voice of truth—to what a height and permanence of fame might they not have raised him?” These reflections perpetually force themselves upon Mr. Plunket’s admirers: we lament to see the vigour of such a mind squandered upon a profession and a province. We are incessantly reminded, that, high and successful as his career has been, his opportunities have been far beneath his resources, and thus, judging him rather by what he could do, than what he has done, we are disposed to speak of him in terms of encomium which no records of his genius will remain to justify.\*

#### TO THE HARVEST MOON.

AGAIN thou reignest in thy golden hall  
 Rejoicing in thy sway, fair Queen of night!  
 The ruddy reapers hail thee with delight;  
 Their’s is the harvest, their’s the joyous call  
 For tasks well ended in the season’s fall!  
 Sweet orb! thou smilest from thy starry height,  
 But whilst on them thy beams are shining bright,  
 To me thou com’st o’ershadow’d with a pall;  
 To me alone the year hath fruitless flown.  
 Earth hath fulfill’d her trust through all her lands;  
 The good man gathereth now where he had sown;  
 And the great Master ’n his Vineyard stands:  
 While I, as if my task were all unknown,  
 Come to his gates, alas! with empty hands.

R.

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\* Since the above was written Mr. Plunket has become once more Attorney General for Ireland.

## CAPTION.

Love is a bird of summer skies ;  
 From cold and from winter he soon departs :  
 He basks in the beam of good-humour'd eyes,  
 And delights in the warmth of open hearts :  
 But where he has once found chill and rain,  
 He seldom returns to that bower again.

Harriet's brow was passing fair,  
 And Love, in the shape of a mortal sprite,  
 Came to bask in the sunshine there,  
 And plume his soft wings for delight :  
 But a wintry cloud would oft come o'er,  
 And then, for a time,  
 Without reason or rhyme,  
 The sun would shine no more :  
 But chills and clouds the sky deform,  
 Cold and dark as December's storm.

It chanced in one of these winter showers,  
 As a cloud pass'd by,  
 No one knew why,  
 And frighten'd poor Love from his garden of flowers ;  
 He wander'd in sadness, away, away,  
 Till he came to a bower that stood hard by ;  
 Here all was a sunny summer's day,  
 And never a cloud came over that eye ;  
 But, morning and night,  
 It beam'd ever bright,  
 With spirit, and joy, and courtesy.

He laid himself down—the hours flew o'er,  
 He thought of the spot he had left no more,  
 For all was here  
 Without shadow, or fear,

And each moment was sweet as the one before.

Some friend of poor Harriet, passing that way,  
 Saw Love in the garden, and told the maid,  
 That, not long ago, she had seen him lay  
 Reclin'd in the bower of Adelaide.

"No matter," said she, "let him wander awhile,  
 I can, when I please, bring him back by a smile."

But ladies who trust so much to their power,  
 To recover the hearts their caprice has lost,  
 Will prove, in many a bitter hour,  
 The danger of playing with Love, to their cost.

Many a day and week pass'd by,  
 And Harriet, though she would not tell  
 That she loved the wanderer much and well,  
 Drew many a secret sigh ;

And she managed to get it convey'd to the swain  
 By some kind friend, in a roundabout way,  
 That, if he thought proper to seek her again,  
 The weather in future might be more gay.

Love declined with a smile—"I thank you, my dear,  
 I am perfectly happy and free from care ;  
 I never saw other than summer here,  
 And why run the risk of a winter there?"

## ADVANTAGES OF HAVING NO HEAD.

The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent—no more.

SHAKESPEARE.

I HATE the man who can never see more than one side of a question—who has but a single idea, and that perhaps a wrong one.—No, I adopt an impression zealously, perhaps erroneously, but I forget not the "*audi alteram partem*." I can plead my own cause, but I have not given myself a retaining fee; I am therefore open to conviction, and forward to acknowledge all that may be reasonably claimed by my opponents. Candour and liberality are my motto, in the spirit of which I begin with confessing, that there are occasions when that bulbous excrescence termed a head may be deemed a handy appendage. As a peg to hang hats on—as a barber's block for supporting wigs, or a milliner's for showing off bonnets—as a target for shooting at when rendered conspicuous by a shining helmet—as a snuff-box or a chatter-box—as a machine for stretching nightcaps, or fitting into a guillotine, or for shaking when we have nothing to say: in all these capacities it is indisputably a most useful piece of household furniture. Yet, as far as my own experience goes, its inconveniences so fearfully predominate over its accommodations, that if I could not have been born a column without any capital, made compact and comfortable by an ante-natal decollation, I would at least have chosen to draw my first breath among

"The Anthropophagi and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders"—

that by carrying mine adversary in this manner, locked up as it were in mine own chest, I might keep him in as good subjection as St. Patrick did when he swam across the Liffey, and be the better enabled to stomach whatever miseries he might entail upon me.

Away with the hackneyed boast so pompously put forth by simpletons who have no pretensions to the distinction they claim for the race, that man only has a reasoning head. *Tant pis pour lui*. If he possess this fine privilege he treats it as worldlings sometimes do their fine clothes—he values it so highly that he has not the heart to use it, or shew it in his conduct. His reason lies in the wardrobe of his brain till it becomes moth-eaten, or if he exert it at all, it is that it may commit a moral suicide and try to get rid of itself. Never so happy as when he can escape from this blessing, he dozes away as much of it as he can in sleep—or blows out his highly vaunted brains every evening with a bottle of port wine—or tells you, with a paviour's sigh, that the happiest man is the laughing lunatic who finds his straw-crown and joint-stool throne a most delightful exchange for all the vanity and vexation of irrational reason. Now, if a man could but leave off at his neck—make his shoulders the *ultima Thule* of his figure—convert himself into a pollard, all this would be accomplished at once. He would not be longed for either the family of the Longheads or the Wrongheads; he would be neither headstrong nor headlong; he could not be over head and ears in debt or in love; head-ach, and face-ach, and tooth-ach, and ear-ach, would be to him as gorgons and griffins, and harpies—imaginary horrors; ophthalmick medicines he needs not; he neither runs his head into danger nor against a wall, and whether corn be high or low—rents paid or unpaid—the five per cents. reduced to four, or

the three per cents. to nothing, he cares not, for there is no earthly matter about which he can trouble his head. A chartered libertine, he laughs (in his sleeve) at kings and parliaments; the wandering Jew, St. Leon, or Melmoth were not more impassive; guillotines and new drops have for him no more terrors than has a thumbscrew for a sprat, or light boots for an oyster; Jack Ketch and the Headman are no more formidable to him than are the Centaurs and Amazons to be.—"Let the gall'd jade wince, his withers are unwrung." The happy headless rogue pays neither powder nor capitation tax. The London Tavern and the Crown and Anchor are his patrimonial kitchens, wherein he alone may reckon without his host. All ordinaries are at his mercy; he may gorge with his friends until the revel rout be dispersed by the watchmen. "The sloe juice and ratsbane, and such kind of stuff," be it ever so villainous, can never get up into his brain, and as to the reckoning in all these cases, it is so much *a-head*—and what is that to him?

It may be thought that I have said enough upon this no-head, but I cannot refrain from adding, that a man thus happily truncated would possess immense advantages over his companions, should the guardians of the night break in upon his symposia as I have imagined, for he could not be tweaked by the nose, nor thrust out head and shoulders; although he might tumble down stairs without any risk of breaking his neck or fracturing his skull. During life he might play as many pranks as Yorick the king's jester, and after death no Hamlet could exclaim over his remains—"Why, will he suffer this knave to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery?"

Plato's Atlantis, and Sir Thomas Moore's Utopia, and Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, would all be realised in the felicitous life of such a being as I have suggested. But methinks I hear my fair readers exclaim, what happiness is there without love, and where would such an animal find a mistress? Do we not already hear husbands often complaining that their wives have no heads, and vice versa? Besides, might he not seek the original "good woman," of whom a de-capital likeness is suspended at a public-house sign at Shoreditch, and another at Walworth, neither of which did I ever pass in my suburban rambles without many marital yearnings, and longings, and aspirations? These were the only beatific visions that ever identified to me the conception of the novelists and dramatists—Love at first Sight. That stump of a neck is irresistible. In the event of a marriage thus constituted, some difficulty might occur as to the responses, but it could be obviated by signs as in the unions of our deaf and dumb, not by a nod or shake of the head indeed, but by some equally intelligible indication; and methinks I could rival Catullus himself in composing an epithalamium for such a nuptial pair, for I might safely predicate that they would never lay their heads together to hatch mischief, nor run them against one another in anger, nor lose their time in kissing; nor fall together by the ears. No fear of Bluebeards in this happy state, which, if it could be universally accomplished, would at once restore to us the Saturnia regna—the golden age—the millennium.

Envious, and cruel, and jealous people, are perpetually on the watch to oppose every improvement as revolutionary innovation; and

by some such I expect to be told that my project is jacobinical, as tending to make the profane vulgar independent of those legitimate correctives—the axe and the halter; but I cannot see the matter in this light. John Bull, we are sometimes told, is like a restive horse—give him his head and he runs to the devil; but, by my proposition, the common people will never be able to make head at all, whatever be their provocations, so that I really consider myself entitled to the great prize from the members of the Holy Alliance. Other cavillers may urge that it would be injurious to the progress of knowledge and the cultivation of literature, as if the brains could not exist any where but in the head! Buffon, no ignoramus in such matters, was decidedly of opinion that the stomach was the seat of thought. Persius dubs it a Master of Arts,

“Magister Artium,  
Ingeniique largitor venter.”

We have it on the powerful authority of Menenius Agrippa, a grave Roman, that the belly once maintained an argumentative colloquy with the members. Ventriloquism is yet in its infancy, but who should limit its eloquence were it cultivated from necessity? So satisfied are we of the reflecting disposition of this portion of our economy, that we call a cow, or other beast with two stomachs, a ruminating animal, *par excellence*. Why might not our clergy, instead of dividing their discourses into heads—Cereberian, Polypean, and Hydraform, which always afflicts me with a Cephalalgia—spin the thread of their sermons, like the spider's, from the stomach instead of the head, and apportion them under the titles of the peristaltic motion, the epigastre, the hypochondre, and the colon—names as sonorous and classical as those of the Muses, with which Herodotus has baptised his respective chapters? Even constituted as we now are, with headquarters already provided for the brains, will any one deny that an Opera dancer's are in his heels, or that Shakspeare had not a similar conviction, when he makes one of his characters exclaim,

“Hence will I drag thee headlong, by the heels,  
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave?”

Does he not, moreover, distinctly mark the seat of pride and aspiring talent, when he says of Wolsey,

“He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach—ever ranking  
Himself with princes.”

But I have said enough. If the reader be satisfied that I am suggesting a prodigious improvement, I have carried my point: if he be not, I deny that he has a rational head, and thus establish my argument. Here are the two horns of a dilemma, which, if he will continue to wear his super-humeral callosity in spite of my admonitions, may supply it a fitting decoration; and so having conducted him to the same predicament as Falstaff in Windsor Forest, I leave him to moonlight and the fairies.

H.

## THE GALLERY OF APELLES.\*

\* \* \* \* Combabus had not yet passed his 20th year, and Apelles was in his 75th. Yet the two friends communed at parting with the sympathy and freedom of equal ages—for the heart of Apelles was still in its 20th year. The gods had vouchsafed to him that rare endowment of privileged genius—to retain in his old age the fancy and sensibility of youth. At some moments, indeed, he would reprove the young man for the extravagance of his purpose; “What,” said he, “leave Greece, the land of arts, literature, and beauty, to look upon one fair woman on the barbarian shores of Asia!”—But this was a mere obeisance to the decorum of his years—his heart went with Combabus. “Go,” said he, “my young friend—may the gods preserve you!” As they embraced, Combabus felt upon his shoulder, where it was uncovered by the fold of his peplus, a drop from the old man’s eye, and pressed both his hands affectionately in return. “No, Combabus,” said Apelles, “it is not the grief of parting, although thou art dear to me as my own child, but the despair of these aged limbs which will not bear me, to look once more upon that divine form—farewell!”

Combabus noticed but few objects or incidents during his voyage. His mind was occupied with the divine perfection of the Apellean Venus, and the flitting visions of beauty in which his imagination arrayed the original which he was going to behold. On board the ship which conveyed him, he was so silent and absorbed as to attract the notice of the passengers. Of these, the men pronounced him a fool; the women, more charitable, ascribed his behaviour to disappointed or parted love. A young Ionian girl approached him with a winning air of polished simplicity and young innocence, to ask if he was indisposed. Combabus, in his distraction, answered by some incoherent phrase: “Pardon me,” said the innocent and beautiful questioner, “if supposing you indisposed, I have intruded upon, perhaps, the sadness of being parted from those you love.” Combabus looked for the first time upon the countenance of her who spoke to him. It was of the Diana cast; the traits pronounced to an outline nobly beautiful—but the severer loveliness of the Virgin of the woods, touched into softness by the influence of blue Ionian eyes: Combabus merely thanked her; but the tone in which he spoke told her that he felt her kindness—perhaps, also, that her beauty had not escaped him. He rose from his seat, took her by the hand, and requested her to sit on the bench beside him. “You should,” said she, “be a Greek, and yet, pardon me, there is something of the stranger.” “Your observation is just,” said Combabus; “I was born in Persia, of an Athenian mother, whom the fortune of war made the slave, and her beauty and virtue afterwards made the wife, of a Persian general. But Greece (continued he) ay, my beloved Athens! thou art the country of my youth, my education, and my filial love.” “And I too,” replied the ingenuous girl, “though born at Miletus, claim kindred with all that is Athenian. You see this little clasp of gold—it is the reward of the polished and amiable Athenians, to a simple girl who proved some skill in music, and denotes that

Athena adopted me her child." A slight gesture, accompanying these words, drew the eye of Combabus to a little golden figure of the grasshopper, usually worn at the meeting of the drapery on the breast, by those Athenian ladies who claim their descent from the stock of Cecrops. The beautiful Ionian, from instinctive modesty, wore it drawn nearly to the shoulder, clasping the foldings of her light robe, so high across her bosom, as wholly to veil its brightness; but a slight embroidered cincture confined the descending drapery underneath, so as to delineate the beauty of its contour. Combabus said nothing. But it is probable there was something in his looks—or perhaps, he sighed—to sustain the conversation—for the fair Greek, in a voice bordering upon the familiarly kind, offered to play for him on her lyre. She rose on the instant without waiting his assent, and produced from its case of ebony a slender eleven-stringed lyre, exquisitely wrought, but of simple ornament. Having resumed her seat, facing Combabus, and presenting to him her right arm (her left hand was engaged in holding the lyre), "Will you," said she, "release my arm from this clasp?" Combabus did so, with a tremulous sensation of rapture and respect. The clasp, a little above the elbow, was no sooner unloosed, than the sleeve became open along the whole external seam, and descended from the point of the shoulder close to her side, discovering an arm so beautiful, so soft, so fair, that a lover's kiss had printed upon it a touch too rude, or left a stain upon its whiteness. After a few tones of improvised melody, she sang some verses with the accompaniment of her lyre. The following were among the number:

'Tis lovely—when the blushing dawn  
Gems with dew the green-robed lawn,  
When the morn her virgin beam  
Flings faintly over grove and stream,  
When the stars fade in the west,  
When the wild bird leaves her nest.  
But blushing dawn,  
And dew-gemmed lawn,  
To me, no more, can yield delight;  
To me more dear  
The silent tear  
Shed in Cynthia's silver light:  
Oh Helle dear—  
This silent tear,  
In death alone, shall cease to flow.  
Dear, as thou art,  
To this fond heart,  
Its secret thou may'st never know.

"I love the music of Ionia," said Combabus, without adding a word of compliment to the fair Citharist; yet a half-checker smile, which played about her mouth, seemed to say that she was pleased. "The verses," said she, "are common, but the melody's of Timotheus, the great master of our Ionian music, who perfected the lyre, by increasing the number of its strings." "I have heard," said Combabus, "his music in the tragedy of *Ajax* applauded by the Athenians at the theatre, with the same enthusiasm, as when it gained him the garland of victory from all his opponents—the ancient prejudices of the people and the envy and intrigues of his rivals in the art." "He was cer-

tainly eminent," replied she, "in the tempestuous and pathetic, for which that fine tragedy is so favourable a vehicle; but I chiefly admire in him the art of blending the plaintive and the gay with an enchanting volatility. It was by this that he refined the musical taste of the Athenians, and so alarmed the churlish Spartans for their unamiable virtue, that they banished the musician, and cut the strings of his lyre, as the only means of guarding against the fascinating power of his strains." "I can well believe their fascination," said Combabus, "from the strain which you have just sung." Their eyes met accidentally as he spoke, but it was only for an instant. "So simple in its melody," continued Combabus, "yet so flexible and varied; so light and playful, yet so naturally running into a note of sadness." "The very secret," said she, "of the tender and moving in musical expression: the two opposite feelings should be commingled. How much more of touching sadness in the rose that smiled yesterday but droops to-day, than in the eternal mourning of the willow and the cypress!" "And how much," said Combabus, "does a transient reminiscence of melancholy, in the hour of rapture, heighten the luxury of sentiment, and refine the cup of bliss!" "Perhaps," said she, "a note of sadness too frequently intrudes itself in our joyous airs; but the reason may be," continued she, after pausing for an instant, "that ours is the music of a conquered people." It is true, that the Ionians received the Persian yoke with a facility which justly lowered them in the estimation of the other Greeks. 'They consoled themselves,' says the historian of Halicarnassus, 'in the bosom of luxury and the arts, and under the most delightful heaven.' But, doubtless, they still felt their humiliation—for what can console a people under the sense of slavery and shame?" Combabus observed that a tear started in her eye as she spoke, and turned away from a topic which seemed to give her pain. "Your's," said he, "is the music in which parting lovers should say, 'We meet no more.'" "Ay," said she smiling, whilst the tear still hung upon her long dark eye-lashes, "and in which meeting lovers might say, 'We part no more.'" \* \* \* \* \*

[Here, there is a considerable chasm in the manuscript. It is, however, but partially injured, so that it may be collected, from the traces remaining, that Combabus and this Ionian girl interchanged the story of their lives, or rather of their hearts—both being still so young; that they put in at Cyprus, which lay in their line of navigation from the Helades to Syria; that Combabus offered sacrifice of fruits and flowers (for the divinity of love abhorred all cruel offerings) to sea-born Venus, in her favoured isle; that the name of this girl was *Leucolene*, given to her from the remarkable whiteness of her arms—perhaps adopted from Homer, who frequently employs the epithet, and whose poems were read with enthusiasm in his native Ionia; and lastly, that Combabus and *Leucolene* left Cyprus in different ships—the latter two days earlier, and with evident haste. The manuscript, after this chasm, runs as follows.]

This impression [perhaps of parting from *Leucolene*] did not endure long: the object of his voyage resumed its empire over the mind of Combabus, as he beheld the city which rejoiced in the beauty of *Stratonice*. Arrived at Antioch, his first care was to present the letter of



Apelles to Erasistratus the physician, who was in the highest favour with the Queen, and resided within the precincts of the royal palace. Erasistratus received him with the usual forms of hospitality, touching his right hand, and conducting him to a seat. Combabus observed that he often smiled whilst reading the letter. Having read it twice over, he folded it up, looked at Combabus with frank familiarity, and said, "So, young man, you have made this voyage solely to behold the Queen of Syria." "To look," replied Combabus, "upon her who has inspired the divinest creation of the pencil of Apelles, and who is, on earth, the representative of the Queen of Love." "But how," said the doctor, "do you hope to behold the Queen, who lives not in the simplicity of Republican Greece, but surrounded by the pomp and pride of an Asiatic court?" "For that," replied Combabus, "I trust to the friend of Apelles." "And your own," rejoined Erasistratus: "you are now my guest. Here (continued he, whilst leading Combabus into his cabinet) you may pass your time until my return, with Homer, Plato, and my illustrious kinsman.\*"

The physician's library was well supplied. Homer had the place of honour, like a presiding genius, in that compartment which held the poets and philosophers. His bust, a copy from the Apotheosis of the poet, by a pupil of him who is so celebrated among the Greeks for that admirable piece of sculpture, was placed full in view on entering the cabinet. The bandeau across the forehead, attached in a knot behind, and the absence of the veins on the sculptured surface, attested that the divinity of his genius had received the honours of Apotheosis.† The form of the eyes indicated the blindness, true or fabled, of the poet; but without producing disfigurement or vacancy in the expression of the face,—and rather blending with its elevation a feeling of pathos. It is doubtful whether the images bearing the name of Homer, of which there were several in the form of a Hermes, executed at different periods, and with various degrees of skill, were genuine likenesses, or only fictitious and conventional—and this doubt produces in the heart a sentiment of despondent privation. But let the race of man be consoled with having the authentic traits of his divine spirit in his immortal poems. Next, on the right hand, was seen, sculptured in relief, Calliope, the epic Muse, conversing with the poet; and on the left, Erato, the muse of philosophy, instructing Socrates in her moral

\* Aristotle

† The "*Apotheosis of Homer*" was a work of great celebrity among the ancients, and is mentioned by several writers, Greek and Roman. A bust (or Hermes) agreeing almost exactly with the description in the text, and undoubtedly one of those heads which passed among the Greeks for likenesses of the poet, was discovered at Rome, making part of the garden wall of a Roman prince, in the time of Clement the XIth. It was first observed by the antiquary Ficorini, and ultimately found its way into the museum of the Capitol, where it remained until the French Republicans despoiled the Capitol to adorn the Louvre. I have seen it placed carefully, indeed reverentially, in one of the covered vehicles which conveyed away the treasures of the Louvre in 1815, and never have I beheld funeral convey more mournful.—(Translator.)

‡ It is from this non-appearance of the veins, that the celebrated *Torco of Belvedere* is supposed to represent Hercules, after he had obtained immortality. The observation is made by Winkelmann.—(Trans.)

song\*. There were also the busts of Plato, Aristotle, Hippocrates, Anaxagoras, Democritus, and other wise men, who diffused the light of knowledge over Greece. But the figure which particularly affected Combabus, was a funeral genius, under the form of a beautiful boy, standing erect, his eyes closed with an air of languor between death and sleep, his legs gracefully crossed at the ancles, his hands meeting above the head, and his back resting against a pine tree, the branches of which were spread above him, as if to cast their funereal shade upon the tranquillity of his eternal repose†.

Having satisfied himself with the contemplation of these objects, Combabus turned to the books. He took up Homer the first in order, and, after looking over some passages with a familiar eye, laid aside the volume with the care of one intending to resume it. Plato, Aristotle, Anaxagoras he restored to their places after a passing glance. Combabus had not yet reached the age of philosophy. Amongst the dramatic poets he seemed to regard Æschylus with more admiration than sympathy, and had scarcely read a scene when he abruptly laid down the book. Sophocles and Euripides detained him longer. He took up and read in them alternately, with the lingering indecision of equal admiration. Pursuing his survey, he was surprised to find no books on medicine, and thought the exclusion strange. Happening, however, to look into an obscure corner, he beheld a heap of books carelessly piled, and overgrown with withered plants and flowers, which Erasistratus had thrown aside after having examined or applied their medicinal qualities. This piled lumber consisted of books of medicine and poetry—the former chiefly written by women of Greece. It was singular that the Greek ladies gave themselves up to the healing art, when their practising it was forbidden by usage and the laws. The comic poets ascribed it to their love of contradiction. "Giva them," said these latter, "leave and encouragement to pursue the study of the healing art, and you will not have one medical treatise written by a woman in ten Olympiads." But the comic poets have ever been remarked for the slanderous malice of their tongues. This pro-dilection for medical studies should rather be referred to the humanity of the sex, which would seek the means of assuaging the sufferings and sustaining the infirmities of mankind, in spite of injustice and unkindness. Poetry, however, formed the larger portion of the pile; and although Combabus had passed his life in reading, yet these neglected geniuses were as new to him as if they had never existed. Mournful destiny for men who set such a value on themselves, and were indeed the heads and limbs of schools in their day! Once in every body's hands—but now in nobody's, or only in those of some rustic re-

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\* These figures were probably parts of a group of the Muses frequently represented on ancient sarcophagi with (somewhat strangely) Bacchantes, Satyrs, and Sileni, on the coverlets, in all the wild intoxication of feasting. One of these sarcophagi, with the above basso-relievos in perfect preservation, was discovered in the vicinity of Rome about the beginning of the last century, and is to be seen I believe, in the Vatican. (Trans.)

† This figure is also common in relief upon ancient sarcophagi, and the French possess a precious and admired antique, which agrees with the above precisely in description. It is known by the name of *genio funebre*. In this personification may be seen that characteristic trait of Greek imagination, which, ever studious of the beautiful, arrayed in beauty even the gloom and ghostliness of death. (Trans.)

turning in the evening from the market of Athens, with his half decad's provision of fish, figs, and bacon. Combabus had the curiosity to look through several. A brief notice of these, though so utterly forgotten, may not be without interest, as illustrating the ephemeral successes of shallow pretension, and the capricious delirations of poetical taste. \* \* \* \* \*

[Here there is again a great chasm in the manuscript. It may well be called a *hiatus valde ascendus*.]

This assurance was delightful to Combabus; yet so far from rendering his thoughts steady or his mind at ease, it gave new activity to his imagination. Rapt wholly in his own reveries, he scarcely spoke a word intelligibly to Erasistratus; and the philosopher with equal wisdom and good-nature left him to himself. They met once more at the physician's evening repast. It was short and frugal, consisting of some cakes, fresh eggs, fruit, the gentle wine of Thasos perfumed with rose leaves, and diluted with water from a cool and limpid spring, which Erasistratus had consecrated to the genii of Health and Temperance, who, according to the religion of the Syrians, were the children of Nature. The repast being concluded, a damsel who tended and consoled the very advanced age of Erasistratus, like the Hecamede of aged Nestor—like her blooming in youth, in innocence, and in the luxuriant abundance of golden-curved hair [see Homer], appeared before them. She conducted Combabus to the door of the apartment in which he was to sleep, and having presented him with some laurel leaves, wished him happy dreams. Combabus having put on a snow-white robe left upon his couch by "Hecamede of abundant tresses,"\* (so she was called by Erasistratus) placed the leaves of the prophetic plant [laurel] above his head, and lay down to rest. As well might one strive to fix the fluctuations of surface, and the changes of hue and shade, on the bosom of the ocean beneath the passing clouds, as to fix the visions that flitted round him in his sleep. One only was of a painful nature, and, alas! it alone left any distinct impression on his memory. He beheld the Apellean Venus in animated divinity, presenting to him a golden cup, which he was dying with desire to drink of, but which some invisible sorcery kept ever from his lips. The lovely vision, seeing his despair, dropped a tear into the cup, and let it fall from her hand, and the fancied noise awoke Combabus, exhausted and agitated. He soon, however, relapsed into a more profound sleep, to the enjoyment of which we will leave him for a while.

#### SECOND-SIGHT.

A SCOTSMAN, like his countrymen who travel  
Southward, to find a happier clime,  
Where verdant turf and flowers, not heath and gravel,  
Cover the earth, and thistles yield to thyme,  
And branching oak and beech luxuriant rise,  
Shaming the broom beneath his native skies,  
Where suns glow warmer, richer fruits are eaten,  
And oaten cakes yield up the palm to wheaten—

\* *Ευκλόκαμος Ἐκαμηδη*. HOM.

Took up his distant dwelling,  
 When tired with selling  
 His pedlar wares, having his fortune made  
 By trucking, chaffering, haggling at his trade.  
 At Leighton Buzzard 'twas he fix'd his quarters,  
 And purchased bricks and mortars,  
 Built a neat house with praiseworthy frugality,  
 And then sat down for life  
 Idle—he took no wife  
 To pester the last years of his mortality.  
 One faculty of value he could boast,  
 That none, except his countrymen, possess,  
 Called *Second-sight*; by this at others' cost  
 He oft advanced his purse and interest;  
 Could see the ghosts at midnight steal away  
 From church-yard graves, and ramble till 'twas day;  
 And mark infernal imps, to tempt poor sinners,  
 Mix at their plays, and operas, and dinners.  
 One day our Sawney from a drunken frolic  
 Suffer'd the cholic,  
 And lay stretch'd out like a stuck pig, loud groaning;  
 Eve came and brought short respite from his moaning,—  
 He rose that he might hobble to a doctor  
 For some advice to cure his bowels sick,  
 And save his corpse and cash from priest and proctor.  
 Two Esculapians practised in the place,  
 He sought the nearest out to tell his case,  
 Regain his ease, and set at rest his doubt.  
 But stared at finding all the door about  
 Swarming with disembodied shades of those  
 Despatched to their repose  
 By *BORUS* with his drops and pills,  
 Scarce gaining time to make their wills:  
 They stood as thick as bees in summer hives,  
 Relics of practice on a thousand lives.  
 "It's weel, it's weel, the hint is unco gude,"  
 Thought wary Sawney; and away he strode  
 To seek the other son of cataplasms,  
 Divining the phantasms  
 That haunted him might less in number be,  
 And this assuredly  
 Would be a rule to ascertain his skill.  
 With pain increasing now he reach'd the door  
 Where two poor ghosts stood miserably chill—  
 He saw but *two*, sharp as he look'd for more.  
 Now this was well, the suffering patient thought:  
 Errors might happen ~~so~~ against the will,  
 From oversight the best might twice be caught—  
 "I'll venture in, and get a little ease  
 From these cursed pains that on my vitals seize."  
 He said, and enter'd, took a copious dose,  
 But when he rose to go away  
 The doctor thanked him, hugged him close,  
 Assured him that for many a day  
 He'd been despairing, patients were so few,  
 For till that hour he never had but *two*!

## LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS OF LONDON.

## NO. II.

"The City of London, that is to me so dear and sweet, in which I was forth-grown; and more kindly love have I to that place, than any other on earth"  
*Chaucer.*

I am never tired of walking in London. Whether I perambulate the broad pavement of Oxford-street, steal cautiously through the perilous passes of the Seven Dials, thread the mazes of oxen and sheep in Smithfield, or jostle rich city merchants on Cornhill, I never fail in finding an infinite fund of interest and amusement.

But let me give some account of my second peregrination. It was a clear autumn morning as I passed through the massy archway of Lincoln's Inn, and traversed the venerable square so rich with a thousand legal associations. The doors of the hall in which Bacon and Clarendon, and Shaftesbury, delivered their judgments, were open, and I stepped in. I am not, thank Heaven! versed in the intricacies of equity; but I could not help feeling a sentiment of the highest veneration, as I stood where the powerful intellects of the country had for ages displayed their power. Upon the ancient wainscot was emblazoned many a noble escutcheon, and many an illustrious name, upon which the sun seemed glad to shed his rays, enriched and glowing with the various tints of the stained windows through which they passed. As I gazed on these memorials of ancient genius, I recalled the men whose names they commemorated; and first, with a stately and very measured step, came the lord keeper Hatton. Alas! the voice of Mr. Hart, moving, I think he said, to dissolve an injunction, at the same time, dissolved my vision.

In proceeding on towards Portugal-street, I passed the Vice-Chancellor's court, which, like America, is not old enough to possess any recollections. At the corner of Portugal-street, opposite to the shop of Messrs. Clarke, well stored with ponderous tomes of law, stands the modern Will's - how changed from the Will's of ancient days! but of that anon. Upon turning a corner, I emerged into the prodigious area of Lincoln's Inn Fields. To all who love virtue and honour, and freedom, this is indeed holy ground! From the centre of this square the pure and noble spirit of William Lord Russell fled to Heaven. How closely has the memory of this undaunted patriot, and his high-minded lady, entwined itself with the affections of every true English heart! The account of Lord Russell's last moments, as given by Burnet, is, perhaps, one of the most affecting biographical sketches in the language. How hard it is to refrain from tears when we find Lady Russell repressing hers, lest they should embitter the few remaining hours of her husband's life! Of his execution a very detailed account is given, from which I will transcribe a few particulars which enrich this place with the most interesting associations: "He went into his coach with great cheerfulness; Dr. Tillotson and Dr. Burnet accompanied him. As they were going, he looked about him, and knew several persons. Some he saw staring on him who knew him, and did not put off their hats. He said there was great joy in some, but that did not touch him so much as the tears he observed in the eyes of others, for that, he said, made him tender. He sung within himself, as

he went along; and Dr. Burnet asking him what he was singing, he said it was the 119th Psalm,—but he should sing better very soon. As the carriage turned into Little Queen-street, he said, ‘I have often turned to the other hand with great comfort, but now I turn to this with greater.’ As he said this, he looked towards his own house, and Dr. Tillotson saw a tear drop from his eye. Just as they were entering Lincoln’s Inn Fields, he said, ‘This has been to me a place of sinning, and God now makes it the place of my punishment.’ He wondered to see so great a crowd assembled. He had before observed that it rained, and said to his companions, ‘This rain may do you hurt that are bareheaded.’ He then knelt down, and prayed three or four minutes by himself. When that was done, he took off his coat and waistcoat; he had brought a night-cap in his pocket, fearing his servant might not get up to him. He undressed himself; and took off his cravat, without the least change of countenance. Just as he was going down to the block, some one called out to make a lane, that the Duke of Albemarle might see; upon which he looked full that way. Dr. Burnet had advised him not to turn about his head, when it was once on the block, and not to give a signal to the executioner. These directions he punctually attended to. ‘When he had lain down,’ says Dr. Burnet, ‘I once looked at him, and saw no change in his looks; and though he was still lifting up his hands, there was no trembling, though in the moment in which I looked, the executioner happened to be laying his axe to his neck, to direct him to take aim: I thought it touched him, but am sure he seemed not to mind it.’ The executioner, at two strokes, cut off his head.”

The politician, as he passes through Lincoln’s-Inn-fields, will recognize the immense mansion of the Duke of Newcastle: and the historian will remark the long line of buildings which were formerly the residence of the French embassy, of which the relics of the fleur-de-lis, which are still to be seen on the fronts, bear sufficient testimony. It was, I presume, to some mansion in this neighbourhood, that Pope’s town-mouse invited his country-cousin.

Away they come, through thick and thin,  
To a tall house near Lincoln’s Inn.  
—Behold the place, where if a poet  
Shined in description, he might shew it;  
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,  
And tips with silver all the walls;  
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,  
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors.

The windings of a few narrow streets and passages led me to Russell-street, Covent-garden, where “Wills’s” formerly stood. The age of coffee-houses is at length passed: they are no longer the resort of all the great, the learned and the witty. Time was, when in some favourite haunt the genius of the metropolis would assemble, and “shine a constellation,” such as might well dazzle our weak modern vision. Were I possessed of that fabled art—the power of summoning to my presence the illustrious dead, whose mortal part the tomb has long since claimed, but whose noble memories still flourish greenly, I know not if I could assemble a worthier company than that of the wits, who at various periods have held their meetings within the walls of the

metropolis. Antedate my life, for one short hour, to the seventeenth century, and place me in the Mermaid Tavern in Friday-street; let me witness one sitting of the Raleigh Club, and I will not ask Mæcenas to introduce me to Augustus. Let me be seated between Shakespeare and Selden, with Beaumont and Fletcher before me, and I will contentedly resign the pleasure of shaking hands with Cicero, and drinking a cup of Falernian with Horace. From the time of the Raleigh club we have almost a regular succession of literary societies, rich in genius, learning, and amusement. I have already incidentally mentioned Ben Jonson's club. The celebrated Kit-cat is well known to every one. Its sittings were held in a small street near Temple-bar, and seldom has any society been able to boast so bright a mixture of wit, patriotism, and nobility. In later time we have the literary club, of which Johnson and Goldsmith and Sir Joshua Reynolds were such distinguished ornaments. But, in addition to these regular assemblies, the different coffee-houses furnished for nearly the two last centuries a place of mutual resort for all who were either desirous of displaying wit and information, or of seeing them displayed by others. The reign of Queen Anne was certainly the age of coffee-houses; and though Dr. Johnson, who merited equally well with "the Irish peer" the title of "Lord Mount Coffee-house," for a while supported their fading literary glories, those haunts of genius have at last sunk into the mere resorts of hungry bachelors and ill-hungoured husbands. If an eulogy were wanted on a tavern-life, it might be found in the Doctor's answer to Boswell:—"Sir, there is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as in a capital tavern.—No, Sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by men, by which so much happiness has been produced as by a good tavern or inn." Every one remembers Shenstone's verses on the same subject. But I am wandering far from Wills's.

Wills's was situated on the north side of Russell-street, at the end of Bow-street, and in Malone's time the house was occupied by a perfumer, and numbered 23.

This was Dryden's favourite resort, where in winter he had a seat by the fire, and in summer on the balcony, which he called his winter and summer seats. The company usually met in the first or dining-room floor, as it was called in the last century. There were no boxes at that time, but the company assembled round different tables. Here all the wits of the day used to meet, from "Glorious John" down to the meanest patron-hunter, and display their brilliancy to the admiring spectators, amongst whom the Templars, "spruce, pert, and loquacious," as Mr. Maturin calls them, occasionally mingled, and ventured upon their bad jokes.\* The younger part of the assembly, however, seldom approached the principal table, and thought it a great honour to have a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box. Wills's continued to be the favourite of the wits till 1710; and about 1712 Addison established his servant Betton in a new house, whither the fame of the author of *Cato*

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\* Bolingbroke in his letter to Wyndham, reproaches Harley with a deficiency in gentlemanly refinement, and tells him that his jokes smell of the Inns of Court. The Spectator gives a better account of the Templars: "The gentleman next in esteem and authority amongst us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple, a man of great probity, wit, and understanding."

drew many of the Whigs. The reader may, perhaps, remark the similarity of the account I have just given of Wills's, with that which Mr. Claude Halero so kindly bestowed upon Mordaunt Mertoun at the Udaller's feast: the reason, I believe, is that they are both drawn from the same source,—a note of Mr. Malone's in Spence's *Anecdotes*. In the same book we have a very accurate account left us of the manner in which Addison used to pass his time, which gives us no bad idea of the occupations and amusements of a literary man a century ago. He usually employed all the morning in study, then met his party at Button's, and dined there a good deal earlier, it must be remembered, than our modern fashionables do at Brunet's: after dinner he was accustomed to sit five or six hours, and sometimes pretty far into the night. It seems that Pope was of this company for about a year, but he found it too much for his health, and therefore seceded. If I remember aright, for I cannot at this moment discover the passage, it was at Button's that pastoral Phillips hung up a rod, with which he threatened to chastise poor Pope, should he ever venture to make his appearance there. The principal coffee-houses after Wills's were Child's in St. Paul's church-yard, which used to be a great resort of the clergy; St. James's coffee-house, famous for its politicians; Jonathan's in 'Change-alley, the Rose near Temple-bar, the Grecian, and the Cocoa-tree. I have already remarked that the tavern-system is entirely out of fashion at the present day; for although pleasant people are occasionally to be met with in such places, our literati are seldom seen within their precincts. The observation made by a modern man of letters, that our booksellers' shops are now what the coffee-houses were formerly, is very just. He instances Ridgway's in Piccadilly, where many celebrated political characters might frequently be met with, but the latter class of gentlemen are still fond of congregating at coffee-houses, as White's and Brookes's and Boodle's sufficiently testify.

After leaving Wills's, and passing through a region sacred to the drama, I resolved to make the best of my way to the Green-park, and then through St. James's to Westminster. On my road, however, I made a pilgrimage to Dryden's house, in Gerrard-street—the fifth on the left hand, in coming from Little Newport-street. The apartments behind looked into the gardens of Leicester House; but the poet generally wrote in a room on the ground floor, next the street. The celebrated Literary club also had its domicile in this street, at a house called the Turk's Head. Having inspected the mansion of Glorious John, I speedily arrived at the Park. These great spiracles of the metropolis can never be sufficiently praised. They furnish the smoke-dried citizens with both air and exercise; to take advantage of which, they at the same time afford an inducement by the gaiety and liveliness of the scene. The Parks have long been classic ground. They were formerly a notorious scene of action for the duellists, when swords were in fashion; so that no report of fire-arms alarmed the neighbourhood. Thus the fatal duel which Burnet relates, in which Duke Hamilton fell, took place in the Park; and in the same place, Fiddling has laid the scene of the encounter between Captain Booth and the valiant Major Gascoigne. As I proceeded, the fresh air gave a keener edge to my appetite, and brought to my mind Goldsmith's friend, the strolling player, whom he discovered in St. James's park, about the



hour at which company leave it to go to dinner. It seems to have been the practice at that time, for such unfortunates as were compelled to pass the day *impransi*, to take a walk in this place, in lieu of satisfying their cravings in a more substantial manner.

The Parks have many curious recollections connected with them; but alas! how seldom in these days do the feet of the wise and the witty traverse them. "This evening," says Swift, "I met Addison and Pastoral Phillips in the Park, and supped with them at Addison's lodgings. We were very good company." Who would doubt it? We are better enabled to trace the Dean's perambulations than those of any other of the illustrious dead, by the minute details which he has left of all his proceedings in his Journal to Stella. I love to follow the doctor's footsteps, as he proceeded in his wig and gown (for at that time the sons of mother church ever went thus attired), and to trace him in his various walks through the metropolis. He appears always to have been a great advocate for exercise. In his youth he used to run up and down hill till he was tired, for the sake of the exertion; and in his maturer years he was accustomed, with childish playfulness, to drive his friends the Grattans before him, and pursue them through the spacious apartments of the Deanery. Whilst residing in London, during Harley's administration, he lived in various parts of the town. His first lodging appears to have been in Bury-street, where, says he, "I have a first floor, a dining-room, and a bedchamber, at eight shillings a week—plagny deep, but I spend nothing for eating; never go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach; yet, after all, it will be expensive." How would the Dean have groaned at the present price of lodgings? He next removed to St. Alban's-street, where he paid at the same rate, and "had the use of a parlour to receive persons of quality." He afterwards took a lodging in Suffolk-street, and "designed to walk the park and the town," to supply his walks to Chelsea. Of his excursions to the latter place, he has left a most particular account: "My way is this: I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, then walk up the Pall Mall, through the Park, out at Buckingham House, and so to Chelsea, a little beyond the church. I set out about sunset, and get here in something less than an hour. It is two good miles, and just 5748 steps; so there is four miles a-day walking, without reckoning what I walk whilst I stay in London." At one time he resided near Leicester-Fields, where he paid the enormous sum of ten shillings a week; upon which he observes, "that won't hold out long, faith." He appears, before he became so intimate with the Vanhomrigh's, to have been very fond of walking in the Park. "The days are now long enough to walk in the Park after dinner, and so I do whenever it is fair. This walking is a strange remedy: Mr. Prior walks to make himself fat, and I to bring myself down. We often walk round the Park together." It is curious to observe, as his acquaintance with Vanessa grew more intimate, how he forsook the Park, and preferred a walk into the city, which was not, in all probability, merely for walking's sake. "I had good walking to-day in the city, and take all opportunities of it on purpose for my health; but I can't walk in the Park, because it is only for walking's sake, and loses time, so I mix it with business." In one of his letters he relates, in his own whimsical way, an incident which I cannot forbear repeating. The chair-

men who were carrying him through the Park, squeezed a great fellow against the wall, who wisely turned his back, and broke one of the side-glasses into a thousand pieces. The Dean began scolding, pretending he was nearly cut to pieces, and made the chairmen set down the chair while they picked out the bits of the glass; and when he paid them, he still appeared to quarrel, so that they dared not grumble; and he came off for his fare, but plaguy afraid, as he tells his correspondent, lest they should have said, "God bless your honour, won't you give us something for our glass?" The Dean must have been highly pleased thus to have been able to gratify, at one time, his love both of fun and money.

Emerging from the Park, I strolled past the venerable Hall, and more venerable Abbey, not without offering due homage to the *Genius loci*. But the recollections of these scenes are too numerous and splendid to require the aid of my humble pen: I therefore passed on my way, and took boat at the Whitehall stairs. What burthens of royalty and beauty, and wisdom and wit, noble river! hast thou borne on thy bosom! Who shall forget the magnificent description which the great northern enchanter has given us, of the princely company which floated upon thy waters when Elizabeth and her court were borne along thy waves? But never did the Thames exhibit a more imposing spectacle, than when the seven bishops were borne on its tide to the Tower, while upon its banks thousands upon thousands encouraged their persecuted pastors with acclamations, or accompanied their course with fervent prayers. Nor is the river devoid of lighter associations; and amongst these, the visit of Sir Roger de Coverley to Vauxhall, or, as it was then called, Spring Garden, must not be forgotten. I have been very anxious to discover the exact spot in which the Dean of St. Patrick used to perform the ceremony of ablution, but I have hitherto been unsuccessful. The account he gives of his bathing in the Thames after walking home, when he was so miserably hot that he was in "as perfect a passion as ever he was in his life at the greatest affront or provocation," is highly diverting. "I was every moment," says he, "disturbed by boats—rot them; and that puppy Patrick standing ashore would let them come within a yard or two, and then call sneakingly to them: the only comfort I proposed here in hot weather is gone, for there is no joking with these boats after 'tis dark. I had none last night: I dived to dip my head, and held my cap on with both my hands for fear of losing it." Notwithstanding this instance of his negligence, I have always had the highest esteem for Patrick, the Dean's servant; and, indeed, I purpose, should my avocations permit, to compose a little essay on his "character and genius."

I have hitherto traced but a few of the many interesting literary and historical recollections with which the metropolis abounds. *The city* is richly stored with them; and I have not yet perambulated "a street they call Southwark," as one of Mackenzie's rustic heroes expresses himself. But while the relics of antiquity afford no mean amusement, the living excellence which London can boast ought not to be forgotten. It is the variety of its learned, accomplished, and cultivated society, which, after all, is its chief charm, and which renders a residence even in the heart of this murky mass of brick, preferable to a seclusion in the most romantic solitude. "The happiness of London," says John-

son, "is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit, than in all the rest of the kingdom." For my own part, I must confess I rather agree with Pope's fair correspondent, than with the poet himself; "You sigh out," says he, "in the ardour of your heart—Oh! playhouses, parks, operas, assemblies, London! I cry with rapture—Oh! woods, gardens, rook-eries, fishponds, harbours!" R\*.

#### PARTED LOVE.

"Thou wert too like a dream of heaven  
For earthly love to merit thee."

WE parted, and we knew it was for ever—

We knew it, yet we parted: then each thought  
And inmost feeling of our souls, which never

Had else been breath'd in words, rush'd forth and sought  
Their sweet home in each other's hearts, and there  
They lived and grew 'mid sadness and despair.

It was not with the bonds of common love

Our hearts were knit together; they had been  
Silent companions in those griefs which move

And purify the soul, and we had seen  
Each other's strength and truth of mind, and hence  
We loved with passion's holiest confidence.

And virtue was the great bond that united

Our guileless hopes in love's simplicity;  
And in those higher aims we meekly slighted

The shallow feelings and weak vanity  
Which the world calls affection, for our eyes  
Had not been caught with smiles, our hearts with sighs.

We parted (as our hearts had loved) in duty

To Heaven and virtue, and we both resign'd  
Our cherish'd trust—I all her worth and beauty,

And she th' untold devotion of my mind.

We parted in mute anguish, but we bent  
Lowly to Him whose love is chastisement.

It was, perchance, her spirit had been goaded

With suffering past its bearing—that her frail  
But patient heart had been so deeply loaded

With sorrow that its chords were forced to fail.  
Sever'd by more than distance, I was told  
Her heart amid its troubles had grown cold.

She rests in Heaven, and I—I could not follow:

My soul was crush'd, not broken: and I live  
To think of all her love; and feel how hollow

Are the sick gladnesses the world can give.

I live in faith and holy calm to prove

My heart was not unworthy of such love.

R.

ON THE GAME OF CHESS IN EUROPE DURING THE  
THIRTEENTH CENTURY.\*

THE names of the Chess-men during this early period, were the Rey, Reyne, Fers or Ferce, Alfyn or Auphin, Chivalier, Roc or Rok, and Poun, answering to our King, Queen, Bishop, Knight, Rook and Pawn: these pieces are mentioned in the poem of *La Vieille* (a MS. in the Royal Library at Paris, quoted in a Memoir on Chess drawn up by M. Freret in 1729):—

En deux parts veoir y pourrés  
Rey, Roc, Cheualier et Auphin  
Fierce et Peon.

The barons and their rich feudatories spared no expense in having them composed of the most rare and costly materials: thus we read of one set made of jasper and crystal; of another set formed of precious stones and gold; of a third set of Chess-men whose Reys, Ferces, Chivaliers, Rocs, and Alfyns, were carved from *or molu*, sapphires, and topazes, and their Pouns from emeralds and rubies.† In the romance of "*Ahsaundr*," there is a description of a splendid set of Chess-men, which are stated to be the workmanship of pilgrims:

The Ches of saphires ware y-wys,  
And of topaze that richest is:  
Pilgrimes thame maid with slicht,  
They ware full fere to se with sicht.  
*Weber's Met. Rom. l. 1, p. lxxi.*

The Chess-men generally used were of ivory|| of various colours, either red and black, white and black, or red and green. The Chess-boards (*eschequier*) were no less splendid: those played on by the nobility were inlaid sometimes with jasper and crystal, and the rim of the board of fine gold; sometimes with silver and gold¶, and some-

\* Continued from vol. iv. page 502.

† "Item unum scaccarium de jaspide et chalsidonio, cum familia, videlicet una parte de jaspide, et alia parte de cristallo."—*Le Roman de Parise la Duchesse. MS.*

‡ "Ibi pro Reverentia B. Martyris plurima reliquit insignia, scilicet scachos crystallinos, et lapides pretiosos, et auri plurimum."—*Hist. Translat. S. Sremonni in actis SS. Benedicte. Saeculo 3.*

§ Li Eschequier est tiel, onques miendre ne fu:  
Les liées sont d'or fin à trifoire fondu;  
Li paon d'esmeraudes vertes com prè herbu,  
Li autres de rubis vermaus com ardant fu;  
Roy, fierce, cheualier, aulfu, roc et cornu,  
Furent fet de saphir, et si ot or molu;  
Li autre de topace, o toute lor vertu:  
Moult sont bel à veoir drecie et espandu.

|| *Et Poem. Alex. MS. part 2.*

¶ In the account of the wardrobe of Edward I. published by the Society of Anti-quaries, are the following items:

Una familia pro scaccario de jaspide et cristallo, in uno coffro.

Una familia de Flore pro ludendo ad scaccarium.

In the romance of *St. Graal* are these words:—"Puis voit l'Eschiquier et les Eschets assis au Tablier d'or, les uns d'ivoire, les autres d'or."

¶ "A yn Scacchier d'or et d'argen, jue o suen cheualier."—*Roman de la guerre*  
*1. Tercet. MS.*

times with emeralds and rubies.\* The tinctures of the squares on those boards that were most frequently used, were white and yellow, white and red, and white and black; it is needless to add (after the perusal of the preceding Romances) that these Chess-boards were composed of exceedingly massive materials. I will now describe the powers of the various pieces:

### § I. The Rey.

The common Oriental name given to this piece was شَاه *Shah*, equivalent to our European word *Rey* or *King*; and it is from this piece that the game derives its name.† The original movement of the *Rey* appears to have been extremely confined, he being incapacitated from moving, except driven to the necessity of extricating himself from an adverse *Check*: this may in some measure be accounted for by reflecting, that as the value of the *Rey* at this game is beyond calculation (since the instant he is mated the contest is decided), they were therefore the less willing to risk his person in the field. About the commencement of the thirteenth century the *Rey* had the move of our present *King*, with a restriction, that he could neither move nor take *angularly*, but always directly, and the reason of this prohibition (from the taste that predominated in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries of moralizing almost every subject) seems to have been, *that the King ought to take every thing justly*.‡ This restriction, however, in a very short period was taken away, and the *Rey* had the power of moving and taking as well angularly as directly; but his range of action never extended beyond one square.

\* In the romance of "*Alisaunder*" mentioned before, is the following description of a superb chess-board:

The leifis of gold war fare and fyne,  
Subtyll wrought with ane engyne,  
The poynts of emeraudis schynand schyre,  
And of rubics brenand as fyre.

† An ancient Hebrew treatise on the game entitled "*Delineo Regis*," expressly states that,

הַמֶּלֶךְ הָרִאשׁוֹן בַּמְעֻלָּה וְנִדְלָה וּבִלְשׁוֹן פְּרָטִי מִבְּנֵה שָׁח  
וְעַד שְׁמוֹ נִקְרָא הַצָּחוֹק שֶׁהָ דָּרָךְ עָלָיו וְשִׁבְחָה:

i. e. *The King is first in excellence and dignity, and in the Persian language is called Sháh; and from his name this game for the sake of excellence and dignity is called Sháh.*

‡ Our ancestors were constantly representing the game of Chess as a picture of human life: the Morality of Pope Innocent thus commences,—"*Mundus iste totus est quasi quoddam seccarium, cujus punctus unus est Deus, duo niger et albus, duplicem statum vite et mortis, gratia et culpa. Familia hujus seccarii sunt homines hujus mundi, qui omnes de uno saeculo extrahuntur, et in diversis hujus mundi collocantur; et singuli habent diversa nomina—unus dicitur Rex, alter Regina, 3 Rochus, 4 Miles, 5 Alphius, 6 Pedinus. Latius autem huius condito talis est, ut unus alios capiat; et cum ludum compleverunt, sicut de uno saeculo exierunt, sic in uno loco iterum reponuntur.*" &c.—MS. Sloan. B. 29, among a variety of tales, has likewise a Morality on Chess, which begins in these words:—"Seccarium habet octo puncta in omni parte; sic in ludo mundi sunt octo genera hominum, Wyrdhede, Wykkydhede, Clerici, Laici, Divites et Pauperes," &c. It then proceeds to describe the moves of the Chess-men.

The move of the *Rey* is thus given in various MSS.—In MS. Bibl. Reg. 12 E. xxi.

§ II. *The Ferce.*

The name of this piece is alone sufficient to confirm the idea of Chess being of Eastern origin, *Fers*, *Ferce*, *Fierce* or *Fierge*, (as it is variously spelt in Manuscripts) is derived from the Persian فرز *Pherz*, which signifies a wise and learned man capable of giving counsel to the شاه *Sháh*: Dr. Hyde also remarks that "Cum Hieroniam Sacerdotem Gaveina Scachos mihi recitantem percontarer, qualis esset *Pherz*, ille respondebat, Ἐπίτροπος τοῦ Βασιλέως, Commissionarius regis, Procurator ejus, et Negotiorum ipsius Curator," and immediately subjoins that "ejusmodi Viros prudentiâ et sapientiâ insignes secum habere solebant Persarum reges, quibus res suas gerendas credebant." On the introduction of Chess into Europe, this word *Ferce* was by an

Ante retroq' ferit hostes et sterner' querit,  
Sic sua legem il' (*ideo*) no' debet tangere regem;  
Cum quis insidias regi p' verba minatur  
Rex illi cedat ne devictus adeatur;  
Na' Jam Scak' dicunt regi si cedo' nescit  
Mox captivus erit et sic erimen illi crescit  
Denique regi p'ulverem suppetit  
Cetera turba recte age habet q' rege regente

"In isto ludo rex vadit circumq'q' directe et capit' vadit' semp' directe in signumq' rex o'ia nescit, capit' et in nullo omnia sua iusticia o'ibus exhibe. Et o'bliq' collig' quare debet, sed modo qua'quid rex agit iusticia reputat' qui qu'q' p'usq' p'feret quis hat *Utrumq' d.*" — *Abu. Juss. Leonardi Pope.*

A Latin Poem on this game, named the MSS. in the Bodleian Library, confirms the belief of the passive power of the Rey unless driven from his square by an adverse check.

Contra ipsam non movetur, nisi Scachum datur;  
Si claudatur Regi Scachum vel ab uno pedite.  
Declinare statim debet proximum ad tabulam.  
Si non habet ubi pergat Scachum movenda audiat.

Aben Ezra in his Hebrew Poem on Chess, speaking of the Rey, says also,

יוהר בעת שבתו וצאתו  
יהלום ובמקום תחנותו  
ואם אויבו באימה ועלה לו  
ונער בו ויברח מפוקמו

to which I subjoin Dr. Hyde's version,

Et cautus est (Rey) tempore sedendi et exundi  
Ad præliandum, et quoque in loco ea framelationis suæ.  
Ut, si nimicus cum terrore ascenderit contra illam,  
Eunq'que increpuit, tum poterit fugere à loco suo.

Rabbi Aben Jacobia, in his elegant מליצה על צחוק *Oratio super Scachos* likewise recommends the Rey to remain inactive during the contest.

המלך ללכת מבוית לבית משלחו אחת היא ותו בין  
באלכסון בין ושר במרוצה כל אשר חפץ עשה ולא ירום  
לבבו להרחיב צעדין במלחמה פן ימות במלחמה:

Rex quidem incedendo à domo in domum in dominio suo unicam legem habet, ut tam obliquè quam rectè in cursu suo, faciat omnia quæ lubet. At non debet exultari cor ejus ad dilatandum gressus suos in bello, ne forte in bello moriatur." But the "*Delicia Regis*" is still more explicit, and expressly states that the Rey is not to move from his square unless compelled by necessity: the words of the original are:

ואינו מפחד ביתו בכלעת רק אם השעה צריכה לכך

easy mutation corrupted into *Vierge* a Virgin, and afterwards into *Reyne* a Queen, though the old term of *Ferce* still continued to be used and still retained its originally limited movements, until this restraint (according to the opinion of M. Freret, whom I have already quoted,) was probably considered by our ancestors as a slavery more consonant to the jealous policy of the East than to the liberty which European females enjoy; they therefore extended the steps and prerogatives of this piece, and with a gallantry natural to an age of chivalry and politeness, permitted the lady to become at last the most considerable piece in the game. The substitution of a female at this game in the room of the *Vizier* of the Orientals has been thus ingeniously explained:—"Men were soon persuaded that the picture of human life, under which they represented Chess, would be very imperfect without a woman; that sex plays too important a part not to have a place in the game: and hence they changed the Minister into a Queen, the similarity of the words *Ferce* and *Vierge* facilitating the change." During this century the *Ferce* could move only *one* square at a time, and that angularly, and *never* directly: thus the old romance of "*La Violette*,"

"Le Roy, la Fierge, et le Peon, saillent vn point,"

so that we may consider the *Ferce* as having been the least considerable of the Chess-pieces.\*

#### § II. *The Alfyn.*

The Eastern name given to this piece was *فيل* *Phil* an Elephant. *Jacobus de Cesolis* calls it *Alphilus*, but the Italians having corrupted the word *Alfil* into *Alfinus*, or *Alfin*, the latter became the most usual appellation and produced the *Alfin*, *Aufyn*, and *Auphin*, used indifferently in ancient Chess MSS. The French, ignorant of the true meaning of the Eastern term *Phil*, have substituted *Fol*, somewhat similar in sound, but of a very different signification.†

i. e. "nec incedit à porta domus suæ quovis tempore, nisi hora necessitatis ad hoc."

\* Innocent in the "*Moralitas*," is not very complimentary to this piece: "Regina quæ dicitur *Fers* vadit et capit obliquè; quia tam avarissimum sit genus mulierum, quodcumque capitur nisi meritò detur ex gratia rapina est et injusticia." Lydgate, in a Poem on Chess, quoted by Dr. Hyde, makes mention of this piece:—

So all folpys bertuousse,  
that gentil bene and amercous,  
which love the fair pley notable,  
of the Chessse most delectable,  
which all her boote full entente,  
to them this boke y will presente:  
where they shall fynde and son anon,  
how that I nar yere agoone,  
was of a *Fers* so fortunat  
into a corner drive and maaf, &c.

† Dr. Hyde makes the following observation on the substitution of a *Queen* and *Bishop* into the game, instead of the *Counsellor* and *Elephant* of the Oriental play ers:—"Qui autem *Reginam* et *Episcopum* in hunc ludum introduxerunt, fortè opinati sunt eum esse representationem Curie regalis, dum quod verè eo designatum est ignorarint; non attendentes eum natum fuisse apud Indos, qui non habent *Episcopos*; vel si haberent eos, tamen bello interesse non posse; nec advertentes quàm absurdum sit in hujus ludi progressu, ex gregario milite fieri *Reginam*, quasi ex viro fieri possit *luzina*: eum potius quodvis fictitium debeat esse imitatio veri." *Thomæ Hyde Shah-ludium*; *Oxon.* 1694, 12mo. p. 77. *M. Freret* (in his *Memoir*

In the thirteenth century the Alfyn had the diagonal move of our Bishop, restricted in its range of action to the *third square* from which it stood; or, to express myself more clearly, it was necessary that it should be distant from the adverse piece *one clear square*: thus, suppose a white Alfyn be on the 4th square of his Rey, he could then capture any Pawn or piece standing 1. on the adverse Rey's Chivalier's *third square*; 2. Reyne's Alfyn's *third square*; 3. his own Rey's Chivalier's *second square*; and 4. his Reyne's Alfyn's *second square*. But, as he was always incapacitated from moving to a greater or less number of squares, no piece could be either captured or considered *en prise*, if situated close to it, or removed at a greater distance than the *third square*. As a compensation for so confined an action on the board, the Alfyn had a very singular peculiarity bestowed on it: in capturing, it possessed the *vaulting* power of the Chivalier. Thus, if a white Alfyn be on his Rey's 4th square, a black or white Rok on the adverse Reyne's 1th square, and a black Poun on his Reyne's Alfyn's 3d square, the white Alfyn (in this or any similar situation) could capture the black Poun, notwithstanding the interposition of the Rok: but the subsequent extension of its range of action deprived him, in the course of time, of this vaulting motion.\*

on *l'Origine du Jeu des Echiers*) comments very justly on the absurdity complained of by Dr. Hyde. The arguments he makes use of are—that if the *Fierz* or *Fierge* be a Vizier, a minister of state, or a general, we may easily conceive how a Pawn, or common soldier, may be promoted to that rank, as a recompense for his valour in having pierced through the enemy's battalions. But, if the *Fierge* be a lady, the Queen, or the King's wife, by what strange metamorphosis does the Pawn change his sex, and, from a soldier, turn into a woman and marry the King in reward of his valour? This sole absurdity proves that the second piece at Chess has been improperly named *Fierz* or *Queen*. The ancient writers on the game, to get rid of this anomaly, endeavour to insinuate that such Fierus as are made *Fierces*, were always females; but they explain this in so awkward and unsatisfactory a manner, that the point is left precisely where it is taken up. Thus, in the 5th Game (*Le Gué des Damoyssels*) of the Chess MS. *Bibl. Reg.* 13 A. XXIII, the following lines occur:—

Les damoiseles me vnt requis.  
Ke lour guy ne soyt oblis.  
E pur lamour qe a eus ay.  
Lour guy en ceste esc't mettray.  
Seynours li pou' ces mest auys.  
Signeient meschines de pris.  
Kar reynes faimes de pounes.  
E du'kes fierces les appellomes.  
E pur ceo damoyseles signeif'nt.  
'Non pas garconnes en' les vnes di'nt.  
Kar si li pou' males estoÿt.  
James femeles ne devrayt

The damsels have requested me,  
'That their game should not be forgotten,  
And for the love that I bear to them,  
I have in this book set down their game.  
Lordings, the Pawns, this is my advice,  
Signify ladies of price (*value*);  
For Queens made from Pawns,  
Then we call Pierces;  
And because they signify Damsels,  
They are not Boys as some say,  
For if the Pawns were males,  
Then they could not be females.

And the writer, after a few lines, concludes,

E pur ceo ke ceste guy est on pou'.  
Le guy de damoiseles appellom.

And because this is a game with PAWNS,  
The Game of DAMSELS we call it.

\* In Aben Ezra's excellent little Poem on Chess, the moves of the Alfyn are thus explained:—

והפיל בקרב הולך וקרב  
והוא נצב עלי הער פאורב  
כמו פרו הליכתו אבל יש  
לזה יתרון למה שהוא משלש



§ IV *The Cavalier*

The name of this piece, although European, has strictly preserved the meaning of its Eastern original for the Arabic *فارس* *Pharus*, the Persian *اسب* *Asp*, the Turkish *آیت* *Âit*, and the Jewish *סוס* *Sus*, or *פרש* *Phmarsh*—are precisely similar in signification and movement on the board, to the European *Cavalier* or *Knight*.\* As this piece has undergone no variation in its power of moving, it is needless to dwell longer on it.

## PIETER PINDARICS

*The Tatler and the Rustic*

CARDINAL Wolsey was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach. Shall I not say  
Meaning, (in metaphors) for ever puffing,  
To swell beyond his size and span  
But had he been a player of our day  
I trow, I doubt without stuffing,  
He would have owned that Wolsey's bull-terrier  
I could not that within the bounds  
This actor's belt surrounds  
Which is, moreover, all alive and real  
This player, when the peace enable I holds  
Of our odd fishes  
To visit every cline between the poles  
Swam with the stream, a hurricane kind  
Although his wishes  
Might not in this proceeding be mistaken,  
For he went out professionally—bent  
To see how money might be made, not spent  
In this most hadible employ  
He found himself at full one afternoon  
And that he might the better enjoy,  
And catch a peep at the ascending moon,

Deinde Elephas ad bellum prodit et accedit,  
Ad locum collocatur apertum quem insidet  
Sicut et Phœnix ante suscipit, nisi quod sit  
Hinc precellentia eo quod illi sit et tutior

The restricted movement of this piece to the *31<sup>st</sup>* square is what Alfen<sup>†</sup> describes by the Hebrew word *משלש*.

MS. Sloane 1029—“Secundus Alphimus, qui curat tres puncta, qui summum et deorsum respicit, &c.” The Morality of Pope Innocent states, that “The Alpha oblique transcant et caput *tres puncta perit*, &c.” and the poem in the Bodl. Library (quoted by Dr. Hyde) has a very particular allusion to the powers of this piece.

Cecidit Caelus per transversum tertium ad tribunal,  
Sedit semper in oculo, iussit ut rapit,  
Sæpe nimique suo furto separat victoriam

\* MS. *Brit. Regiæ*, 12 *h. 1. 1.*—

Miles ab obliquo parvo mediante relicto  
Prosilit et fortius prostravit fortiori hostem.

† Miles vero in capiendis in puncta transit ducti, et tertium obliquum in summum quod milites et domini terram poterunt inde capere redditus decem et prius circumis et delinquentibus secundum exigentiam, sed tertium punctum obliquum curat illagari et injustas exactiones extorqueat a subditis suis—*Met. 1. 1. 1.*—*cento Pape*

Out of the town he took a stroll,  
 Refreshing in the fields his soul  
 With sight of streams and trees and snowy fleeces,  
 And thoughts of crowded houses and new pieces.  
 When we are pleasantly employed time flies,  
 He counted up his profits, in the skies  
 Until the moon began to shine,  
 On which he gazed awhile, and then  
 Pull'd out his watch, and cried—"Past nine!  
 "Why, zounds, they shut the gates at ten!"—  
 Backwards he turn'd his steps *instantly*,  
 Stumping along with might and main;  
 And though 'tis plain  
 He couldn't gallop, trot, or canter,  
 (Those who had seen him would confess it,) he  
 March'd well for one of such obesity.  
 Eyeing his watch, and now his forehead mopping,  
 He puff'd and blew along the road,  
 Afraid of melting, more afraid of stopping,  
 When in his path he met a clown  
 Returning from the town  
 "Tell me," he panted in a thawing state,  
 "Dost think I can get in, friend, at the gate?"  
 "Get in!" replied the hesitating loon,  
 Measuring with his eye our bulky wight,—  
 "Why—yes, Sir, I should think you might,  
 A load of hay went in this afternoon"

11.

*The Bank Clerk and the Stable-Keepers.*

Shewing how Peter was undone  
 By taking care of Number One.

OF Peter Prim (so Johnson would have written)

Let me indulge in the remembrance;—Peter!

Thy formal phiz has oft my fancy smitten,

For sure the Bank had never a completer

Quiz among its thousand clerks,

Than he who now elicits our remarks.

Prim was a formalist, a prig,

A solemn fop, an office Martinet,

One of those small precisians who look big

If half an hour before their time they get

To an appointment, and abuse those elves

Who are not over-punctual, like themselves.

If you should mark his powder'd head betimes,

And polish'd shoes in Lothbury,

You knew the hour, for the three-quarter chimes

Invariably struck as he went by.

From morning fines he always saved his gammon,

Not from his hate of sloth, but love of Mammon.

For Peter had a special eye

To Number One:—his charity

At home beginning, ne'er extends,

But where it started had its end too.

And as to lending cash to friends,

Luckily he had none to lend to.

No purchases so cheap as his,

While no one's bargains went so far,

And though in dress a deadly quiz,

No Quaker more particular.

This live automaton, who seem'd  
 To move by clock-work, ever keen  
 To live upon the saving plan,  
 Had soon the honour to be deem'd  
 That selfish, heartless, cold machine,  
 Call'd in the City—a warm man.

A Bank Director once, who dwelt at Chigwell,  
 Prim to a turtle-feast invited,  
 And as the reader knows the prig well,  
 I need not say he went, delighted!  
 For great men, when they let you slice their meat  
 May give a slice of lean—a richer treat.

No stage leaves Chigwell after eight,  
 Which was too early to come back;  
 So after much debate,

Peter resolved to hire a hack,  
 The more inclined to this because he knew  
 In London Wall, at Number Two,  
 An economic stable-keeper,  
 From whom he hoped to get one cheaper.

Behold him mounted on his jade,  
 A perfect Johnny-Gilpin figure,  
 But the good bargain he had made  
 Compensating for sneer and snigger,  
 He trotted on,—arrived—sat down,  
 Devour'd enough for six or seven,  
 His horse remounted, and reach'd town  
 As he had fix'd—exactly at eleven.  
 But whether habit led him, or the Fates,  
 To give a preference to Number One  
 (As he had always done),

Or that the darkness jumbled the two gates,  
 Certain it is he gave *that* bell a drag,  
 Instead of Number Two,  
 Rode in—dismounted—left his nag,  
 And homeward hurried without more ado.

Some days elapsed, and no one came  
 To bring the bill, or payment claim:  
 He 'gan to hope 'twas overlook'd—  
 Forgotten quite, or never book'd—  
 An error which the honesty of Prim  
 Would ne'er have rectified, if left to him.  
 After six weeks, however, comes a pair

Of groom-like looking men,  
 Each with a bill, which Peter they submit to;  
 One for the six weeks' *hire* of a bay mare,  
 And one for six weeks' *keep* of ditto:  
 Together—twenty-two pounds ten!

The tale got wind.—What, Peter make a blunder!  
 There was no end of joke, and quiz, and wonder,  
 Which, with the loss of cash, so mortified  
 Prim, that he suffer'd an attack

Of bile, and bargain'd with a quack,  
 Who daily swore to cure him—till he died;  
 When, as no will was found,

His scraped, and saved, and hoarded store  
 Went to a man to whom, some months before,  
 He had refused to lend a pound.

## LETTERS ON A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.\*

## NO. IV.

Ev'n here where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend.

GOLDSMITH.

Nothing could be more prepossessing than the amiable manners and zealous attentions of these religious hosts. The superior did not appear till supper, at six o'clock. In the mean time we were conducted into the refectory, a spacious sombre saloon, with dark oak wainscoting, and hung round with old pictures of the superiors and other ecclesiastics. A fire was then lighted for us in another large saloon, possessing a chimney-place; where several of the monks joined us, and interested us by their lively and intelligent conversation. Some bread and wine were brought us, and the Paris newspapers which they received regularly, and which were scarcely a week old; and our hosts, who never appear to slumber in body or mind; eagerly entered into discussion on the contest between the Greeks and the Turks; the proceedings against the late Queen; and various other topics of political interest. On these subjects some of them conversed with a degree of knowledge and of interest on passing events which could hardly be exceeded by the active quidnuncs of St. James's-street or the Royal Exchange. Their life is, in fact, passed in a spiritual and temporal activity; and the common reproaches of monkish ease and indulgence would be very ill indeed applied to the little community of St. Bernard. This is no place where "slumber abbots purple as their vines." The climate is so severe that none but young men can support its rigour: of the thirty or thirty-five monks of the establishment, we found about fifteen resident: scarcely three of these were above the age of thirty. The Superior, who is a venerable and dignified old man, was only there by accident: a general Chapter having been held the day before. He ordinarily resides at Martigny in the valley. Even the young men are frequently afflicted with cramps, rheumatisms, and other disorders. The superintendence of the temporal affairs and duties of the establishment finds ample employment for a large number. Their rents (now dreadfully diminished) are to be received—provisions laid in—wood felled from the forests in the valley: twenty or thirty horses are generally employed in these labours. Strangers are to be lodged and provided for according to their rank and appearance,—seven or eight thousand persons are computed to pass the St. Bernard in a year, the greater part of whom spend the night at the convent; and above all, during seven or eight months in the year, several of the monks and servants of the establishment are employed in the humane and perilous office of exploring the most dangerous and difficult passages among the glaciers and snows in quest of distressed travellers. The celebrated dogs, which they use on these expeditions, are indeed noble animals. We saw two or three stalking about the convent in temporary repose. They are large, strong, and muscular; short-haired, and of a dull sandy colour, with black muzzles and thick heads, resembling both a Newfoundland dog and an English mastiff, with a character of great strength and sagacity. They carry in their perambulations a basket furnished with provisions and woollen clothes, which seasonable com-

forts have often been the means of saving the lives of half-frozen and famished sufferers. They have a quick scent, and are easily attracted to the spot where a human being lies. Their natural sagacity is improved by training; and they either lead their masters to the place, or, where its situation has been quite inaccessible to the monks themselves, they have frequently dragged frozen persons over the snows to their masters, by whose timely care they have been restored to life. A magnificent dog, from the St. Bernard, is preserved stuffed in the Museum at Berne, who is said to have been the means of saving the lives of twenty-eight individuals. Unhappily, these noble creatures suffer, like their masters, from the severity of their life and labours. They are short-lived, and old age soon comes upon them. A dog of seven or eight years old, the Superior informed us, is generally infirm and disabled. At the hour of supper we met all the monks in the refectory, and were presented to the Superior, an interesting man, thin in person, somewhat bowed with years, wearing the collar and cross of his dignity over the ordinary garb of the convent, and whose manners and conversation had a grace and refinement which rendered his good sense and intelligent remarks peculiarly pleasing. A long Latin grace was said before we sat down to table; the Superior leading, and the monks joining in general responses. As our visit happened unluckily on a Friday, we were not able to form a fair estimate of the convent kitchen. Soup, omelettes, and other dishes of eggs and vegetables, formed the bill of fare, which, to say truth, was not of the most satisfactory kind to travellers who had rode ten long leagues on mules, and found themselves, at the end of their journey, in a climate of a most animating rarity. An agreeable wine from the vineyards of the convent in the Vallais, called the St. Bernard wine, was a pleasant accompaniment of our lenten fare; and the conversation of the superior and his brethren agreeably enlivened our potations. About nine o'clock the Superior withdrew, and we presently retired to our chambers, situated in a vast gloomy corridor, running the whole length of the building, divided in the middle by a heavy iron grille, and adorned with old dusty pictures of a long line of superiors, priors, protecting popes, and princely benefactors of the house. My bed-room was a spacious lofty chamber, with double casements, a wainscot hung closely with fresh pictures of mitred, crosiered, and cassocked churchmen, frowning in all the stiff outlines of the sixteenth century; and a lofty bed of nearly the same date, with heavy red maroon hangings and vallances, whose old-fashioned solidity I found extremely serviceable in fencing out the cold of the apartment. A few old Latin volumes of theology were ranged on a shelf, and a fine modern telescope of Dollond's stood on a stand, which appeared from the inscription to have been presented by an English general-officer to the convent. No chamber in the Castle of Otranto could possibly have been, in all respects, a more fitting scene for an encounter with a bleeding nun, or the shade of a deposed prior. As I lay down, and drew the maroon curtains very close round the bed, I could not help thinking—"If ever I am to be gratified with a spiritual visit, for which so many have sighed, this is certainly the time and place—Seven thousand feet nearer heaven than my friends in England—many leagues from the abode of man—under a roof which has weathered the Alpine blast and the avalanche for three centuries—grey

friars and pale nuns in effigy all round me, and perhaps the troubled spirits of the poor beings who bleach on the rocks without sepulture, flitting about in the winds which moan against the casement. "If I see no ghost here, I am certainly ghost-proof." That I did see none, that I slept soundly, undisturbed even by any ominous rattling of the casement, or rustling of the old pictures (which must infallibly have occurred to a German student, or a young lady well-read in Mrs. Radcliffe), I can only ascribe in part to bodily fatigue, and in part to that provoking scepticism which has hitherto marred all my efforts to see a ghost.

The next morning the *Sommelier* of the convent awoke me early, and I went to mass in the chapel situated at one end of the long corridor. It is a neat handsome little building, with a decent organ—one of the monks performed mass, and several others attended. Three Valaisanne girls, dressed in the singular costume of the canton, attended the service, having come up to the convent for a day to see a relation among the monks, and to gratify their curiosity as to this wonder of the neighbourhood. On one side of the chapel is placed a simple and elegant marble monument to the memory of General Dessaix—a singular place of repose for the ashes of a French republican General and bosom-friend of Napoleon.—Dessaix fell at Marengo, at the head of the victorious army which he and Napoleon had just conducted over the St. Bernard. The army consisted of 50,000 men, with fifty-eight pieces of cannon. On commencing the ascent, every soldier was provided with a supply of biscuit for three days, and each man received a draught of wine in passing the convent. At St. Pierre the cannon were dismounted and drawn on sledges: it being impossible to use horses, forty-four men were employed in dragging each piece to the summit of the passage. Napoleon and his staff passed one night at the convent. The monks described their sufferings during the constant passage of the armies as beyond all conception. For one year, a garrison of one hundred and eighty men was constantly stationed in the convent; and sometimes not less than eight hundred men were crammed into the cells and chambers for several days together.

The passage of the St. Bernard, though well known, does not appear to have been early known to the Romans. Much labour and learning have been expended, to shew that the St. Bernard was the passage by which Hannibal entered Italy. But the preponderance of evidence is quite against the hypothesis, and seems to ascertain that his passage was either over the *Petit St. Bernard* or the Cottian Alps, either by Mont Cenis or some of the neighbouring passes. This is the direct and obvious passage from Spain into Italy; whereas it would have been a most circuitous and intricate route to have traversed Savoy, or crossed the Jura, and then ascended the Lake of Geneva and the Rhone into the Vallais, to find out a passage above one thousand feet higher, and in all respects of greater difficulty. The circumstance of bronze plates with *ex voto* inscriptions, some bearing the words "*Jovi poenino, Jovi poeno,*" &c. having been found on the site of the ancient temple on the St. Bernard, has been much relied on as proving that the Carthaginians had passed the St. Bernard. Some of these are preserved in the cabinet of the convent, with Roman medals and other antiquities found on the mountain—a greater number are transported to Turin. The inscrip-

tion, however, has been satisfactorily explained, as being a Roman corruption of "*Jupiter Penninus*," the name of the deity to whom the people of the Vallais had erected the temple—a name derived from the Celtic word *penn* or *pinn*, signifying a *summit*—and from which this branch of the Alpine chain has been always called the Pennine Alps. The Romans, not understanding the Celtic title *Penninus*, which they found subscribed to the statue of Jupiter, probably converted it into *Poeninus*, and conceived that the temple was of Carthaginian origin. After the time of Augustus, and his foundation of the Colony at the Grôd 'Aoste, beneath the St. Bernard, the mountain formed the ordinary passage of the Roman troops into Helvetia; and since 1798, when the French occupied Switzerland, it was for several years the scene of military passages, and frequent skirmishes and engagements.

The revenues of the convent are now lamentably reduced, which is much to be regretted, as ecclesiastical revenues have seldom been applied to more pure or benevolent purposes. In the fifteenth century, the superior informed us, the convent had possessed estates in Sicily, Naples, the Low Countries, and in England. Of these it has from time to time been despoiled. The King of Sardinia was the last to strip the establishment of all its funds in his dominions; and some small property in the Vallais and the Pays de Vaud is all that now remains to support its benevolent objects and its general hospitality. Under these circumstances, it is not much to be wondered at, that the monks should have cut down the celebrated *Bonquet de Julie*, situated on their property at Clarens, to convert it into a profitable vineyard. This puts Lord Byron into a great passion, and he calls the poor monks "the miserable drones of an execrable superstition;" but it is rather too much to expect of these poor priests, who were in danger of starving amongst their rocks and snows, to forego a fair means of enhancing their revenues, in order to preserve to the worshippers of Rousseau the sentimental luxury of walking in a grove where an imaginary mistress takes a walk with her fictitious lover.—The monks are frequently now reduced to the necessity of making *quêtes* for the convent in the different parts of Italy and Switzerland; and their name and character are such powerful recommendations, that, the Superior informed us, they are frequently fraudulently made use of by impostors to extort alms from charitable Catholics.

The weather being unfavourable for a descent into Piedmont, we returned to Martigny, and lost no time in leaving its Catholic filth and bad accommodations for the beauties of the Pays de Vaud. We accordingly proceeded to Vevai, stopping in our way at the lovely village of Bex, where we had an agreeable meeting with a countryman whose character and name are too well known for me to do myself the honour of mentioning him. Thanks to his taste, and to his topographical acquaintance with every picturesque nook of this lovely scene, we enjoyed a sultry Sunday afternoon in exploring the exquisite landscapes which surround the little town. Bex stands in one of the richest and most beautiful spots on the banks of the Rhone. The river here flows through a vale of about two leagues width, with all the green luxuriant beauty of a varied garden. On each side the valley rise two of the most majestic pinnacles of the Alps (the Dent de Morcles and the Dent de Midi) to a height of between seven and eight thousand feet

above the Rhone. These gigantic and beautiful summits, with their crowns of eternal snow glittering on their rugged and inaccessible heads, are so close to each other, that they appear as if they must have been torn asunder.

Heights which appear as lovers who have parted  
In hate, whose mingling depths so intervene  
That they can meet no more though broken-hearted.

Vineyards, orchards, forests, smoking hamlets, and white towns, are scattered at their base. The blue Rhone alternately rushes and meanders through this champaign scene, till it pours its waters into the broad basin of Lake Lemau, which harmonizes the landscape with its bright glassy expanse, and allures the eye to the grey distant scenes about Lausanne and Vevey and the faint hills of the Jura. Few scenes can be found which embrace in one complete and various landscape so many features of picturesque beauty, in which the near and the distant are equally lovely—in which the eye glances in an instant over so much that is delicious to the sight, and congenial to the mind.

We arrived at Vevey late in the evening, having walked along the upper bank of the lake, by the Castle of Chillon, as the sun set in rosy magnificence over the scenes at the farther extremity. The inn at Vevey was almost entirely occupied by a travelling *peison* of young ladies, in number twenty-two, who were spending the holidays in making a tour with the mistress. Their travelling equipage was a large coach with seats round the interior, drawn by four horses. These itinerant establishments are not uncommon, I hear, in Switzerland.

Instead of removing the mountains and snows, according to the suggestion of a tasteful traveller, who thought them too *savage* and cold, Vevey would be much improved by getting rid of one half of its vineyards, and all its stone walls, which have entirely usurped the place of the woods, groves, pastures, orchards, which are infinitely more pleasing in a landscape. A vineyard is connected with ideas of sultry suns, luxuriant soil, teeming plenty, and pastoral happiness, and has, time out of mind, held a place in poetical description; but in reality, it is hardly more picturesque than a bed of dwarf gooseberry bushes—its stunted regular ranks and monotonous green are bad substitutes for the beautiful variety of cornfields, hedgerows, and umbrageous groves and orchards. Vevey is, however, a lovely spot—its deep blue lake, with all its bays and graceful sinuosities, its sloping hills, its châteaux, hamlets, and chalets, its amphitheatre of green forest-covered mountains, with an upper range of snowy pinnacles—on one side, all the grace and softened beauty of cultivated fields and vineyards washed by the gentle lake, and on the other, the severe sublimity of the Alpine chain, with its rocks and glaciers in their varied forms of rugged grandeur—the massy turreted castle of Chillon on the left—Mellerie and its rocks immediately opposite—the blue hills of the Jura in the far distance to the right—and immediately around, a scene of smiling plenty and happiness, which soothes and softens the feelings, and combines with the grander objects to produce the most irresistible and pleasing impressions on the mind.

At Vevey we enjoyed two days of delightful indolence after our journeyings in the mountains on mules, among rocks, snows, and preci-



*pices.* This repose and change of scene were not less refreshing to the mind than the body. An open champaign scene of vineyard, meadow, and lake, was not less congenial to the eye and the mind, after being cooped in by ice-crags and impending granites, than a calèche and a good road were consolatory to our limbs after the bonesetting fatigues of mule excursions. Much as we had heard and read of Vevai, its scenes in no degree disappointed our expectations. Even Rousseau's impassioned eloquence has hardly overcoloured its beauties. Its variety is endless—there is no kind or shade of picturesque charm which an exploring traveller does not find in its precincts, from the pretty simple home view, full of peace and love and rustic repose, to the wildest magnificence of overpowering Alpine nature. Its scenes are scenes not merely to be visited and wondered at, but to be dwelt upon, contemplated, and inhabited. The feelings become “tinctured with their every hue.” The coldest and hardest of hearts would in vain seek to resist the softening and expanding influence of their rich and diversified beauty; and if there is a scene where the world and all its vanities and strifes might be supposed to have no place, where Nature's lovely influence must be felt in every thought and action of life, where a man might spend his days in a flow of pure and exquisite enjoyments, and close them in innocent repose, surely this is such a scene. It is singular to see how indifferent either habit or phlegmatic temperament, or both, frequently render the Swiss to its charms, and indeed to those of their country in general. They appear to me to have singularly little enthusiasm. You scarcely find one person in twenty among the cultivated classes, who has explored much of his own country, or who takes any warm interest in its curiosities and beauties. A German, from his dull sandy plains, and certainly an Englishman who never saw a mountain higher than the Brighton Downs, is far more alive to grandeur of scenery than these born mountaineers. I cannot think that habit and use make the difference. A Highlander has none of this phlegm: he loves his mountains and glens for their own beauties, as well as because they are the home of him and his ancestors: he is proud to shew off his crags and lakes to foreigners, and feels a poetical and enthusiastic attachment to every wild scene of his native land. I have seldom seen any of this glow and romance in an inhabitant of Switzerland. He is a good patriot, and attached to his Canton and the Confederacy; but it is a staid, phlegmatic, and calculating feeling, connected with little romantic love of its alps and lakes and mountain-circled valleys, but built upon the sober basis of home and its comforts—his snug cottage and *châlet*, his independence, small taxes, paternal government, and his consequence in the Canton Council. Certainly there cannot be better or *more* foundations for patriotism than these—and it would be absurd to expect any people to forget these excellent reasons for loving their country, and to doat upon it only for its barren rocks and frozen mountains; but the Swiss appear to love its comforts alone, and to have no soul for its beauties. You find persons who have passed their lives within fifty miles of Mont Blanc, and have never visited Chamounix; and half the people of Berne have never taken the trouble to travel forty miles to see the Glaciers of Grindelwald and the Jungfrau. The *mal du pays* which affects a Swiss when out of his country in so remarkable a manner, ap-

pears little connected with any ardent recollections of its sublime scenes. It is a yearning for the snug secure comforts, the little tranquil primitive habits of life so contrasted with the bustle and turmoil of greater countries. It is not the wild mountaineer sighing for his bleak but native rocks, but the sober thriving peasant, or burgher, regretting his republican comforts and consequence, and longing to fly from aristocratical splendour and noise to the confined circle of his ordinary pursuits and homely pleasures. It is the household gods, not the trophies of the republic, or the sublimities of nature, to which he is attached.

Do not imagine that I wish to undervalue the sober patriotism of the Swiss—their history for five centuries is its best eulogium. It is not the less constant or sincere for being, like all their sentiments, singularly *posé*, reflective, and unimpassioned.

Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,  
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame,  
Their level life is but a mouldering fire  
Unquench'd by want, unfaun'd by strong desire.

D.

DRINKING SONG, FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MAÎTRE ADAM.

MAÎTRE ADAM BILLAUT was a carpenter of Nevers, who flourished in the reign of Louis XIII., and was called the Virgil of the Plane. His poetry obtained for him the applause of Benserade, Scudery, Menage, and other wits of his nation. It has something of the point and polish of the lighter French compositions of Voltaire's day; and for the age and station of the author, is singularly good. In our own times low-born poets have been frequent, because literature has been placed within the reach of all classes. But it would be curious, could we know the circumstances which called forth the intellects of "rude mechanics" in that epoch of darkness and despotism in which this poet wrote. Maître Adam had a rival in a poetical biscuit-baker at Paris, who piqued himself that if Adam's verses were composed *avec plus de bruit*, his own were written *avec plus de chaleur*.

*Quittons le vin avec, &c. &c.*

Farewell for ever,  
Thou dull tormentor, Care, of youth the grave,  
Thee will I honour never,  
For the vile drop thou seekest cannot save  
The trembling miser from the grasp of death;  
Nor buy the gasping wretch one moment's ling'ring breath.

If cruel Fate,  
Charm'd by the love of gold, would hold her hand,  
And like a catchpole wait,  
Her writ suspending all its bright command,  
In love of life I'd board the saving ore;  
But this can never be, and I will toil no more.

The jolly god,  
Bacchus, the parent of each dear delight,  
Shall sway me with his nod,  
And rule the laughing hours from dawn to night.  
To low-born thoughts I bid a long adieu,  
Since, when we part with life, we lose our money too.

M.

## DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

## NO. 1.

STANDING at the door of the Library in Conduit-street on one of these fine summer evenings, after the hubbub of carriages had passed away and left that part of the town somewhat tranquil, I observed three extraordinary figures making their way down the street and gazing with a strange curiosity upon every house as they passed. One was a painful-looking old gentleman, with a cross visage embayed in as cross a wig: he was a large man, with a spacious forehead and shoulders, evincing strength of brain as well as muscle. His companions seemed to share his curiosity and astonishment, but not his spleen. One was a shabby-looking rake, with his hand as consequentially stuck in his empty pocket as if it anchored in gold coin, and the cock of his hat was arranged to make amends for its rusty triteness. The other was a simple, bachelor-like mortal, in a peach-bloom coloured coat, with open mouth, vacant eyes, and long upper lip, that gave a queer air of precision to his look: he seemed, like his companions, to be quite in a quandary of amazement, out of which he awoke on perceiving that any one regarded him; when he brushed the stray snuff off the breast of his coat, and looked as spruce as possible for a few minutes.

The three wights made a dead pause opposite the shop-window of No. 50, and darted their noses, like storks, at a volume there displayed. It was "Table Talk," Vol. II; and the cross-looking fellow took a huge pinch of snuff as soon as he read the title. He pointed his stick to the door-way in what I thought a rude manner, for to all appearance he poked me in the stomach; however, I felt it not. And thereupon an awe came over me that held me stock-still where I stood. My gentlemen made but little of such an obstacle, but passed clean through me and the door-way, without disturbing either the nap of my coat or the hair of my head. Ghosts they were for certain; but whose?—that was a point soon ascertained from my acquaintance with Reynolds's canvass. The big fellow was no less a man than Dr. Johnson himself; he that followed in his wake was Goldsmith; and the other, though I knew not his counter-ence, could be none other than Dick Savage.

With the freedom of the old *literati* they had pierced beyond the sacred barrier of the counter, and had dispersed themselves into divers corners of that labyrinth of books and shelves. Johnson was among the quartos "grappling with whole libraries." Savage had run through most of the new poems, and in his progress had found time to damn the Excursion, and to pocket the five Cantos of Don Juan. But what should Goldy be studying? By Jupiter, his own image and gay coat in the glass! The publications of the last fifty years—so see which he had travelled some billions of miles, he had forgotten in a moment, and was busied in arranging, or endeavouring to arrange, his stock in the new mode of a St. Andrew's cross, when Savage touched him on the shoulder, with an "Eh, Goldy still at that old frontispiece of thine? Why, man, you thought yourself a great fellow for having written two poems of some four hundred lines in each: look here! look here! and look here!—Verse by wholesale, and good verse too. Why, thou wouldst now be but a grasshopper chirping among such a multitude of nightingales."

*Johnson.* Poetry, Sir, is not to be weighed by the pound. Little as I am acquainted with the contents of these poetical quartos, I would venture to assert that one of the sententious lines of our old school might be dilated into two or three pages of the new. Body o' me, it's impossible for any man to think a volume of new poetic thought every year.

*Savage.* Thought, Doctor, thought! what has thought to do with poetry? May not a man tell a story in verse every year?

*Johnson.* Nay, Sir, every hour for that matter: but the second will be but a repetition of the first. The age is right, however, and so are its writers, in multiplying duplicates of their genius, in case of that universal wreck of literature which must be one day expected to take place.

*Goldsmith.* Is this poetry, Doctor?

*Johnson.* No, Sir, that's logic.

*Goldsmith.* Is this poetry, Doctor?

*Johnson.* No, Sir, that's bawdry.

*Goldsmith.* Is this poetry, Doctor?

*Johnson.* No, Sir, that's unintelligible nonsense.

*Savage.* Worthy Doctor, you're in your old way again. Why, man, there's not a word in your own dictionary, which may not be denied, in stubborn precision, of every imaginable and unimaginable thing. Call these productions what you will, there is thought in them, deep and new—philosophic, refined, and passionate thought, clothed in numbers that have their charms, though perhaps not for our ears.

*Goldsmith.* But how came these fellows to slight and despise us?

*Savage.* No man slights thee, Goldy.

*Goldsmith.* No one ever speaks of me, and yet every scribbling dog—

*Savage.* Hath his day—and why not? The world must talk on disputable subjects, if it intend to talk any time; and Goldsmith's merit is no disputable point: that would never do. A man that wishes to give scope to his tongue or his pen, must uphold a comfortable paradox, and there can be no fear that he will ever lack matter. "Pope is not a poet,"—"Such a gentleman is,"—these are the ever-springing wells of disputation, without which people now-a-days would never get through the world. They are a sort of pocket-arguments, pulled out on all occasions, like the quizzes of our days, to fill up the vacant intervals of solitude or conversation.

*Johnson.* But how can you explain the inclination so universally evinced to fall foul of me upon every occasion. Fellows, Sir, that dared not look up at my face when living, spurn at me now that I am laid low.

*Savage.* Confess, my lexicographer, do you not deserve it? Such will ever be the case. Aristocracies and dictatorships usurped in literature will always be disowned by the succeeding age. Would that the principle were known, that genius might be contented with being humble, and dulness know the vanity of attempting to be otherwise.

*Johnson.* Nay, I speak not of controverting my principles, of calling my critical opinions in question: I speak of a tendency to depreciate, and even to deny, my talents. That they were thrown away—frustrated in periodical writing and common-place essayism—that they were not

aided by systematic reading or thought, I am willing to allow; but why deny me all?

*Savage.* Few have dared to do so. Perhaps you have heard those few. Malevolent critics often speak through a tube to the ear of the author alone, and no wight else heedeth them. Censure and refutation how could you escape?—you, who have spoken more wisdom, perhaps, than any one writer, and certainly with less meditation, striking out every thing from the intuitive light of the moment—every truth separate from its fellow, connected by no chain of reasoning or argument.—You that have spoken upon every subject, and liest like a huge whale upon the waters of literature—an object that no harpooning critic can either avoid or miss. You must hear, Doctor, without grumbling.

*Johnson.* 'Tis true, Dick, I am to the present age what Hobbes was to ours; “upon whose steel-cap,” some one observes, every puny warrior would try his sword.

*Savage.* There were other points of resemblance between you both. Were you not a pair of incorrigible Tories?

*Goldsmith.* Who talks of Tories? Have you not lived long enough in the other world to be sick of political cant? Do you remember, both of you walking round St. James's-square the space of a live-long night, vowing, in the might of your patriotism, “to stand by the nation,” and this when, to my knowledge, you had neither chair to sit on, nor bed on which to repose.

*Johnson.* } “Stand by the nation!” ha! ha! ha!

*Savage.* }

*Goldsmith.* But, *Savage*, you that have been so often and so lately here on furlough, what new book is the world talking of at this blessed moment?

*Savage.* Of the last Scotch novel, to be sure—Nigel they call it. From the lady of quality to the London prentice all are thumbing it. Many a boat, rowed by hand in gay livery, has been launched at its suggestion. Greenwich Park has been inundated with visitors every Sunday since its publication. The youth of the metropolis will have the author of the Common Council; and the colliers of Whitefriars are clubbing to present him with a silver pen.

*Johnson.* Who is this said Scotchman, Sir?

*Savage.* This unsaid Scotchman you mean, Doctor. One who knows how to be national without prejudice or illiberality.

*Johnson.* Humph! The days were, Dick, thou darst not thus have answered me.

*Savage.* Come, Samuel. I disappeared before the days of your dictatorship.

*Johnson.* Let it rest. But this Scotch Dictator, whom the Londoners worship—

*Savage.* No Dictator, merely Prætor; one that giveth shows to the people. His flats in criticism are not to be so esteemed as thine were. The worst things of Dryden have found favour in his eyes; and his panegyrics upon contemporaries are marked by too little discrimination.

*Goldsmith.* But forty odd volumes! The Vicar was quite enough for me.

*Savage.* He must have brought to his task an immense fund of reading and taste, with a *quantum sufficit* of gentlemanly feeling, not

over deep, and much too fond of sticking close to probability and propriety. His pages seem often flat to minds of strong passion.

*Johnson.* That, Sir, is an excellence. Prose should not meddle with passion. It is the province of poetry alone.

*Savage.* The best point about the Scotch novels is, that they are a perfect manual of true gentility. They will do for England in the way of general refinement and honourable feeling, more than all the court etiquette, conventional politeness, or didactic poetry, could ever effect. I may be allowed to judge of what the want of such feelings are.

*Johnson.* Hath this age produced any thing like *Rasselas*?

*Savage.* No, Doctor; the world is tired of allegory, of visions, apologues, and all the pretty little vehicles and go-carts of morality, so much in vogue during our time.

*Johnson.* I believe you, Sir: having no taste for the commodity itself, they can dispense with the vehicles.

*Savage.* The present is not an immoral age, Doctor, but it is a fastidious one; and if morality as a theme displeases it, it is that our worthy contemporaries and their immediate predecessors converted it into an utter common-place.

*Johnson.* Is it thus you speak of Addison and \* \* \* \*, the Spectator and the Rambler?

*Savage.* Were the Numbers of the Spectator published now for the first time, they would be thought flat; and the ponderous verbosity of the Rambler would sink any periodical of the present day.

*Goldsmith.* Hold, Doctor: lay down the big book, for the love of God. No quarrelling! Let us not shame the peaceful realms we came from.

*Savage.* Bear with and pardon me, mine old friend. My late visits to earth have metamorphosed me into a genius of the present day—pert, proud, and flippant, an assertor of all things, and upholder of none. To-morrow, mayhap, I shall praise you to the skies, and condemn the dull wits that have succeeded you to the dungeons of the Dunciad.

*Johnson.* Thou wert ever, Sir, an unprincipled vagabond. And I well believe thy assertion of typifying in thine own person the genius of the present age. I know not how it is, but long tranquillity has silenced my tongue. I have learned to think, not argue. Once I mistook them for the same.

*Goldsmith.* But the poets, Dick—who be the poets now-a-day, with the voluminous works of whom you just bearded me?

*Savage.* The Novelist we have just spoken of, is also a poet, a great and a voluminous one. But in truth the canvass of poetry was too confined for his pencil. Nor was his feeling deep and condensed enough for verse. His conceptions appear not to advantage when directly told: the egotism of the old simple spirit of chivalry would not now be borne. It is only when developed in action, that it excites our admiration, without awakening ridicule.

*Johnson.* Though I know not the author, there is truth in what you advance. Had Don Quixote never opened his mouth, the world would not have taken the history of his adventures as a jest.

*Goldsmith.* But is not the drama the proper place for developing sentiment in action?

*Savage.* True, but novels are the drama of the day. The stage has irrecoverably fallen.

*Johnson.* And why, Sir?

*Savage.* A thousand different causes are imagined: a thousand different remedies assigned. Some attribute public apathy to the great events that have lately occupied the interest and attention of Europe. Others attribute it to the increasing vogue of political economy, and such dry studies. While others see the cause of all in a general want of talent—a dearth of good poets and good actors. The last I contradict plumply.

*Johnson.* And as to the other two:—were there no great events in the age of Elizabeth? Sir, was the Reformation nothing, as an object to engross public concern—the Spanish Armada too? As to what you call political economy—a name, I do not well understand, but a thing indeed which it is absurd hoping ever to see—were not tragedies written in the days of Bacon and Locke?

*Goldsmith.* Perhaps authors do not enough consult the taste of the town.

*Savage.* Taste of the town! Alas! the town is much changed since we knew it of old. Taste it has none, but for milling-matches and “Life in London.”

*Johnson.* What’s all that, Sir?

*Savage.* Boxing and blackguardism.

*Johnson.* A taste for boxing may not be elegant; but it is at least manly, and undeniably antique. Milton recommends it strongly in his treatise on education. “They must be also practised,” said the veteran, “in all the locks and gripes of wrestling, wherein Englishmen were wont to excell, as need may often be in fight to tugge, to grapple, and to close.” But how can pugilism interfere with the stage?

*Savage.* Well thou knowest, Doctor, that the small, current chat of town is the life and soul of every thing within its walls, be it of amusement or importance. And you must know, that instead of going to the pit, or to Wills’s, the youth now-a-days, Templars, apprentices, &c. all drive to Moulsey, or walk to the Fives Court; and the *Fancy*, as a general topic, has utterly superseded the stage.

*Johnson.* Wrong, Sir, wrong, all this. Still there must be a deeper cause.

*Savage.* If I ventured to assign one, it would be the early perfection, or rather the perfectionated rudeness, of the drama; which, whether it checks rivalry, or excites imitation, is in either case calculated to debar us from all hopes of possessing a drama suited to our advanced tastes.

*Johnson.* But comedy, Sir.

*Savage.* Ah! there indeed must be a palpable want of genius.

*Johnson.* From what you say of the Scotch Novelist, he would write better comedies than tragedies.

*Savage.* Undoubtedly; but the wise ones think otherwise.

*Johnson.* Then the wise ones err:—Addison in the same manner remained blind to what he might do. What a noble comedy we should have possessed from the hand that drew Sir Roger de Coverley and Will

Wimble? The drama should be supported by a positive tax on literary exertion: it is of such great and national importance, I would condemn every penman to write either a tragedy or a comedy. The other departments of literature may be left to the support of voluntary contributions.

The parties here became taciturn, and commenced fiddling with leaves and turning over volumes. I fear, we must wait (till our next number) for a renewal of the conversation. Y.

LETTERS ON ENGLAND. BY M. DE ST. FOIX.\*

LETTER XIII.

I SHALL write you, my dear S——, two or three long letters on your favourite subject; and I shall begin by confessing to you that, since I have been here, it has become a favourite subject with me; though, as you know, (and you used to be very angry with me for it) I did not pay much attention to it when I was in Paris with you the last time, whatever I might do the first. I have, it is true, not been here long enough to enable me to form a very correct estimate of the state of dramatic amusements in this country; but, if I am very scrupulous on this point, I shall never fulfil half the promises I made on leaving home; so I must *en* venture to send you my remarks just as they arise, leaving for future opportunities any corrections and qualifications that it may be necessary to make in them.

The comparative state of general refinement to which the Fine Arts of different nations have arrived, may be pretty correctly reckoned by the comparative conditions of their acted drama. Perhaps there is no other criterion of the kind so good as this. Applying this, then, to England and France, I think they may be considered as nearly on a level with each other. England is infinitely below France in many respects; but it cannot be denied that France must yield to England in many others. Of the true nature of comedy, properly so called, and of actors and authors of this class, England seems to have very little notion in the present day; and to possess no living examples at all. I speak of that gay, graceful, spirited, airy, and *piquant* comedy which is, or ought to be, nothing more than a refined and heightened image of polished society. M—— tells me that they possess some admirable and indeed perfect examples of this kind of writing, which were produced in the witty and licentious reign of Charles II.; but that they are seldom acted now—partly from the want of an existing taste for this kind of drama; but chiefly on account of their deficiency in living actors to embody the principal characters. M—— goes so far as to assure me that several of these comedies are greatly superior to any thing of the kind possessed by us in the same department of dramatic literature: but he has not yet persuaded me of the correctness of this opinion; and I am afraid I shall not (while I am here at least) have time to judge for myself, if indeed the nature of this kind of writing will admit of a foreigner doing so at all. But this objection would apply to *his* opinion of the French writers, as well as to mine of the

\* Continued from vol. iv. page 576.



English ; so that I dare say we shall each keep our own opinion after all. We both of us agree, however, that at present the English can make no pretensions whatever to the possession of that particular kind of talent here referred to, either in authors or actors ; and that the French have a considerable advantage over them in this respect. Under the head of correctness of costume too, he admits, though somewhat reluctantly, that the great national theatres of England are not equal to our's. On the other hand, I am compelled to admit—what I never thought of being even called upon to do—that in real tragic talent, as it respects actors, with one splendid exception, we cannot pretend to institute a comparison between our's and those of England in the present day. Indeed on this subject an entirely new light has broken in upon me since I have been here ;—exactly such a one as burst upon Rousseau when he first became acquainted with Italian music, and was led to compare it with that of France. But I shall speak of this part of the subject hereafter.

In mere farce I believe neither France nor England can claim any very decided superiority over the other ; for if our *petites pièces* surpass those of the English in spirit and light-heartedness, their's surpass our's in an equal degree in broad humour and comic exaggeration. Something of the same kind may, perhaps, be said of the actors of each country, in this department of the art : though I should be loath to admit that anything *can* surpass, in their various styles, Brunet, Potier, Joly, &c. &c. ; and in fact nothing that they have in England does surpass these, or at all equals the two first. But they have a species of actor, who is qualified to embody and express a kind of humour, that we do not exactly possess, and should probably not much relish if we did.

French travellers seem to have been mistaken in the accounts they have given of the number of English theatres. There are as many in London as there are in Paris ; with this difference, that they are never all open at the same time. Besides an Italian opera on a very grand scale, and two national theatres for the representation of the regular drama, there is an English comic opera on the plan of the Feydeau—a theatre where they usually play short light comic pieces, like those of the Vaudeville and the Variétés, and I believe six others of the same description as those on the Boulevards. All those that I shall have to tell you any thing of in detail will be the two *regular* theatres, as they are called ; though they appear to be the least regular of all the others : for they exhibit, in turn, tragedy, comedy, farce, melo-drame, pantomime, horse-riding, rope-dancing, dogs, monkies, fire-works, &c. ! Indeed I am not sure that I may not say they sometimes exhibit all these on one and the same evening ! This is, to be sure, in a very barbarous taste : and I the more wonder at it because, when they do perform the regular drama, the costume is arranged with nearly as much propriety as it is in our own national theatres, and the scenery and decorations are even superior to our's.

But before proceeding to notice that department of the English theatres which appertains to the performance and the management, let me point out to you a few of the particulars connected with the public or audience-part of them :—for this part of an English theatre, or place of public entertainment, presents more peculiar and characteristic

traits than any other; and for *these* it is my business chiefly to search.

If I were required to state under what circumstances the cold and selfish, as well as the tasteless and semi-barbarous, character of the generality of the English people, is exhibited on the largest scale, and may be studied in its most striking point of view, I should reply—at their public theatres. Let me describe to you the character and behaviour of an English audience, from the time it reaches the theatre till it quits it; at least if your patience can bear with it so long, which mine very seldom can, I assure you.

The doors of the English theatres are opened for the admission of the audience, only half an hour before the performance begins. We will suppose the occasion to be one on which there is a more than ordinary degree of attraction. In this case a large crowd will be collected at the several outer doors, long before they are opened:—I say the several doors, for you are to understand that there are separate entrances and staircases for the company going to every different part of the theatre;—not as with us, where one entrance and one staircase serves for all, because all are quiet and well-behaved. Knowing, as you do, the nature of the crowd collected before the doors of a French theatre, and that each individual takes his place in the line, or *queue*, according to the time he arrives at the spot, and never thinks of quitting that place by forcing himself into a better to which he is not entitled, you will not be able to form the remotest conception of how the process is managed here: where, in cases of this kind, might is regarded as the criterion of right, and where, when a point of self-interest is in question, the relative claims which arise from sex are either entirely unknown, or entirely disregarded—which still is worse. Fancy, then, not a *queue* but a solid *mass* of persons of both sexes, to the number of five hundred or a thousand, collected before a single door five or six feet wide—fancy that door opened at a given signal, but without a moment's warning, and every individual of that number pressing with all his force to that one narrow point of entrance:—fancy this, and then conceive, if you can, the scene which ensues. But you cannot. It is a scene at once more characteristic and more disgraceful than any thing of the kind I have ever witnessed: the barbarous howlings and shoutings of the men, and the frightful screamings and faintings of the women, render it absolutely terrific, and such as could be looked for only in a nation of savages, and would certainly not be tolerated for any length of time even there. But here, from the half-reasoning, half-savage propensities of the great mass of the people, it is not only tolerated, but *defended*, as the most eligible mode of effecting the desired purpose. If you speak to an Englishman on this subject, he asks you how you would propose to manage the matter better; and when, in reply, you refer him to the mode adopted at our theatres (the success of which depends on the observance of a point of justice and good-manners), he says, “Oh, that would never do for us!” And he is quite right—it never would!

You are to understand that there is no one appointed to regulate or direct any thing that is going forward during this scene of riot and outrage; for though persons belonging to the police are usually on the spot, they seem to be placed there only for the purpose of in-

creasing the danger and confusion, by telling you, from time to time, to "take care of your pockets!" This is, to be sure, an agreeable way of mending the matter. When you are jammed into close contact with a thief, and cannot possibly either escape or protect yourself from him, you are desired to be careful that he does not rob you! In fact, these police agents know and recognise every one of those in the crowd (and there are generally several on these occasions) who come there expressly, and as far as regards the police agents, *avowedly* for the purpose of robbing; yet these officers of justice never think of removing them, or of interfering with their objects, except by informing you, when it is too late, that such persons are present—for they never do even this till the crowd becomes so dense that all but those at the outward extremities of it cannot escape from it if they would.

I have never heard an Englishman even attempt to account for or defend this strange mode of furthering the ends of justice on the part of his rulers; so I shall do so for them, by saying that I suppose it is to be regarded as one of the results of a Briton's boasted *liberty*. The argument probably is this: that a professed pickpocket possesses as unquestionable a right to go to the theatre for his amusement as a man of any other profession; and that to stop him on his way thither would be to infringe on his birthright as a free-born Englishman. If, indeed, in the course of your joint progress thither, you are lucky enough to detect him in exercising his profession to your cost, you may, *if you can*, hand him over to the police agent who is in attendance, and who will in that case readily take charge of the culprit, and he will inevitably be punished. But otherwise, I suppose you are bound, though you know him to be a robber, to follow the police agent's example, and treat him as a gentleman:—for so the said agent evidently does, and this at the expense, in two different ways, of all the honest people present. For though he warns you of the necessity of guarding your property against *somebody*, and though he knows to a certainty who that *somebody* is, yet he never gives you the slightest hint by which you can fix your suspicions on any particular person; so that every individual in the crowd, *except the pickpocket himself*, is obliged, in his own defence, to suspect every other with whom he may come in contact. The truth is, that the police agents here are paid, not to *prevent* crime, but only to *detect* it when committed; and if you were to apply to them for an explanation of their conduct on these occasions, they would, I dare say, be candid enough to give you *this*, as the only true and intelligible one.

Let us now accompany the audience to the interior of the theatre, previously mentioning that the price of admission to the whole of the boxes is the same—about nine francs; that to the pit about half; and that to the two galleries about fifty sous, and twenty-five. In the pit (that part which answers to our parterre) we shall find a tolerably well-dressed and reputable looking company, of both sexes; forming what usually appears to me to be the most respectable, as well as the most enlightened and attentive, part of an English audience. It consists of persons from the middle classes of society, who really pay their money to see the performance; which can rarely be said of the persons frequenting any other part of the house. In fact, *this* is the only portion of the audience which can in any degree be compared to the audience

of a French theatre, either in regard to their object in attending, or the decency and decorum of their behaviour while there. The females in the pit are always dressed in a walking costume.

In that part which is called the dress boxes, which consists of a circle of boxes immediately above the pit, are usually seated a motley group of persons whose appearance it would be as difficult to describe as it would be to ascertain to what particular classes of society they severally belong. But it may be safely stated, that they usually comprise a mixture of all classes, except the very highest and the very lowest; for, unless the places in a box have been previously retained by any particular party, no one can be refused admittance into them who has, by whatever means, gained admittance into the box part of the theatre at all: and I believe it may be considered, that on ordinary nights at least one-third of the persons in the boxes have gained admission gratuitously, by means of what are called free orders, which are not, as with us, chiefly confined to particular persons, but are allowed to be given to their friends by the performers and others connected with the theatre, in order that this part of the house may not have that wretched appearance of emptiness; which, from its enormous size, it inevitably would, nine nights out of ten but for this plan. From this preposterous arrangement, as to the right of admission to the boxes generally, it results, that a lady may, and in fact actually does, sometimes find herself seated in the same box side by side with the person who fitted on her shoes in the morning, or dressed her hair an hour ago. There can be no doubt that it is this ridiculously defective arrangement as to the right of admission to particular places which has induced persons of family and fashion almost entirely to withdraw their patronage from the national theatres. In fact, they scarcely ever attend them now, except on very particular occasions; and even then, if they do not possess a private box (of which there are very few), they always contrive to go in a party sufficient to fill a box of themselves: for, if they did not adopt this plan, at the end of the first act of the play any one outside the box might demand the vacant places. But on ordinary nights the company in the dress boxes may certainly be regarded as the least respectable part of the audience, with the exception of the mere *cangaille* who occupy what are called the galleries,—the price of admission to *all* the boxes being alike, and there being no exclusion on account of dress, except that the females must be without bonnets.

Proceeding upwards, we reach the three other tiers of boxes, which are occupied by a class of persons, nearly similar in appearance to those in the pit, but generally speaking not so respectable in station. Immediately above and in contact with these are the galleries; which are frequented by almost the lowest classes of the people. We have now the whole of the audience before us. Let us take a slight glance at the behaviour of each several portion of it, and then leave them to themselves; for I have never yet formed a part of one of them, and cannot do so now even in imagination, without being heartily sick and tired of my company, as I dare say you are already with the description of them.

Each of the two national theatres in London is much larger than any theatre in Paris; and from some defect in the construction of them, it

is impossible to hear a word that passes on the stage at any greater distance from it than about the sixth or seventh row of the pit, unless there is an absolute silence and attention preserved in every part of the house. Now, as this silence and attention are never preserved in *any* part of the house, it necessarily follows, that every thing which takes place on the stage is absolutely unintelligible to almost every person present, except the few who are situated in the front of the pit. I declare to you, that this is an unexaggerated statement of my own experience on the subject. I have repeatedly been to every part of the house, and found that, except when I was in the front of the pit, I could as little judge of the performance, and be as little amused and interested by it, as if I had been anywhere else. I have said that the persons in the pit actually come to see and hear the performance; and consequently they pay a tolerable degree of attention to it: but nothing like the same degree that is paid by the same class of persons in a French theatre. As to the other parts of the audience, the performance is on ordinary occasions quite a secondary matter with them: they go to the theatre to shew themselves, or to meet with their friends, or to escape from their enemy—*ennui*, or because they have nothing else to do, or because if they do not go they cannot have to say tomorrow that they were at the theatre last night; (and if they had not *this* to say, what *could* they say?)—or they go for any reason you choose to imagine, except to see and attend to what is going forward on the stage. To expect an Englishman to go out of and forget himself, in order to attend to what “does not concern him,” as he would say, would be a most unreasonable and unphilosophical expectation indeed, and one which *he* would consider as a mere impertinence. Do you suppose he has nothing better to do than listen to Romeo making love? or watch Macbeth scaling the dangerous heights of ambition? or be tossed hither and thither with Othello on the tumbling ocean of passion? or accompany Hamlet, as he pierces the depths of our mortal life?—I can assure you that he is able to find much more attractive and edifying subjects of cogitation. He is thinking of the money he made yesterday by the *ann* of stocks, and that which he *shall* make tomorrow by a projected speculation; or of the new house he is building on Clapham Common, and how he shall furnish this or that room in it; or of the new horse he bought to-day, and means to sport in the Park tomorrow; or of fifty other things equally instructive and interesting,—all of which he can think of at the theatre as well as any where else, otherwise he would not go there.

From all this it results that the audience part of an English theatre presents a scene which in a Paris theatre would be considered as one of actual disturbance and confusion; and during the continuance of which, or of a tenth part of it, the performance would not be permitted to proceed for a moment. During the first act of the play (which is frequently the most interesting, and always that which is most necessary to be attended to in order to the proper understanding and appreciating of what follows) you are amused with the perpetual opening and shutting of box doors and the audible calls of “Mrs. so and so’s places;” for if you have taken a place, it is quite *mauvais ton* to arrive at it before the performance begins. This, added to the perpetual whispering, and frequently the audible talking, which surrounds you in all the

boxes; and the mingled sounds of singing, shouting, laughing, whistling, cat-calling, quarrelling and fighting, that proceed at intervals from the two galleries, the frequenters of which wisely and naturally enough take the best means they can of amusing themselves, since their distance from the stage precludes them from hearing, and almost from seeing, any thing that passes there;—this, I say, altogether presents a scene little to be expected in the national theatre of a polished people; but still little to be wondered at when the size of the house is considered, and when it is remembered, too, that the English are a people who cannot for any length of time go out of their individual selves, even in search of amusement; or, rather, who cannot find amusement in anything which takes them out of themselves.

When I have noticed that with their want of regard to what is due to the sex, the men frequently wear their hats and great-coats in the boxes; sit in front while there are females sitting behind; rise between the acts and sit on the front of the boxes, with their backs to the audience; get up to go away in the middle of an interesting scene, and thus force the whole company in a box to rise and let them pass; and commit various other breaches of good-manners and decorum of the same kind; I have told you enough to let you know that an English theatre—with all the splendour of its embellishments, the beauty of its scenery, and the grandeur of its fleet as a *coup-d'ail*—is sadly inferior to a French theatre as a place of elegant and refined amusement for a polished and intellectual people.

I now willingly turn to the English actors, lamenting that they do not meet with audiences more worthy of them, or (which perhaps amounts to the same thing) that they have not moderate-sized theatres, where they could create for themselves such audiences; for, to be able to see and hear some of the best English actors, and *not* to yield them attention and admiration, seems to demand a degree of uncivilized insensibility which can scarcely be supposed to belong to a nation that could produce such actors. And, in fact, the general admiration and even enthusiasm which the actors I am speaking of excite, and the brilliant and just reputation they enjoy (by *reflection*, I suppose, from the few who really do see, hear, and appreciate them, to the many who do not), prove that a very great share of the fault belongs to the enormous size of the theatres, and the consequent necessity, or at least the temptation, that a great portion of the audience are under (since they go there for amusement and pay so dearly for going) to do what they can to amuse themselves.

D. S. F.

EPIGRAM, FROM THE ITALIAN OF PANANTI.

*“Pentiti a un dissoluto moribondo.”*

“Repent, my son,” a friar said

To the sick patient on his bed.

“I saw the demon on the watch

At the stairs’ foot, thy soul to catch.”

“What was he like?” the sick man cried:

“Why, like an ass,” the monk replied.

“An ass!” the sick man mutter’d, “Pshaw!

’Twas your own shadow that you saw.”

G. M.

## REPUBLIC OF PLATO.

SUPPOSING, however, that in spite of all these unfavourable circumstances, a genuine philosopher should be really formed—these same obstructions will render him altogether impotent in effecting improvement, and will condemn him to an inactive and silent existence. There is no ally with whom he can combine to produce results of genuine benefit; the people are averse to him, and are excited to the manifestation of their hostility by the interested parties who flatter their opinions. (p. 221.) The same politicians, who would joyfully have embodied his eminent powers in the prosecution of their own party-views, become his most bitter enemies when he aims at a real reform. (p. 222.) He is ill-versed in those intrigues and petty expedients which form the chief accomplishment of the politicians of the day, nor can he maintain a constant struggle for the possession of power. His time has been employed in the acquisition of the important task of legislating beneficially for mankind, and he is therefore necessarily inferior in the arts of cabal, to those who have paid no attention to any loftier study. (p. 213.) Such, among others, are the circumstances which drive the real philosopher into retirement, and render so striking a combination of excellent qualities unproductive of any beneficial result. And thus the apparent inutility with which, in the actual state of human institutions, even the perfection of philosophy is reproached, is most satisfactorily explained.

But it has been already remarked, that the tendency of the system would be to withdraw the finest intellects from the cultivation of philosophy, by holding out uncommon inducement to temporary cabal and political intrigue. Philosophy therefore naturally becomes the department of inferior and secondary spirits, who, eagerly springing into the place which the removal of their superiors has left vacant, arrogate to themselves that respect which so important a science, even in this degenerate state, never fails to command. Incapacity and narrowness of views conspire with the demand for immediate patronage in recommending to them that bastard and wretched (*ροθα και φανυα*) morality, built upon popular sophisms, (*προσηκουσται ακησαι σοφίσματα*) which merely flatters the prevailing tastes. And thus the worthless characters and talents of those who cultivate philosophy are also completely accounted for.

There is no mode of remedying the melancholy depravation of this mother-science, except by an amelioration of the system of government. "No existing government," says Plato, "is worthy of a real philosopher."† To present a proper stimulus to the development of philosophy, and a sphere in which it may really become effective, it is indispensable that the system of government should be re-constructed, and that there should be established in the state "a power guided by the same views, as those which would dictate the regulations of the Platonic legislator."‡

It is no wonder, says Plato, that the generality of people reject

\* Continued from page 76.

† Μηδὲ μίαν ἀξίαν ἔχον τῶν νῦν κατὰστασιν πόλεως, φιλοσόφῃ φύσεως. p. 225.

‡ Δεῖσει τι αἰεὶ ἐνέσθαι ἐν τῇ πολιτείᾳ, λόγῳ ἔχον τῆς πολιτείας τὸν αὐτὸν ὅπῃ καὶ τὸ δ νομοθέτης ἔχων τὰς νόμους ἐτίθης. p. 226.

these doctrines. They have never seen any thing of the kind realized; they have never witnessed a virtuous man, or a virtuous class of men, at the head of a government; nor have they ever been accustomed to hear honourable and free addresses, connectedly devoted to the discovery of the truth. (pp. 227, 228.) The community are not to be indiscriminately condemned, but endeavours are to be used to unfold to them the philosophical character, and to dissipate the obloquy which has been heaped upon it, by a calm statement of facts; in order that they may not imagine that we are eulogizing those whom they are accustomed to hear called philosophers.\* If they see the matter in this light, will they not alter their opinions?† The reason why the people are unfavourably disposed towards philosophy, is on account of those who have improperly intruded themselves into the science; who are full of hatred and insult towards each other, and whose discourse consists of nothing but personalities.‡ The genuine philosopher has neither leisure nor inclination for this war of abuse. • He desires only an opportunity of applying his principles. And if a demand should arise for his interference--if he should be permitted to mould human institutions and manners, according to that pattern which study and meditation have traced out to himself—it will be generally acknowledged that from him alone can the public virtue and happiness emanate. (p. 230.)

Should a king or ruler endeavour to apply these principles, there is great probability that he would fail and be ruined in the attempt. But some one or other, in the lapse of ages, must at last succeed; and he would not find it impossible, in establishing the Platonic regulations, to create consent on the part of the citizens. §

Having thus exposed the manner in which a vicious government debases the current philosophy, Plato next unfolds, more in detail, the process of education by which the mind might be best adapted for the all-important task of guiding and governing mankind. In early youth his chief attention would be given to the body, to render it strong and healthy, to prepare it for military fatigue, and to make it an efficient minister of a philosophical mind. || The boys are also to be taken within sight of battles and danger, and their behaviour under these circumstances is to be watched. After this, the mental exercises are to be presented to them; ‡ for Plato would not apply the least severity to enforce learning, in case of reluctance on the part of the pupil. He is of opinion, that no compulsory acquisition ever impresses itself deeply on the mind; that slavish machinery should not be brought to bear upon a freeman; and that the youthful genius may be more fully detected and appreciated, if there is no forcible interference with its proceedings. (pp. 276, 277.) Arithmetic, geometry, and mathema-

\* Μὴ πάνυ ἔτοι τῶν πολλῶν κατηγορεῖ, &c. p. 229.

† Ἡ οἷσι τινος χαλεπαίνει τῷ μὴ χαλεπῷ, ἢ φθονεῖν τῷ μὴ φθονεῖν, ἀφθονόν τι καὶ τρεπόμενα; ἐγὼ μὲν γὰρ σε προφθάσας λέγω, ὅτι ἐν ἐλάτοις τισιν ἡγῆμαι ἔλλ' ἐν ἐν τῷ πλήθει, χαλεπὴν ἔτι φύσιν ἔγγινυται. *ibid.*

‡ Τῷ χαλεπῷ πρὸς φιλοσοφίαν τὸς πολλὰς διακίσθαι, ἐκείνης αὐτῆς εἶναι τὸς ἔξωθεν ὃ μὴ περιστῆκον ἐπισκευμακτέας, λοιδορούμενας τε αὐτοῖς καὶ φιλακαχθιμόνας ἔχοντας, καὶ μὲν περὶ ἀνθρώπων τὸς λόγους ποιούμενος. *ibid.*

§ Ἐθέλειν ποιεῖν τὸς πόλιν. p. 232.

|| Ὑπερσίαν φιλοσοφίᾳ κτωρύνει, p. 227.

‡ Παῖσιν ὥς χρὴ προβάλλειν.



tical astronomy, will form the chief object of their study. For all mental application ought, in Plato's opinion, to be subservient to one grand end—to withdraw the mind from the contemplation of particulars, which are ever variable and fluctuating, and to fix it upon those eternal ideas of which these particulars are the manifestations. By this method alone can the knowledge of truth and good be attained. To unfold therefore the ratiocinative powers; to enable a man to penetrate by means of his intellect, extricated from the disturbing influence of sensation, into the essence and reality of things,\* is the leading purpose of all instruction. This power of investigation and analysis, accompanied with the capacity of stating and illustrating its results in conversation, is called by Plato the *dialectic power*.† Mathematical studies appear to him highly conducive to the formation of this power; inasmuch as the particular subjects of the reasoning hardly arrest the mind at all, but transmit it onward to the general truths which are the object of research. (p. 264.) Plato says, however, that this leading purpose was not recognised in the actual state of mathematical tuition. (p. 269.) Astronomy also he remarks to have been abused in the same manner, (p. 268,) and also music. (p. 269.)

But though the creation of this dialectic power be the ultimate design of the Platonic education, yet it is no part of our philosopher's system to commence the teaching of it at an early age. If communicated thus prematurely, it will, he thinks, be misemployed, and diverted to childish and paradoxical contention: and since it requires less skill to refute by means of sophistry, than to ward off a sophistical attack, children will make use of the art indiscriminately against truth and falsehood:—their means of discerning the former from the latter will thus be impaired, and a sceptical indifference generated in their minds. (p. 280.) For these reasons Plato proposes a preliminary education of the particular sciences (*προπαιδεία*, p. 276). From the time of the completion of their bodily training, until twenty years of age, (p. 277,) they are to be employed in these particular studies, the principal of which seem to be geometrical and mathematical.‡ At that age, the most eminent among them (*οἱ προκρινόμενοι*) are to vary, in some degree, their mode of study. Their attention is to be brought more to the points of union and contact among these sciences, and they are to be taught to abstract what all have in common, from that which distinguishes any one in particular. They are thus to be gradually withdrawn from particulars, and approximated to the study of general truth.§ By this previous noviciate their aptitude for dialectic exercises will be measured; and, at thirty years of age, those whose forwardness is the most distinguished|| are to be advanced to a more honourable post, and are considered fit to embark directly and avowedly in that important study. They are to employ themselves exclusively in this exercise for five years.¶ At thirty-five years of age, they will com-

\* Διὰ τὸ λόγῳ ἐπ' αὐτὸ ὃ ἔστιν ἱκαστὸν ὄν. p. 270.

† Ἡ διαλεκτικὴ δύναμις. pp. 270, 271.

‡ Τὰ μὲν λογισμῶν καὶ γεωμετριῶν καὶ πάσης τῆς προπαιδείας. p. 276.

§ Τὰ ἁπλοῦν μυστήρια παῖσιν ἐν τῇ παιδείᾳ γενόμενα, ταῖς συνεκτίον, εἰς σύνεσιν οἰκείω-  
τητος ἀλλήλων τῶν μαθημάτων, καὶ τῆς τῷ ἑνὸς φύσεως. p. 277.

|| Ἐκ τῶν προκρίτων προκρινόμενον. p. 278.

¶ Ἐπὶ λόγων μεταλήψει, ἐνδελεχῶς καὶ συντόνους μένειν μηδὲν ἄλλο πράττειν. p. 281.

nience their active career, for the acquisition of practical experience. For fifteen years they are to be employed in subordinate functions and in war, and are to be exposed to those temptations which public life presents, in order to examine whether their previous education has taken firm root within their bosoms. Those who pass through this trial with unblemished reputation, and who distinguish themselves in action as well as in study, are considered as qualified, at fifty years of age, for the task of instructing and governing their fellow-creatures. (p. 281.) The rest of their lives will be employed in improving themselves and their community into a conformity with that idea of good, which their education has taught them to contemplate. They will effect this principally by diffusing philosophy and mental improvement; but when necessary, by assuming each in his turn the burden of political management and regulation.\* After taking peculiar care to leave behind them another set of good governors to maintain the constitution, by strictly watching the education of their successors, they will depart for the islands of the blest, and the city will sacrifice to them as gods. This description applies to women as well as to men. (ibid.)

It should be remarked, that Plato supposes his philosophical caste as assuming the government with great reluctance, and requiring compulsion to force them to the task. To strip the magistracy of its advantages, and to place it in the hands of unwilling occupiers, is the sole mode, in his opinion, of ensuring good government. For, if the situation is valuable and attractive, the power of the rulers will be continually crossed by the warfare and obstruction of competitors; and thus internal contentions will be unceasing. A philosophical mind alone can despise political consequence; and there can therefore be no reluctant possessor of the seat of government, except a philosopher. (p. 255.)†

\* Ἰδούτας τὸ ἀρχεῖν αὐτοί, παραδίδουσι χρημένους ἰατροῦς, καὶ ἀγροὺς καὶ βλάδας καὶ ἑταίρους κατασκευάζειν τὰ ἐκείνων ἴκον, ἐν μέλει, καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄλλα, ἀπὸς φιλοσοφίαν διανέμειν, ὅταν δὲ τὸ μέρος ἕκαστ, πρὸς πολιτικῇ ἐπιταγῇ, ὅπως, καὶ ἀρχοντας ἐκείνους τῆς πόλεως ἔλκω. p. 281.

† This doctrine of rendering the exercise of power undesirable, in order to exclude competition for possessing it, seems at first sight somewhat preposterous. But it is, in reality, a consistent inference from a principle which Plato throughout supposes, and which other writers suppose also, when it suits their views, though they do not pursue it with the same consistency and sincerity as he does. This is, the unfitness of the people to judge correctly in matters of government. The only mode of excluding competition for power would assuredly be, what Plato here proposes, to strip it of its attractions. If, therefore, competition be a bad thing, this expedient for preventing it is of course advantageous. Now a struggle between any two competitors always occasions an appeal, by the weaker of the two, to the people. And if the people are really unfit for any sound decision in matters of government, all interference on their part, whether constant or occasional, must be pernicious, and therefore every thing which causes a recurrence to it must also be pernicious. Supposing, therefore, that the people are thus incapable of deciding on national measures—supposing their judgments on the subject to be habitually wrong and only occasionally right—it follows most demonstrably that all competition for the possession of power must be pernicious. In other words, absolute power, in the hands of a single man, must on that supposition be the most beneficial to mankind of all conceivable establishments—a conclusion which the profound reasonings of Hobbes have also deduced from the same fundamental principle.

It should be observed, that Plato's exclusion of the people from all share in the business of government, proceeds not so much from any low estimate of their actual capacity, as from his universal doctrine, that no man is to exercise more than one

In the early part of the conversation Plato had caused Socrates to remark, that there were four species of existing governments, all defective. He now makes him, at the request of Glaucon, enumerate and classify them—a timocracy, an oligarchy, and a tyranny, (p. 285.) He illustrates the bad qualities of these governments by predicting the gradual degeneracy of the Platonic constitution, and its transition successively into the four vicious systems. And as he imagines the character of the citizen to be moulded by the constitution under which he lives, he takes the same opportunity of tracing the alterations which the deteriorated government would produce in individual conduct and opinion.

All changes in every constitution emanate from the possessors of power, when internal dissensions take place among them: if they remain in harmony, however small may be their number, the constitution cannot possibly be shaken.\* Upon this principle, Plato predicts the decline of his system from the gradual deterioration in the breed of governors. From this failure and degeneracy of natural worth, they will no longer continue to pursue with equal steadiness the plan of education chalked out for them. First, their musical studies—next, their gymnastical exercises, will be neglected. A portion of the governors having thus become corrupted, there will arise among them a diversity of objects and desires. The degenerate half will aspire to the possession of wealth and other individual enjoyments; the remainder, preserving their former character, will still continue to aim exclusively at the punctual execution of their duty. The result will be a compromise between the two. (p. 288.) The ruling class will retain in some measure their previous habits of living in common, of public gymnastic exercises, of abstinence from husbandry or any private traffic. (p. 289.) But they will divide among them, and appropriate, lands and houses; they will enslave, and hold merely as neighbours and domestics, those whom they formerly watched as freemen, as friends, and as purveyors to their wants.† They will be apprehensive of the influence and agency of genuine wisdom, and will bestow all their countenance upon bravery and talents for stratagem; they will be continually in a state of dissention; their desire of wealth will not manifest itself openly, on account of their public and regulated mode of living, but it will be exhibited by many surreptitious and indirect methods; they will treasure up money in secret places, and will lavish it upon their wives and other friends (p. 289.); the laws which restrict their private lives will become odious and insufferable, and will be evaded by every practicable mode.

The military spirit and ardour, stripped of that bridle which education had before imposed upon it, will vent itself in private broils; and this will foster among them that spirit of rivalry and sense of (indivi-

calling. It does not therefore, according to him, become men of any other trade to take cognizance of the concerns of the government. Hobbes's extrusion of the people is founded upon radical mistrust of their soundness and capability.

\* Τόδε μὲν ἄπλῶν ὅτι πᾶσα πολιτεία μεταβάλλει ἐξ αὐτῆ τῇ ἔχοντος τὰς ἀρχάς, ὅταν ἐν αὐτῇ τίτῃς ῥᾶσι; ἐγγίνηται; ὁρῶντες δὲ, κἄν πᾶν ὄλιγον ᾖ, ἀδύνατον κινήσθαι. p. 286.

† Ἐἰς τὸ αὐτὸν ὁμολόγησαν γῆν μὲν καὶ οἰκίαν κατανημαμένους ἰδύσασθαι τὰς δὲ πρὶν φυλοττομένους ὑπ' αὐτῶν, ὡς ἰλευθέρους φίλους τε καὶ τροφάς, δουλωσόμενοι τότε περιούκους τε καὶ οἰκέτας ἔχοντες, αὐτοὶ πολέμου τε καὶ φυλακῆς αὐτῶν ἐπιμειψέσθαι. p. 288.

dual) dignity\* which Plato gives as the characteristic of this first period of corruption.

Conformable to this perversion of the government is that of the individual citizen: the sound instruction of a rational father is crossed and counteracted by the vicious inclinations which his mother, his domestics, and other society, implant in his bosom. From this mixture of counsel a character is formed, obdurate and but slightly tinctured with letters or elegance; a patient listener, but no speaker; savage to slaves, and gentle towards freemen; obedient to his commanders, and thirsting much for political and military renown; verging, however, towards avarice in his old age. (pp. 290--291.)

## ON ASSES.

My Oberon, what visions have I seen,  
Methought I was enamoured of an Ass!

SHAKS.

*Procul este profani!* Avaunt ye witlings, who with gibes and jeers would turn my honest conceptions into mockery. I address not ye; no, nor the poor human butts on whom ye break your poorer jests, "though by your smiling ye seem to think so." I had no such stuff in my thoughts as bipeds, not even those who wear the head of Borrom; but as the times are critical, and equivocation might undo us, it may be well also to premise that though my references be altogether quadrupedal, they mount not to those golden Asses (not of Apuleius, I dare aver), which are placed upon royal tables, and whose panniers laden with salt (assuredly not Attic) minister stimulants to the palates of kings and courtiers. No--my paper means what it professes: it is dedicated to donkeys, Jerusalem poneys, &c. but who have no patronymic right to be termed any thing but Asses.

Every association connected with this most interesting animal is classical, venerable, hallowed. At the feast of the goddess Vesta, who was preserved by the braying of an Ass from the attacks of the Lampsacan God, that animal was solemnly crowned; and in an old Calendar still extant the following note is written against the month of June: "Festum Vestæ—Asinus coronatur." As we know that many of our customs are derived from Pagan institutions, is it not probable that the crowning of our Laureates originated in this superstition? The Gnostics worshipped this long-eared deity. In the precincts of the Holy Land, though not invested with idolatrous honours, the Ass was held in high respect and reverence; and I know not any contrast of fate more affecting, any reverse of grandeur, even including that of the Jewish nation itself, more absolute and wretched, than the present doom of this outcast quadruped compared with its former lot in Palestine, where, as the use of horses was prohibited, the Ass was the royal beast, whose covering was cloth of gold, whose housings were studded with the carbuncle and the pearl, and whose provender was showered down into royal mangers. Deborah, addressing her song to the rulers of Israel, exclaims—"Speak, ye that ride on white Asses, ye that sit in judgment." Jair of Gilead, we are told, had thirty sons who rode upon as many Asses, and commanded in thirty cities; and the holy writer wishing to exalt the grandeur of Abdon, one of the judges of

\* φιλονεικία καὶ φιλοτιμία.

Israel, proclaims that he had forty sons and thirty grandsons who rode upon seventy Asses. According to a tradition of the Jewish Rabbins, one of the ten privileged creatures formed by God at the end of the sixth day, was the identical beast bestrode by Balaam, the same that Abraham loaded with wood for the sacrifice of Isaac, which Moses long after employed to transport his wife and son across the desert, and which, still existing in the depths of some unknown and impenetrable wilderness, will continue to be miraculously fed and guarded until the advent of their pretended Messiah, when he will mount upon its back and ride forth to conquer all the nations of the earth.

But, leaving these reveries, must we not admit, unless we join Maimonides and Gregory of Nyssa in considering the whole story a vision or allegory, that the animal whereof we write is the same that on the flowery banks of the Euphrates saw the Angel of the Lord standing before it with a drawn sword, turned aside thrice into the path of the vineyard, and when smitten for crushing its master's foot against a wall, was miraculously endued with speech that it might rebuke its infatuated rider? When the priests and elders looked forth from the towers and temples and walls of Hierosolyma towards the valley beneath, where the multitude were filling the air with Hosannas, and spreading palm-branches before the Saviour of the world, who was destined to overthrow the Sophists of Athens and the Pagan Pontiffs of all-conquering Rome, they beheld him riding upon—an Ass. Reader! if thou hast been more fortunate than he who now addresses thee, and hast been enabled to pick up a little book of Hemsen's entitled, "*Laus Asini*," I counsel thee to lay it next thy heart, for it disserts of most longeared matter, and is rich in asinine reminiscences. Doubtless thou hast passed the *Pons Asinorum* of the mathematicians--thou hast laughed at the punishment inflicted by Apollo upon the Phrygian king--thou hast feasted on the third Dialogue of Lucian, wherein he relates his adventures after being converted into an Ass by a sorceress--and hast been enraptured with Apuleius's most exquisite and imaginative expansion of this fiction; and if thou canst still deny that the Ass who is now passing thy door, instead of being loaded with sand and cabbage, bears a rich freight of sacred, classical, and scientific associations and conceits, I tell thee thou art duller "than the fat weed that rots itself at ease on Lethæ's wharf," and meritest thyself that appellation which limits all thy ideas of the passing quadruped.

Poor, shaggy, half-starved, mauled and maltreated beast! when I behold thee—

"Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from thy high estate—"

and, alas, too often "weltering in thy blood!" and yet bearing thee insults and torments with a resignation, a fortitude, a heroism, that would do honour to a Stoic philosopher! I am not content with the poet's exclamation—"I love the patient meekness of thy face," but feel tempted to transform the common whereon I encounter thee, into the greensward of the fairies, that I may say with Titania—

"Come, lie thee down upon this flowery bed,  
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,  
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy."

The reader will say that I am full of my subject; and pleading guilty to the charge, I confess that I know no sound more affecting, more pathetic, than the braying of an Ass, "startling the night's dull ear." It seems a "sense of intolerable wrong," an outpouring of long accumulated griefs, the delivery of an agonized soul, the hysteric of exhausted patience; and while the sides distend as if the heart were bursting, and the deep closing sigh sends its appealing breath up to Heaven, I have sometimes followed it, and found delight in imagining that there might not only be reason for the poor Indian's hope—

"Who thinks, admitted to yon equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company—"

but that these long-eared innocents may be rewarded for their endurance in some garden of paradisaical thistles—some Eden of perpetual pasture, some Elysium of clover.

What a poor compound is humanity, and how ridiculous, as well as ungrateful, is its pride, when we see beauty and nobility converting this despised beast into a species of parent, and receiving its milk into their veins as the sole means of health or existence! I have never beheld this unconscious wet-nurse of the wealthy standing at the doors of our proud mansions, without sending my imagination not only up-stairs where the pale sons and daughters of sickness were reclining upon their luxurious sofas, but into the sheds and penthouses of Knightsbridge or Petty France, where their four-footed foster-brothers and sisters, compelled, like the hairy Esau, to exchange their birthright for a mess of pottage, were correcting their long ears at every sound, and endeavouring to snuff the return of their teeming mothers, in the mingled impatience of defrauded appetite and disappointed affection. No substance is so poor in stimulants for present thought, but that it may be rendered pregnant in its past concoction and future decomposition; and as I have sometimes gazed upon this foal-purloined milk, frothing into a tumbler, I have traced it backwards to the earth when it was grass, and to the skies when it was rain; and following it in its forward destiny, I have fancied it converted into the bloom of beauty's cheek, or the sparkle of its eye, or by a still more subtle sublimation reflecting and inspiring the brain until it finally evaporate in dazzling coruscations of wit. We are all compounds of the same matter, and should therefore learn to sympathise with all its organizations.

Although my subject, that I might be strictly asinary, has led me to a grave and serious treatment, it is not unfertile in more trivial suggestions. In England, where cruelty to animals of all kinds has attained its *maximum*, this Paria of the quadrupeds endures so large a share of outrage that I have sometimes imagined there must be a special Tophet reserved for its drivers; and as I once fell into conversation with an individual of that class, I endeavoured to explain to him the doctrine of the metempsychosis, insisting on the probability that he would one day be an Ass himself, and receive exactly such usage as he bestowed. Being assured, in answer to his inquiry whether there was any thing "about that there" in the Bible, that there was grave warranty for the belief, he appeared staggered, mused awhile, and then exclaimed, "Vell, Sir, there's von thing, if it's ever so true—I never hits mine over the head;"—a circumstance which so reconciled him to the doctrine

of Pythagoras, that he let fall a heavy blow upon his beast's crupper, and disappeared. If the Ass be not entitled to rank as an esquire, Cervantes makes him at least a squire-bearer, whereas the squire himself is only a shield-bearer; and our long-eared hero was formally dubbed a gentleman by King Charles. A Mayor of Rochester, just at the commencement of an elaborate address to that Monarch, was accompanied by the loud braying of an Ass, when his Majesty exclaimed, "One at a time, *Gentlemen*, one at a time." A common tradition attributes the black line, or cross, upon the shoulders of this animal to the blow inflicted by Balaam; in allusion to which a witling, who had been irreverently sneering at the miracles in the presence of Dr. Parr, said triumphantly, "Well, Doctor, what say you to the story of Balaam's Ass, and the cross upon its shoulders?"—"Why, Sir," replied the Doctor, "I say, that if you had a little more of the Cross, and a great deal less of the Ass, it would be much better for you." A singer once complaining to Sheridan that himself and his brother (both of whom were deemed simpletons) had been ordered to take Ass's milk, but that on account of its expensiveness, he hardly knew what they should do.—"Do?" cried Sheridan, "why suck one another to be sure."

Gentle reader, whether of that sex whose limbs hang together against the ribs of this forlorn animal, from a side-saddle, or of that more ponderous gender that doth bestride his narrow back like a Colossus, if in thy summer jaunts to Margate or Brighton, thou dost make him minister to thy pleasures, toiling through the sun and dust to bear thee to cake-smelling hovers, and tea-dispensing shades, O, bethink thee of his regal stalls in Palestine, and grudge him not the thistle by the wayside: recall his silken housings, and have pity on his gored and ragged sides: remember his glorious burden in the valley of Cedron, and respect his present wretchedness: muse upon the fate of Balaam, and—cast away thy staff.

H.

## SONNET.

## THE VISION.

THERE is a blest voice in the Sabbath air  
Of souls rejoicing on their Maker's day,  
And my dark spirit, on her mortal way,  
In holy thought a moment hovers there;  
And well forgets this vain earth's gloom and glare,  
Her shews of transient date, and gauds, and play,  
Beating her prison-house and bonds of clay,  
She strives to mingle with the good and fair.  
O earthless visions! dear to my sad soul,  
Pour your rich beams with more celestial light,  
And chase these shades of doubt and vain desire  
That o'er my spirit thus their darkness roll;  
And lead me, pure in heart, the path to God—  
And I will drink the cup, and kiss the rod.

R.

## THE POETRY OF LIFE.

LIFE, like literature, has its poetry, the illusions of which are equally enchanting with the spells worked around the mind by the Muses of Parnassus. They "steep the senses in forgetfulness" of what is base and unworthy, and lead us into fairy retreats and charmed bowers. The poetry of life comprises our agreeable sensations, our tendernesses, our magical associations of thought, our spirit-stirring emotions, and our noblest enthusiasms. With the fatiguing realities of our being it has little connexion, but all that is just and generous belongs to it. The indefinable feelings of the soul, the overflowings of the heart, the "thoughts that lie too deep for tears," the hallowed recollections of by-gone events, the impressions made by the beautiful and the sublime, the nameless objects that embody themselves in dim outlines on the mind, but of which we can scarcely discern the forms—these compose the poetry of our existence. Its character is strictly ideal: it has little connexion with business, or trade, or traffic, with eating or drinking, or with any of the common occupations which we pursue. It is essence, not gross matter—spirit, not substance.

Its character is varied, and some temperaments partake more largely of its impressions than others. The feelings experienced while gazing upon a calm summer ocean at eve, on a leafless tree, or on the "brown horrors" of an autumnal landscape, the odour of a flower sometimes, the thrilling felt at a tale of heroic deeds, the delight experienced on treading upon a spot consecrated in history, or visiting

"Lands renown'd in monuments of Eld,"

the melancholy remembrance of the dead, the ardour of genius, the zeal of devotion, and similar sensations, belong to it. The young love of the innocent heart, its timid advances, its golden hopes, and its dreams of happiness, even the aims of ambition and the thirst of glory, are equally its property. "The sky-measured" desires and hopes with which we build edifices of unsubstantial bliss that melt away as soon as erected, and the schemes which we project for the future without a probability of their completion, are among its cherished illusions. Though but the *mentis gratissimus error* of our lives, it is, perhaps, the attribute of our existence to which we are most attached. The mere business and habits that every revolving day repeats are dull prose which we read as a task—like the Statutes at Large full of endless tautology and sickening repetition. The varied sensations that constitute the poetry of life never tire: they were framed to counterbalance the irksomeness of necessary duties. The pictures of imagination, tinged with "colours dipped in Heaven," prevent our being chilled to death by the cold ceremonious routine of matter-of-fact existence. Thus, whatever embellishes, sweetens, or refines life, from the vivid impressions of youth to the mournful but pleasing reminiscences of age, is a part of life's poetry.

I threw up my window yesterday to listen to the resounding or *rimbomba* of the successive peals of thunder during a storm: they followed one another like the echo of cannon discharged among mountains, with a deep cavernous protraction of sound. The pleasure I experienced at the moment belonged to the class which I have been



describing. How different from such enjoyments as are merely sensual! The latter may be designated as the prose of our existence; and some of it is, no doubt, pleasant reading, but it wants the spirit, the stamp of immateriality, which the offspring of the mind, those "fairy creatures of the element," always bear with them. They seem not to belong to this world; we get them so by snatches and glimpses; they are like the *nebule* seen in the Heavens by astronomers, which appear to be little openings into regions of infinite light and splendour. The sensations which, viewing the subject in this way, we may properly denominate poetical, give to existence unalloying delight. Unembodied as they are, they cannot one of them be spared from our scanty stock of pleasures. They give us a fore-taste of what is perhaps the nature of the enjoyments of spiritual beings: for they seem under the direction of agents of a superior nature.

What a reaching out of the soul, an ardent longing of the mind after something that is above mortality, we sometimes experience! Who has not felt emotions beyond the power of language to describe at a glorious sunset, when the sky is decked in the richest colours, and cloud is piled upon cloud in gorgeous magnificence, among which imagination pictures

— — — Purple castles where red turrets frown,  
Or sea-gut reefs, or gilded spires and town.  
Or waving wreaths of snow spread o'er the blue,  
Now streaming wildly in disorder new,  
And ever changing;

Who does not aspire to mingle in the scene, ramble in fairy vales, or climb mountains of ruby and chrysolite? Who, when walking out at night and viewing

The eternal lights that live along the sky—

does not feel a wish to fling himself from earth into the abyss of space that intervenes, and attempt to reach those unknown orbs and bathe in their fountains of living brightness? The remembrance of a beloved friend or relative, long deceased, brings him often, without warning, to the mind's eye, perfect in every feature, affecting us with a pleasing melancholy: this is particularly the case when we dream—for dreams belong to the poetry of life. The rush of recollection that comes suddenly upon the mind, bringing up even the feelings of boyish days with astonishing freshness—a forgotten song, re-heard by accident, certain strains of music, the first coming of spring, the solitude of wild and sublime scenery, dark with woods and precipices, where

————— a thousand phantasies  
Begin to throng into the memory,  
Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dre,  
And airy tongues that syllable men's names—

the riding over a wild heath where no human habitation appears and the silence of desolation seems to govern every thing—all raise unutterable feelings, which, with many others differing in character and intensity according to the different degrees of our constitutional susceptibility of such impressions, may be styled the romantic of life's poetry, being the most lofty and spiritual part of it. The impressions of love and friendship, of the beautiful and sublime, the relish for the higher classes of

art, such as sculpture and painting, form another kind of sensations under the same head; among which may be ranked almost all the virtues that do honour to human nature, and are distinguished from mechanical and coarse passions and worldly pursuits. Business, money-getting, calculation, politics, nothing in short that is mathematical and corporeal, that is, "of the earth earthy," can be designated as the "Poetry of Life."

The world of life's poetry is golden, as well as that of the poet of literature; to whom it furnishes the magic by which, like Timotheus, he

Swells the soul to rage, or kindles soft desire,

But language is too limited to describe it. The Poetry of Life is felt, not syllabled—it is wild, solemn, and unearthly, or

"Musical as is Apollo's lute,"

or sublime from its vastness and obscurity—it far

"Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought."

Touches which recall its vivid impressions are frequently shewn in the productions of gifted men; but these are so minute a portion of the whole, and language is so inadequate a medium to convey even a fractional outline of their character, that the filling up of the parts must be left to the mind. The most artful and sweetest combinations of language are too material for painting the subtle shadows and colourings: they only serve as remembrancers to bring back sensations that are past, in order to delight us by their revivification.

But the highest Poetry of Life, or, what is the same thing, the finer impulses of our nature, the glowing fancies, the ardent emotions, the sweet imaginings of the soul, are every day becoming closer and more retired inmates of our bosoms. They are less frequently imparted: for the mass of mankind are getting less poetical in feeling. This is because of their intangible nature: the world is busy in hunting after substances, no matter how base may be their composition. The "airy nothings" of the mind, that reason cannot comprehend, mathematics prove real, or arithmetic gauge, are held as of little value. But the Poetry of Life can never be extinct; it is a part of our natures; and if there be cold ascetics in the world who scout every thing that a line cannot measure and a diagram demonstrate, still there are others left who will continue to revel in "fairy fictions," and forget at times the painful realities of existence in the mighty visions of the imagination—for these can be enjoyed where the showy appliances of life are wanting. We are told, indeed, that, as the march of reason advances, that of imagination will retrograde: as if mankind can ever become wholly subject to reason's influence, and passion and feeling hold a subordinate station in the human breast. Reason may, perhaps, temper what it cannot subdue. But where is the individual who can resist grief by reasoning upon its inutility, or conquer love by reflecting on its transitory nature—

— Who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus,  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
By bare imagination of a feast?

"Whip me under the gallows" the cold philosopher that would

banish the Muses from his republic ; but the wretch that would wish the Poetry of life and feeling to be extinct, let him for ever dwell "*In caldo, e 'n gielo*," as Dante has it—

In flame, in frost, in ever-during night.

What else is there that is worth the "whips and scorns" of life? It is painful to reflect that, in large congregations of men, who mingle together for objects of business or politics, every year seems to wear away more and more of the finer feelings, and renders the mind more unsusceptible of the pleasures of imagination ; but much of this is the result of long habit and of locality. The Poetry of Life can never die while we are conscious breathing animals. To those who smile at it, and are still daily experiencing more or less of its influence—who feel only indifferent towards it because they will not acknowledge it to be the great charm of our being, I shall only address the words of an old writer respecting persons insensible to poetry in general. "But if (fie on such a *But*!) you be borne so neare the dui-making cataract of Nilus, that you cannot heare the planet-like musike of poetry—if you haue so earth-creeeping a mind that it cannot lift itself vp to looke to the skie of poetry, or rather, by a certain rusticall disdain will become such a mome as to be a Momus of poetrie—then, though I will not wish unto you the asses' cares of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses as Bubonax was, to hang himself, nor to be rimed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland, yet this much curse I must send you in the behalfe of all poets—that, while you live, you live in loue and never get fauour, for lacking skill of a Sonnet, and when you die, your memorie die from the earth for want of an epitaph." V.

## SONNET.

GIOVANNI PIETRO ZANOTTI.

*Jerusalem destroyed by Titus.*

STON, thine eye beheld and wept too late  
O'er tower and temple crumbling in decay,  
The crushing column and the falling gate,  
And saw the deadly paleness of dismay  
The faces of thy trembling priests away,  
And high-born maids and matrons desolate,  
And helpless infants sadly led away  
Before the haughty foe in mournful state.  
Above thy scatter'd ruins sadly seated,  
Devoted City! from thy woes in vain  
Thy glance upturn'd to Heaven for rest intreated.  
Say—didst thou then bethink thee of the stain  
The guilt of which thy measured crimes completed  
On him thy haads had crucified and slain?

## THE LIAR.

Σχέλις, ποικιλομήτα, δόλων ἄτ', ἐκ ᾧ ἐμελλης  
Μύθων τε κλοπῶν, οἳ τοι πεδᾶθεν φίλοι εἰσιν.

(*Odys.* 13.)

SIR, -- I reckon myself one of the most accomplished liars of the day. I tell a lie the most readily, the most ingeniously, the most unblushingly of any of my acquaintance. But that is not all : not only are my lips false, but I lie with my eyes, I lie with my gestures, I lie with my habitual carriage : my shovel-shaped hat is a lie, my snuff-coloured dittoes and bob-wig are lies, the bright polish of my Day and Martin blacking is a lie ; in short every thing about me, from the deafness of my ears to the shuffle in my heels is a mere imposition and a thorough falsehood.

So completely indeed am I imbued with the spirit of deception, that I do not think I should now make you this anonymous communication if I had not a sort of conviction that you will not believe me. Lucian thought himself excused for writing lies in his true history, because he gave fair notice ; and I consider myself as derogating in nothing from the unity and simplicity of my character, by telling truths that will mislead more than the most ingenious fictions. I have often pondered most seriously but without being able to arrive at any satisfactory solution of the difficulty, upon the reasons which have induced mankind to resent so deeply the imputation of falsehood, and to consider it as a stain upon the reputation, which nothing but blood can wash away. Then whole reasonings on this subject seem to me very capricious and absurd. For, admitting their own premises, and allowing (what I am very far from being disposed to concede) that a lie has something in its nature so very discreditable, yet "all the blood of all the Howards" cannot alter the nature of things, and make that true which is in itself false : and I cannot conceive how a man grows a bit the less a liar, by becoming a murderer into the bargain. But, leaving this point to nicer casuists, I must take leave to remark, that the preliminary absurdity is not less of being so mortally offended at the imputation itself ; seeing not only that all mankind, more or less, indulge in this figure of rhetoric, but that children and savages (those nearest to a state of nature) are the most egregious liars. Is there a nation in the civilized world that does not pride itself most upon those passages of its early history, which are the most palpably and extravagantly false ? Have not the Greeks their Hercules, and their Cadmus, and their Theseus, and above all, that arch impostor and liar, their Ulysses ? Have not the Romans their Romulus and their Quintus Curtius ? the Peruvians their Manco Capac ? the Irish their Milesius, and the English their Troja. Brute ? If lying be so terrible an offence, why do we read with so much pleasure, Herodotus, and Livy, and Vertot. Liars, says the proverb, should have good memories :—they require also ingenuity, invention, the promptitude of an improvisatore, and the lucid comprehension of intellect of a first-rate mechanist. Liars also require great judgment, in order to see clearly when a lie will and will not tell, and likewise to take care that it be not thrown away on an inadequate subject. This I take to be the moral of the apologue of the Shepherd's Boy and the Wolf, which figures in the first book we

put into the hands of children. That mendacious guardian of the sheepfold was in the habit of calling "wolf" from mere wantonness and sport, to laugh at his comrades,—a most reprehensible practice; whereas, had he kept this fiction for some great occasion, he would not have lost his lambs.

Besides the qualifications already enumerated, a liar requires great self-possession; that modification of courage which confers command of countenance; and that species of perseverance which is falsely called obstinacy, and which enables the liar to bear up against the clearest evidence, and to assert the most hardily when proof weighs the heaviest against him. From all these considerations, I am inclined, then, to think, that the importance attached to giving the lie depends upon its being a slur upon the understanding; and that "you lie" means nothing more than, "you are found out," "you want the talent of lying like truth," "you are a bungling blockhead, and use a weapon without understanding its management:"—the criminality, like that of the Spartan pickpocket, being placed altogether in the detection. The same indeed is the case with respect to borough traffic, cheating at cards, *crim. con.* robbing "the King's exchequer," and many other pleasurable and profitable amusements of the like nature.

Having premised thus much concerning the art of lying, I shall proceed with the immediate object of my letter—a sketch of my own life. I received from my parents what is called a liberal education; and, after spending three years at college, was articulated to an attorney, with whom I was initiated into the mysteries of the law. My master's office was a climate congenial to my nature. I was particularly delighted with those *theoretical* tamperings with the truth, called "*fictions of the law*:" the process of ejectionment, with all its gratuitous suppositions of actions that never were done, and of things that never happened, was my especial delight; but my joy was without bounds, when, on entering into the *practice* of the law, I found a field so thoroughly adapted to my talents and dispositions. My progress accordingly was rapid. I was early admitted a partner in the business, and I have no doubt that I should have speedily made a great fortune, but unluckily being entrapped in giving evidence by a close hunk of a counsellor, and thus compelled to speak the truth against my inclination, I was very abruptly struck off the roll, and dismissed to exercise my talents in some other profession.

"The world was all before me, where to choose," and I chose to become a paragraph-collector for the daily journals. It is astonishing the scope this employment affords to a man of bright parts and mendacious disposition! His writings may be considered as the chronicles of whatever *is not*. accidents that never happened, fires that never burned, floods that never quitted the bed of their river, feats of horsemanship and of pedestrian exertion that were never performed, battles that were never fought, treaties that were never signed, marriages which were never celebrated, fêtes that were never given, "lame ducks" that never "waddled," ghosts that never appeared, volcanoes, storms, earthquakes, duels, murders, and highway-robberies, all mere *entes rationis*, and children born with more heads and members than ever were found in the bottles of a show-anatomist. The political intelligence of such a writer is like the decree of Demosthenes alluded

to by Æschines. His criticisms have the decided advantage of not forestalling the works they review, but rather enhance the pleasure of the reader, by the surprise of finding so wide a disagreement between reality and representation. His family anecdotes are perfect additions to national biography; while, if he sometimes insinuates an imaginary fault in the character of his heroes, he fully makes amends by a corresponding supposition of virtues liberally conferred upon the objects of his paid panegyrics.

From this department of my natural vocation I was driven, something like Sir Francis Wronghead, by saying *ay* when I should have said *no*: for, by an unlucky mistake, I sent a paragraph intended for an Opposition paper to a Court journal. It was inserted without examination, and the Minister was accused in his own demi-official gazette of a gross peculation! The hubbub was extreme; the editor was rated, and lost half his pension; the proprietor was —— (but that must not be told); and I was kicked out of the office, and threatened with an indictment for libel.

Being reduced very low in circumstances by this unfortunate event, my next appearance was in the character of a mute at a funeral. But the change in my fortunes rendered my rueful countenance so faithful an index of the mind, and my sorrows were so genuinely unaffected, that I soon became discontented with a station so uncongenial to my talents, and embraced the offer of a quack doctor to write the statements of his cures, and to give the last touches of pathos to the deplorable cases of incurable malady, which he had most miraculously restored to health and longevity.

The next step I took is not difficult to foresee. From lying for others I commenced liar on my own account, by stepping into my employer's shoes, pirating his nostrums, parodying his handbills, and turning Æsculapius myself. I shall not tell you the names under which I practised, for I am sure you would not believe me: suffice it to say, that by dint of impudence, threats, flattery, and a female *coterie*, I succeeded as well as the best of the regulars, be he who he may, and soon wormed myself into a genteel livelihood. Had I been as prudent as clever, I should soon have realized a handsome fortune; but *ce qui vient par la flûte s'en retourne par le tambour*. I gave sumptuous entertainments, kept a dashing equipage, and played deep, in order to make my way in genteel life; and before I could qualify for a vote at the India House, a newer and more audacious impostor obtained possession of public credulity. I was obliged to abandon my profession — my patients having first abandoned me.

Reduced to the lowest in my hopes, and without a shilling I could call my own, I found resources in my genius which arose even from my very distress. A liar, indeed, if any one, may boast *lorsque je suis bien comprimé*, &c.; for if necessity be the mother of invention, a liar can never be so truly great as when his necessities are the most pressing. Thus it happened that at my utmost need, and when absolutely without a dinner, I found my way into the Rotunda at the Bank, and unhesitatingly bought ten thousand Consols 'for the account.'

The profession of a stockjobber was certainly made for me, or I for the profession—that, of all other trades, is the one in which "nothing is, but thinking makes it so." No one ever was more ingenious in his

fictions, nor laid them more cleverly at the door of a creditable authority, than I. No one ever played the game of brag with more confidence, swaggering away a fierce bull, at the very moment when speculating for a fall, and undoing by my subaltern agents what I affected to do myself. No one ever concealed mortification with a more smiling exterior: no one was more ingenious in letting his friends into a good thing, and taking equal advantage of their scepticism and their credulity. When really possessed of news, I have told it in a way that every one has thought it a "taste of my own quality;" and I have let the world into the secret of fictitious intelligence, by dropping a "most confidential letter" where it was sure to be found. Regularly twice a week I contrived to be seen leaving the Foreign Office, in Downing-street, upon no better grounds than an acquaintance with the housekeeper; and I had frequent expresses from France, that contained nothing but an old *Drapeau blanc*, or the last new caricature.

But, not to betray all "the secrets of my prison-house," it is enough to say, that with such talents failure was difficult, and I soon became rich enough to feel the full force of Jonathan Wild's axiom, "that a lie is too precious a thing to be wasted." Accordingly I began to think of establishing myself in the world, and of looking out for a wife.

Never, in the long course of my multifarious career, did I so much need the full extent of my resources, as in my character of a lover. That is a part in which the honestest and the fairest dealers of us all are sure to dissemble:—what then might not be expected from my talents and habits? The whole art and mystery of courtship consists in disguising vices, feigning virtues, concealing deficiencies, and counterfeiting raptures, in gross adulation, an affected oversight of female follies, a false air of forbearance and indulgence, a calm temper, and the transversion of every defect, moral and physical, in the objects of our preference, into a beauty or a perfection: always bearing in mind that this must be practised with rigour in the exact proportion in which, after the ceremony, the lady is to be treated with neglect and contempt. Is the party a porpoise? nothing is so becoming as *en bon point*. Is she a walking skeleton? nothing so elegant as a *svelte* nymph-like figure. Is she a fool? what charming simplicity! Is she a shrew? how pregnant her wit! Then the small-pox gives an interesting variety to a countenance; a nose like a knocker confers expression; bad teeth prevent an eternal senseless giggle; and a foul breath is—absolutely imperceptible!

What, however, adds to the charm and the difficulty of these practices, is the reciprocity of the contest. We are not only required to carry the war into the enemy's country, but to protect our own frontiers. The lady is often the greatest liar of the two: her interest in deception is the most urgent, and her education is not unfrequently directed to this "one thing needful;" so that it is often, in these cases, *d fripon, fripon et demi*; and happy is the man who is only duped in the arrangements of the settlement.

The first lady with whom I engaged was one of this class; and it is not saying a little of her to tell, that she was as great an adept in simulation and dissimulation as myself. Her devoted tenderness, her affecting sensibility, her thousand nameless attentions, so gratifying to vanity, and therefore so winning, had nearly united me to the veriest she-tiger

that ever gave battle; but the fortunate fall of a looking-glass so threw the lady off her centre, as to give me a very intelligible notice to quit; which I accepted accordingly: and, *bucking out* with the best grace I could muster, made my bow, and for that time escaped unhurt.

The next lady I addressed was, in her way, also a perfect living lie. She was of a *certain* age—the most uncertain, as Lord Byron justly remarks, in female biography.

— I never heard nor could engage  
A person yet by prayers, or bribes, or tears,  
To name, define by speech, or write on page,  
The period meant precisely by that word,  
Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

She seldom appeared in open day without a veil, but sat at home in rooms shaded with a verandah, and farther protected from the intrusion of too much light by muslin curtains. She remained much on a sofa, and rarely ventured to cross an open space without taking somebody's arm, or at least drawing a large square shawl over her shoulders to conceal the stiffness of her movements. Her hair was black and profuse, and her teeth white and regular: both, as Martial has it, were her own; for the artists who sold them had been duly paid. Her age was eight-and-twenty—an age at which, for many years, she had pertinaciously stuck; though latterly those who best knew her affirmed, that she began to retrograde, and become annually younger as life advanced. This affirmation, however, I was the less disposed to credit, as the party herself was observed to allude to the subject much less frequently than formerly, and therefore did not give her friends such opportunities of knowing the truth from the best source. Her air was, perhaps, too girlish and flirting for the time of life at which she chose to remain, but then it betrayed a most winning innocence. Her passion was sentiment and fine feeling, and, except in the arrangement of her marriage-articles, her notions were romantic and high-flown. I had hitherto been so closely occupied in watching the progress of my own deceits, in measuring every look, and guarding every expression of my own carriage, that I had paid comparatively but little attention to others; especially to those of the softer sex, with whom I had maintained but little intercourse. Like the "good saint," I

— little knew  
What the wily sex could do.

It is not, therefore, surprising, that with such an antagonist I was nearly bitten; and the "fair ruin" (to quote once more the Irish Anacreon) had nearly brought matters to an *issue*, when an issue which accident discovered, not "*lawfully* begotten," prevented our joining issue, and so put an end abruptly to the projected marriage.

It is not my present purpose to detail a long series of love-adventures: suffice it, that at length I *did* marry; when the truth, most involuntarily on both parts, soon came to light. The lady had much fewer charms and many more debts than she had pretended, while my pecuniary obligations were at least ten times as many as I had ever ventured to disturb her peace of mind by alluding to. She had also concealed a long episode in her early life, not very compatible with virgin innocence; and I for my part did not mention a certain sentimental friendship I maintained with a widow, who benevolently reared



a family of helpless infants, and encouraged them, in defiance of the law's *intelligible* axiom, to presume that they *had* a father, and that I was the man.

Being thus, as Father Luke has it, "settled for life," I had a spare stock of floating dissimulation on hand, which I determined on laying out on the canvassing of a borough. Here, Sir, I could tell you much of the false promises, falsely made and falsely received, in the obtaining a seat; the false interests represented by the sitting member; the false suppositions admitted in the forms of the house; the false tergiversations of *ruts*, and the falser steadiness of more thorough-going partizans; the false arguments used to carry a cause, and the false statements made to cover deficiencies; but "lightly tread, 'tis hallowed ground." There are certain "six acts," which must cut short the thread of my narrative. Referring you, therefore, to Major Cartwright, Lord I.—, and other *early* friends of reform, I shall content myself with remarking, that in my own case the voters were worthy of the representative and the representative of his constituents. "Practices as notorious as the sun at noon-day," gave me the right of selling what I had bought; and in this part of my life I in no respect derogated from the dramatic unity of all my actions.

My next step in mendacity was made in diplomacy. But I was so far false to the definition of an ambassador, that *all* my lies were not told for the good of the country. Indeed, it would not be easy to say what good was intended by the greater number of them; for few of our plans had any intelligible scope. We most frequently struck into crooked paths and by-ways for the sole purpose of avoiding the high road of honesty and fair dealing: "*Politiques aux choux et aux raves*," we were not unfrequently the dupes of our own art, and were often deceived by our eagerness to escape deception.

Notwithstanding the general belief that John Bull is not good in this department of state, and that, let him treat with whom he will, he generally ends, like a cully in a bad house, by being forced into a fight, and compelled to pay for the broken heads and glasses, to tip the watchman, and find bail for his good behaviour; still I should feel disposed to flatter myself with some success in this line, were I not obliged to confess, that in the modern way of doing business, more is obtained by the downright path of corruption, than by the most complicated scaffolding of ingenious fibs. It has now, indeed, become an axiom, *omnibus et ipsis notum et tonsoribus*, that lying is only useful when you want to spin out a negotiation, but that for bringing matters to a conclusion, there's nothing like a Bank-note or a diamond snuff-box.

About this time I got (for once in my life against the grain) into another lie, quite equal to the rest—I was engaged in a duel! The affair originated in a lie; the courage with which I went out was a lie (for in reality it was sheer dread of being called a coward, and so losing the emoluments of office and the pleasures of society, that induced us to *go out*); the pretence on which we arranged an accommodation was a lie; the profession of regard which accompanied our reconciliation was a lie; the narrative we printed in the newspapers of the transaction was an abominable lie; and nothing was sincere in the whole business, but the satisfaction with which we left Chalk Farm in a

whole skin, and the chagrin of the by-standers that nothing worth the telling had happened to repay them the trouble of looking on.

Having thus arrived at the top of the wheel of fortune, by a natural consequence I began to decline. A series of unforeseen accidents have hurled me from prosperity. My diplomacy being rendered ineffectual by superior mendacity, I lost my place; a more promising and plausible candidate threw me out of parliament; a lie on 'Change, of which I was not in the secret, made me "a lame duck," and the false accounts of my partner put me into the Gazette. The only instance in which the Genius of falsehood has proved true to her disciple was in the lie which lost me my wife:—the poor woman happened to *lie* in a damp bed, and went off in a nine-day fever. I am now once more where I started in life,—a little, perhaps, richer in experience, but much poorer in character. If you, Mr. Editor, will get me a few articles to write for the ——— Review, well and good: if not, I must e'en take to writing lottery-puffs; or, if that fails like the rest, betake me to the least profitable, and, therefore most persecuted, of all lies—common mendacity. In the mean time oblige me by printing this letter; and it may meet the eye of some one who is willing to pay a good price for a good commodity, and once more set me a-going by employing the talents of your obedient humble servant,

FERDINAND MENDEZ PINTO.

P.S. If you object to some parts of this narration as being commonplace, please to observe that the traits of falsehood and hypocrisy best worth relating, in my adventurous life, could not be told without subjecting your Journal to the suspicion of glancing at characters too elevated to ridicule, and too powerful to censure. I'd tell you more if I dared. M.

SONNET.

*Translated from Petrarch.*

Quel vago impallidir, che 'l dolce riso.

THERE was a touching paleness on her face,  
Which chased her smiles, but such sweet union made  
Of pensive majesty and heavenly grace,  
As if a passing cloud had veil'd her with its shade:  
Then knew I how the blessed ones above  
Gaze on each other in their perfect bliss,  
For never yet was look of mortal love  
So pure, so tender, so serene as this.

The softest glance fond woman ever sent  
To him she loved, would cold and rayless be  
Compared to this, which she divinely bent  
Earthward, with angel sympathy, on me,  
That seem'd with speechless tenderness to say—  
"Who takes from me my faithful friend away?"

E.

## THE LONDON 'PRENTICES.

THE Author of Waverley is again upon English ground : Auld Reekie has been abandoned for "the faire and renowned citie of London—the blooming Augusta of the West—the seminary or seed-plot of martiall spirits;" and after having had evoked by this potent unseen wizard the spirits of malignants, whigs, and covenanters, of Scotia's bold chieftains, and rapparees, of our own King John and his haughty barons, we are at last presented with a view of the brave 'Prentices of Fleet-street, such as they were in the days of peaceful King Jamie. It may, perhaps, be imagined, that the might and importance of the 'Prentices with their clubs is exaggerated in "The Fortunes of Nigel;" but it is to be remembered, that in those days women, and not men, served in the mercers' and haberdashers' shops (Stowe's Survey); and that the 'Prentices were very different persons from the essenced *petits-mâtres*, who in our times value themselves not on their play at bucklers or broad-sword, but on the glories of ambitious Dandyism. So considerable a body were they, that a tumult excited by them in the year 1517, occasioned the happy holiday of Spring to bear the name of "Evil May-day."

"The sage Cardinal, whom the proud King of France did not disdain to court, and the great Sir Thomas More, who once bore the title of undersheriff of London, were both made anxious by this affray: and the Duke of Norfolk, 'the scourge of the Scots,' as King Henry called him, with 1300 men, entered the city to subdue the rioters! On the morrow, to the number of 400, some men, some lads but thirteen or fourteen years of age, they were led to Westminster Hall, when with halters round their necks they awaited the King's grace; and three queens, says the old Chronicler, Queen Katharine, his majesty's consort, Mary, the French queen, and Margaret of Scotland, his majesty's sisters, long time upon their knees implored the King to pardon the delinquents: which he did after a severe monition."

As during the French Revolution Paris was emphatically France, and concentrated within itself the energies of the empire, so did London and her population once hold in our own island a pre-eminence and importance, of which the progress of population, the growth of the wealth of the country, and the advancement of civilization, have now bereft her. Ere this change took place, her stout young tradesmen formed in the mass a body of no inconsiderable physical force, ready, moreover, and immediately applicable upon an emergency. We find accordingly that in all times of commotion the Apprentices were active and forward. During the Civil Wars, and the struggle with prerogative which preceded them, "the resolved," or "well-affected Apprentices," as they styled themselves, drew up many petitions and protestations and declarations. In the affair of the Bishops they were very active. Clarendon has inserted a petition which they on this occasion subscribed; and there is extant \*

"A true Relation of the most wise and worthy Speech made by Captain Ven, one of the burgesses of the Parliament, to the Apprentices of London, who rose in Cheapside upon the combustion at Westminster, on Wednesday last at night, Dec. the 19th, 1641, as also the randevowes they had that night at the Counter in Wood-street \* \* \* The apprentices waiting at the Parliament-House three days without giving affront or ill-language to any,

they did only with a full consent cry down 'Bishops and Popish Lords;' but coming home by slender companies were set upon by divers cavaliers, who did cut many, and misused most with base language, not only apprentices, but men of good rank and quality (calling them rain-headed rogues) to the great disparaging and disheartening of them in their trades and callings. But many apprentices being committed, and the others countenanced, caused them to swell in blood to adventure the losse of their lives; and they met to the number of 2000 on Wednesday last with clubs, swords, halberts, &c. and were resolved to go to the White Lion; and others cried, 'to my Lord Mayor,' but by the providence of God, and the grave wisdom of Captain Ven, they were prevented by the grave speech that followeth \* \*."

Wespare our readers this oration. After its conclusion the narrative proceeds: "So they all cried 'home, home,' with a mighty noise; but some would not be satisfied, but went down to the Counter in Wood-street." The affair ended in the sacking of that prison, and the deliverance of the turbulent Apprentices there confined.

The English have been in all times distinguished by that wholesome and honest pride which manifests itself in conforming to the condition of life, whatever it may be, into which the individual may be thrown: the national temperament is strongly opposed to the petty vanity of arrogating an equality with any class in society, to be ranked with which they do not possess solid and indefeasible claims. The English yeoman glories in his trim jack-t, clean smock-frock and clocked hose; and is far above any attempt, ridiculous and abortive as it must prove, to ape the dress or manners of his superiors; but at the same time that he thus feels all the proprieties of subordination, such is the admirable effect of our institutions and free polity, that he has the fullest and most lively sense of the equality of all in the eye of the law. The sturdy Englishman will not abate a jot of the important privileges belonging to him as a freeman; but neither will he depart from what befits his station. Notwithstanding this is all true, and, though we have chosen our illustration from a different order, it is as certainly true of our traders as any order in the whole community, yet it does seem that vanity of a certain sort did at one period excite some emotions among the people of the city; that all were not of honest Sir Ven's sentiment, (see "Fortunes of Nigel," vol. 1.) and that Tunstall was not without sympathy in his lamentations upon the ignobility of the mechanic arts. There is a curious pamphlet entitled "The Cite's Advocate in this Case, or Question of Honour and Arms, whether Apprenticeship extinguisheth Gentry.\*" It appears to have been written in consequence of the anxiety entertained by a certain gentle Apprentice, of a temperament such as Tunstall's, who, in a letter to his father, prefixed to the dissertation on this notable question, explains with great *naïveté* the origin of his sorrows. "By reading certain books," he says—we quote the passage in order to warn folk against the practices which may, it seems, tend to unsettle their minds—"and conferring with some who take upon them to be well-skilled in heraldry, I am troubled with apprehensions that by becoming an Apprentice I lose my birth-right, which is to be a gentleman, and that I had rather die than endure."—Whereupon the worthy old sire, with very proper spirit, declares, that

\* Printed for Wm. Lee, at the sign of the Turke's Head, next y<sup>e</sup> Miter and Phoenix in Fleet-street, 1629.

he will not have the boy wronged, and says that the round sum of five hundred pounds shall not be withheld if needful. It, we should opine, must have been such a compliment as the very Garter principal King of Arms himself would have, in those days, been mightily moved by: how far it was the moving consideration, as the lawyers' phrase is, to the inditer of this argument in favour of the Apprentices, must remain a question for more subtle antiquaries and commentators than we pretend to be. But he does certainly with ardent zeal set about refuting "That pestilent error grounded upon the learned folly of Erasmus and the incircumspection of Sir T. Smith\*, a wandering conceit hatched among trees and tillage, whereby the odious note of bondage and the barbarous penalty of losse of gentry is laid upon the hopeful and honest estate of apprenticeship."

The writer takes notice of the connexion between the City and the Blood Royal of England. He next introduces Tubal, the first smith, and the Emperor Rodolphus. The dignity of the Corporation is next shewn. The charters of John are appealed to, and Matthew Paris cited—"Londonienses quæ propter civitatis dignitatem et civium antiquitatem Barones consuevimus appellare." We have then an enumeration of the great personages members of the twelve principal companies, or monopolies, "the zodiack of the city, in whose ecliptick line the Lord Mayor must ever run his year's course." And lest we might form disparaging notions of the duties and offices appertaining to an Apprentice, we are presented with an enumeration of them:

"He goes bareheaded, stands bareheaded, waytes bareheaded before his master and mistresse, and while yet he is the youngest apprentice he doth for discipline-sake make overnight old leather shine for the morning, or perchance brusheth a garment, runs of errands, keeps silence till he has leave to speak, follows his master or ushereth his mistresse, and sometimes my young mistresses their daughters (among whom some one not rarely turns out the apprentice's wife), walkes not far but with permission; and now and then, as offences happen, he may chance to be terribly chidden or reñaced, but all in ordine and in the way to mastership or the estate of a citizen."

Mark, gentle reader, for "discipline-sake" is all this humbleness, but all "in ordine." The Apprentices of old were, however, hewers of wood and drawers of water. It was the general use and custom (says Stowe†) of all, except merchants' Apprentices, to carry the water tankard, to serve their masters, from the Thames and common conduits of London.

The name Apprentice is derived from the French *apprendre*, to learn, and strictly signifies a learner; in which sense it was formerly used to designate law-practitioners under the degree of serjeant (*serviens ad legem*): the old style was *apprenticius ad legem*, or *apprenticius ad barros*. The earliest occurrence of the term appears to be in a charter of the 12th of Edward III. A.D. 1172, "*Confirmavi Willielmo fratri meo apud London.*" &c. &c. Henry de Knighton, A.D. 1381, mentions it, and Walsingham, Ric. II. p. 301. See Selden's *Fortescue*, p. 2, and Kennett's *Parochial Antiquities*, p. 419.

The citizens have been charged with entertaining a most especial solicitude for the ample sustentation of their bodies; but a care where-

\* See his book de Republica Anglorum, p. 169.

† Stowe's Survey, p. 1040.

with they were clothed was equally present to their minds. The various alternations of violet, scarlet, black, and taffety, in their robes were most scrupulously arranged by order of the full court of Common Council\*, even to the very trimmings and furrings of their worships' robes. The exact costume for each feast and holiday is prescribed; and the same goodly aldermen condescended to define, with equal precision, the apparel of the 'Prentices. Their gowns were "blew," their bands narrow and falling, their hose close, and made of cloth, their hair closely cut, their caps flat and round. This head-gear was also worn by the journeymen, and it was from it that the appellation Roundheads originated. That appellation the Cavaliers deemed one of contumely; but the Citie's Advocate represents that "in itself, considered as a geometrical figure, the circle is more worthy than the square, according to that ground in the mathematicks—'*figurarum spherica est optima*,' and in hieroglyphicks is a symbol of eternitie and perfection, and an image of the world's rotunditie!"

The Lord Mayor and Aldermen, on one occasion, issued Instructions for the Apprentices, which shew how wide was the extension of the religious enthusiasm of the time. They actually recommended particular chapters and texts of Scripture for the meditation and perusal of the young men; they urged them also to be punctual and constant in private devotion, to read diligently the articles of their indentures and to observe them, particularizing with true business-like sagacity a speedy despatch of errands and an immediate return to duty, and withal gentleness and lowliness of speech. Another curious feature of the times appears in the multiplicity of quotations, Greek, Latin, and English, with which is filled the "Just and Modest Vindication of the many thousand loyal Apprentices, that presented an humble Address to the Lord Mayor." The *gemmen* quote largely from Plautus, Euripides, Aurelius Antoninus, &c., and they evince their acquaintance with classical pursuits by bandying the term *Zoilus Rex*.

The "Citie's Advocate" is not, however, the only assertor of the dignity of Apprenticeship: it has also a bard whose theme is "the honour of London Apprentices in times forepast, present, and modern." There is a short prose prolegomenon, setting forth the unanimous correspondency of that innumerable company the London 'Prentices, and how worthy it is of observation that whereas from all shires and countries of the kingdom of England and dominion of Wales, the sons of knights, esquires, gentlemen, and yomen, come up to a trade, occupation, mystery, or profession, and that, however diverse in nativity or degree, there is among them such a supernatural sympathy, that if any real or supposed wrong or violence be offered one of them, they all engage in the rescue, and most commonly without enquiring the justice or cause of the quarrell, crying out "Knock him down—he wrongs a 'Prentice." We fear the following lines will not raise the "Smithfield Muses" in the estimation of our readers:

"Wherever London 'Prentices in force combined,  
The adverse party must go down the wind:

\* *Vide* Order of my Lord Mayor for the meeting of the Common Council, and their wearing their apparel throughout the whole year.

At home, abroad ; in Europe, Asia, and  
 Hot Africa, America , by land,  
 Or sea ; no action worth regard  
 Was done, but London 'Prentices in it shared."

A great deal has been said of the viciousness of modern cockney taste, but it must be admitted, that the " City Swans" have somewhat improved in their notes. We must make another extract—

" The rayse of London 'Prentices did shine  
 Among the infidels in Palestune  
 The London 'Prentices proved men of men ,  
 And in particular fifteen of them,  
 Before the walls of old Jerusalem,  
 Slew and took prisoners eight-and-forty Turks,  
 Boldly adventuring into their workes.  
 Two of these Infidels were great Bashawes,  
 Who came to overtop the Christian lawes  
 These fifteen London 'Prentices, stout blades,  
 Named in the margent with their severall trades,  
 Were knighted in the field, and their bright fame  
 Shown on faire London city whence they came."

In the margin (margin) these doughty heroes are enumerated ; among them appears a namesake of Sir Ven's, Wm. Vincent, fishmonger, in lack of a better we may write him down the great progenitor of pretty *Mistresse Margaret's* lover. This achievement of the fifteen is narrated at length by Sir Walter Raleigh in his *History of the World*, and is, no doubt, entitled to as much credence as the recitals in his account of his first voyage to Guiana, of the riches of the city of El Dorado or Manao, two days' journey in length, and shining with gold and silver ! We cannot omit the following account of the institution of the honourable company mentioned in it :

" John Hall, a taylor near to Leaden Hall,  
 Apprentice of a mind heroical !  
 Having an itching humour for the wars,  
 He from his master ran to follow Mars ,  
 And at the field of Crecy he did slay  
 With his own hand and sword eighteen that day,  
 And prisoner took Count Saysons, for which thing  
 He instantly was knighted by the King.  
 King Edward, for Hall's sake and exaltation,  
 Did make the Taylors first a corporation .  
 Then let malicious fooles this story scan,  
 And blush to say a Taylor is no man.  
 The author of these lines himself is free  
 Of the Merchant Taylors' company !"

We fear these " specimens of British poetry" may not prove as agreeable to our readers, as they no doubt were to the literati of the City when they were written : they do indeed evince a very despicable taste; and afford good ground of congratulation upon the improvement in quality, as well as the increase in quantity of books and literature. Vast as the latter is, it does not nevertheless exceed the former. The titles of the pamphlets which issued from the press in the days of the great civil convulsion are not less curious or characteristic of the national taste than the matter of them:—"A pair of Spectacles for the City."—"A Case for the City Spectacles."—"A Looking-glass for

the Well Affected."—"A Candle for the blind Citizens to see by."—"An Eye-salve for the Citizen of London."—"A City dog in a Saint's doublet." Such are the singular names of some few of the publications which have come down to us.

The abolition of the Romish holidays and festivals was severely felt by the working classes, in depriving them of the usual stated returns of rest and amusement; and (11 June 1647) the apprentices addressed a petition to the parliament, praying that the riots and impieties of former times might not deprive them of that part of their liberties, lawful recreations, for the needful refreshment of their spirits, (without which, as they gravely concluded, "Life itself is not pleasant, but an intollerable burthen,") and humbly desiring "that, with shops shut and all work forborne, they might be indulged with a cessation of labour, which must doubtless in the fruition double the diligence and fidelity of the youth." The chosen favourite of the Nine, the "Attic Warbler," from whom we have already extracted, we fear too largely, announces the result of this application in the following melodious strains :

"And London prentices shall honoured be  
With what belongs to them in each degree;  
I' th' interim, as an earnest that with love  
The parliament doth of their zeal approve,  
Once in a month for honest recreation  
A day's allowed—thus service is rewarded."

This concession was made by the direction of a committee of twelve of the first statesmen and great functionaries of the day. The second Tuesday in every month was the time fixed. Among the circumstances which evince the superior importance of the City at this period of our history we ought not to fail to notice, that it was in the Grocers' Hall, the Merchant Taylors' Hall, &c. that Committees of the House were used to sit. But now our senators know their way to no part of the City except Threadneedle Street. The Governors and Directors of the Bank are more regarded than the Lord Mayor himself and the whole court of aldermen; and we will be bound to say, that the lords of the treasury make more account of the denizens of Change Alley and the Jewish fraternity of stock-brokers, than of the whole honourable company of apprentices: and we are quite happy that it is so. The virtues of a barbarian age, and the fine qualities that display themselves in times of violence and disorder, make excellent *material* for romances and holiday reading; but it is, after all, pleasant to be able to walk along the streets without any apprehension of the apprentices and their clubs. There is perhaps nothing in the Fortunes of Nigel better done than the description of the solicitation of passengers by the apprentices and shopmen: the cleverness and liveliness of Jin Vin's addresses presents a strong contrast to the tame, subdued, "Do you want any thing, Sir?" with which individuals are still occasionally greeted in passing through certain alleys of the metropolis. After reading this part of the work we resolved to see the thing itself; and under the guidance of an experienced friend adventured a passage through a narrow alley which leads out of Drury Lane, and is well known to notable housewives as a choice mart. As we went along, we beheld on each side great store of cabinets, tables, chairs, &c.; but except a low



murmur from one woman, who did not raise her eyes, as she uttered it, from some needle-work on which she was employed, and certainly a most benignant and encouraging smile, with "Some excellent furniture, Sir," from another vender, we did not receive any notice, or recognize any type of the good old usage. It is, we think, after all, in the unexampled skill and address with which the author of *Waverley* embodies the manners of Auld lang Syne—it is in his antiquarian lore, and the magic with which he creates personages, acting, thinking, moving, and apparelled as of yore—that the true secret of his fascination lies.

S. M. T.

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#### NAPOLÉON IN EXILE.\*

THERE is but one opinion, we believe, about this publication, namely, that it is a very interesting one. Placed, as the author was, so near Bonaparte, in so many trying and secluded moments of his existence, when even the proudest of human spirits was likely to unbend itself to confidence and familiarity with one on whose kindness he was, in some degree, dependant, in such circumstances and with such a subject it was hardly possible for a man of ordinary capacity to compose an uninteresting diary. Among the sources therefore which the future historian will consult for the means of fully and minutely developing Napoleon's character, it is not conceivable that the present work will be overlooked. There is no doubt that Mr. O'Meara writes with a palpable and strong attachment to the fallen hero, and we will not assume that he is utterly free from either prejudices or inaccuracies. But where shall the materials that are to serve for a life of Napoleon be found that shall be wholly beyond the suspicion of passion or partiality? Mr. O'Meara is the willing and sympathetic reporter of Napoleon's bitterest complaints against those whom he considered as the imposers of unnecessary and vexatious additions to the sufferings of his exile. Of these Sir Hudson Lowe is particularly impeached. Utter strangers as we are to that officer's personal character, except through this channel, and abhorring, as we do, the idea of condemning any accused individual without a full and patient hearing of all that can be said in his behalf, we abstain from rashly deciding on the governor's conduct. We cannot help acknowledging that Mr. O'Meara records restrictions on Napoleon which, to our humble apprehension, appear to have been unnecessary;—such as debarring him from the perusal of certain newspapers, and some other traits of his treatment: but in a general view of Sir Hudson's conduct, we hold it but common charity to keep in view that his responsibility was awfully anxious, and that the British Cabinet enjoined him a most rigorous and severe system of restraint upon his prisoner. The charge of inhumanity, if it be applicable, we apprehend must go much higher than Sir Hudson Lowe.

Viewing the whole circumstances in which Mr. O'Meara writes, we thus receive his statement as an *ex parte* statement; yet, as well-wishers to the investigation of truth, we receive it with deep and earnest curio-

\* *Napoleon in Exile*; or, a Voice from St. Helena. The Opinions and Reflections of Napoleon on the most important Events of his Life and Government, in his own Words. By Barry E. O'Meara, Esq. his late Surgeon. 2 vols. 8vo. 1822.

sity. It is right that the British Public should know whatever can be learnt about a personage, in whose ultimate treatment their national honour was concerned.

In the real and credible picture of human affairs, there is no theme more calculated to excite reflection than the life and destiny of Napoleon: a man who for nineteen years chained the history of Europe to his biography. It is true that there have been men absurd enough to doubt even of his abilities; but the world has never yet agreed, without some exception, in confessing the talents of great and formidable personages. The pious author of the "Night Thoughts" forgot to render even the Devil his due, when, at the end of one of his cantos, he denominated him a dunce. Generally speaking, however, Napoleon's transcendent genius has been unquestioned. There has been more dispute about his moral intentions and personal worth. Whilst some have believed that it was possible for England at least to have kept at peace with him; to have checked, without extirpating, his power; and to have allowed him to wield it as an useful counterpoise to the tyrannical governments of the Continent: others have regarded him as a malignant spirit, born only for the unhappiness of mankind, and therefore condemned to die on the rock of his imprisonment as justly as any of the Genu in the Arabian Nights was plunged in a sealed-up jar to the bottom of the ocean. In trying to judge between such conflicting opinions, the impartial mind naturally watches with anxiety for every glimpse of his character that can be more or less authenticated—from his deportment in adversity, from the explanations of his past actions and intentions detailed in conversation, and from the expression of speculative opinions that indicate the greatness or the prejudices of his mind. As to his personal character, no hatred that we have ever cherished against his ambition, and no dislike to be ranked among his blind and bigoted admirers, shall deter us from acknowledging the impression produced by Mr. O'Meara's anecdotes to be decidedly in his favour. They attest the sobriety of his habits, the manly fortitude of his mind in setting about literary pursuits, under circumstances that would have crushed an ordinary spirit to despair, and the dignified tranquillity and cheerfulness, and even the occasional playfulness of his manner, as when he indulged Mr. Bulcombe's children in joining their game at blind-man's buff. Let it be said that he grew sullen, truculent, and even abusive to the governor; but let it also be recollected that he was suffering what he at least regarded as a breach of human hospitality, under a burning climate, and when his mortal agonies were making their approach.

Every thing relative to the domestic details of his life at St. Helena must be interesting to the curiosity; but there are many amusing sketches of this kind in the book before us which our limits prevent us from giving even in abridgment, and we shall not consume their scanty space in apologies. His habits at Longwood are thus described:

"Napoleon's hours of rising were uncertain, much depending upon the quantum of rest he had enjoyed during the night. He was in general a bad sleeper, and frequently got up at three or four o'clock, in which case he read or wrote until six or seven; at which time, when the weather was fine, he sometimes went out to ride, attended by some of his generals, or laid down again to rest for a couple of hours. When he retired to bed, he could not sleep unless the most perfect state of darkness was obtained, by the closure of

every cranny through which a ray of light might pass, although I have sometimes seen him fall asleep on the sofa, and remain so for a few minutes in broad daylight. When ill, Marchand occasionally read to him until he fell asleep. At times he rose at seven, and wrote or dictated until breakfast time, or, if the morning was very fine, he went out to ride. When he breakfasted in his own room, it was generally served on a little round table, at between nine and ten; when along with the rest of his suite, at eleven: in either case *à la fourchette*. After breakfast, he generally dictated to some of his suite for a few hours, and at two or three o'clock received such visitors, as, by previous appointment, had been directed to present themselves. Between four and five, when the weather permitted, he rode out on horseback or in the carriage, accompanied by all his suite, for an hour or two; then returned and dictated or read until eight, or occasionally played a game at chess, at which time dinner was announced, which rarely exceeded twenty minutes or half an hour in duration. He ate heartily and fast, and did not appear to be partial to high-seasoned or rich food. One of his most favourite dishes was a roasted leg of mutton, of which I have seen him sometimes pare the outside brown part off: he was also partial to mutton chops. He rarely drank as much as a pint of claret at his dinner, which was generally much diluted with water. After dinner, when the servants had withdrawn, and when there were no visitors, he sometimes played at chess or at whist, but more frequently sent for a volume of Corneille, or of some other esteemed author, and read aloud for an hour, or chatted with the ladies and the rest of his suite. He usually retired to his bed-room at ten or eleven, and to rest, immediately afterwards. When he breakfasted or dined in his own apartment (*dans l'intérieur*), he sometimes sent for one of his suite to converse with him during the repast. He never ate more than two meals a day, nor, since I knew him, had he ever taken more than a very small cup of coffee after each repast, and at no other time. I have also been informed by those who have been in his service for fifteen years, that he had never exceeded that quantity since they first knew him.

We have, shortly after, a minute account of his bed-room at Longwood:

Napoleon sent Marchand for me at about nine o'clock. Was introduced by the back-door into his bed-room, a description of which I shall endeavour to give as minutely and correctly as possible. It was about fourteen feet by twelve, and ten or eleven feet in height. The walls were lined with brown nankeen, bordered and edged with common green bordering paper, and destitute of surface. Two small windows, without pulleys, looking towards the camp of the 53d regiment, one of which was thrown up and fastened by a piece of notched wood. Window-curtains of white long cloth, a small fire-place, a shabby grate, and fire-irons to match, with a paltry mantel-piece of wood, painted white, upon which stood a small marble bust of his son. Above the mantel-piece hung the portrait of Marie Louise, and four or five of young Napoleon, one of which was embroidered by the hands of the mother. A little more to the right hung also, a miniature picture of the Empress Josephine, and to the left was suspended the alarm chamber-watch of Frederic the Great, obtained by Napoleon at Potsdam; while on the right, the consular watch, engraved with the cypher B, hung by a chain of the plaited hair of Marie Louise, from a pin stuck in the nankeen lining. The floor was covered with a second-hand carpet, which had once decorated the dining-room of a lieutenant of the St. Helena garrison. In the right-hand corner was placed the little plain iron camp bedstead with green silk curtains, upon which its master had reposed on the fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. Between the windows there was a paltry second-hand chest of drawers; and an old book-case with green blinds stood on the left of the door leading to the next apartment. Four or five cane-bottomed chairs painted green, were standing here and there about the room. Before the back-door, there was a screen covered with nankeen, and between that and the fire-place, an old-fashioned sofa covered with white long cloth, upon which reclined Napoleon, clothed in his white morning gown, white

loose trousers and stockings all in one. A conquered red madras on his head, and his shirt collar open without a cravat. His air was melancholy and troubled. Before him stood a little round table, with some books, at the foot of which lay, in confusion upon the carpet, a heap of those which he had already perused, and at the foot of the sofa facing him, was suspended a portrait of the Empress Marie Louise, with her son in her arms. In front of the fire-place stood Las Cases, with his arms folded over his breast, and some papers in one of his hands. Of all the former magnificence of the once mighty emperor of France, nothing was present except a superb wash-hand stand, containing a silver basin, and water-jug of the same metal, in the left hand corner.

About his own character Mr. O'Meara describes Napoleon speaking thus:

"What sort of a man did you take me to be, before you became my surgeon?" said he: "What did you think of my character, and what I was capable of? Give me your real opinion frankly." I replied, "I thought you to be a man, whose stupendous talents were only to be equalled by your measureless ambition, and although I did not give credit to one-tenth part of the libels which I had read against you, still I believed, that you would not hesitate to commit a crime, when you found it to be necessary, or thought it might be useful to you." "This is just the answer that I expected," replied Napoleon, "and is perhaps the opinion of Lord Holland, and even of numbers of the French. I have risen to too great a pitch of human glory and elevation not to have excited the envy and jealousy of mankind. They will say, 'it is true that he has raised himself to the highest pinnacle of glory, *mais point y arriver, il commit beaucoup de crimes*, (but to attain it, he has committed many crimes).' Now the fact is, that I not only never committed any crimes, but I never even thought of doing so. *J'ai toujours marché avec l'opinion de grandes masses et les événements*, (I have always gone with the opinion of great masses, and with events). I have always made *peu de cas* of the opinion of individuals, of that of the public a great deal; of what use, then, would crime have been to me? I am too much a fatalist, and have always despised mankind too much, to have had recourse to crime to frustrate their attempts. *J'ai marché toujours avec l'opinion de cinq ou six millions d'hommes*, (I have always marched with the opinion of five or six millions of men); of what use, then, would crime have been to me?

"In spite of all the libels," continued he, "I have no fear whatever about my fame. Posterity will do me justice. The truth will be known, and the good which I have done, with the faults which I have committed, will be compared. I am not uneasy for the result. Had I succeeded, I should have died with the reputation of the greatest man that ever existed. As it is, although I have failed, I shall be considered as an extraordinary man: my elevation was unparalleled, *because* unaccompanied by crime. I have fought fifty pitched battles, almost all of which I have gained. I have framed and carried into effect a code of laws, that will bear my name to the most distant posterity. From nothing I raised myself to be the most powerful monarch in the world. Europe was at my feet. My ambition was great, I admit, but it was of a cold nature (*d'une nature froide*), and caused, *par les événements* (by events), and the opinion of great bodies. I have always been of opinion, that the sovereignty lay in the people. In fact, the imperial government was a kind of republic. Called to the head of it by the voice of the nation, my maxim was *la carrière ouverte aux talents* (the career open to talents), without distinction of birth or fortune; and this system of equality is the reason that your oligarchy hate me so much."

Napoleon was great, and did much good in his time, whatever proportion it might bear to the evil: witness his code, and continental monuments. But when he congratulates himself on having never committed a crime, we are forced to recollect Toussaint having died in a

prison, quite as uncongenial to his constitution as St. Helena was to Napoleon's, and he reminds us of Rousseau exclaiming to the Deity in his dying moments, that he gave his soul back to its Maker as pure as it had come from his hands: Let us hear, however, what Napoleon has to say of his own actions in detail. The poisoning of the sick at Jaffa he totally denies, and we believe this charge is now generally thought to have been falsely fixed upon his memory. In answer to that of having shot three or four thousand Turks some days after the capture of Jaffa,

Napoleon answered, "It is not true that there were so many. I ordered about a thousand or twelve hundred to be shot, which was done. The reason was, that amongst the garrison of Jaffa, a number of Turkish troops were discovered, whom I had taken a short time before at El-Arish, and sent to Bagdat upon their parole not to serve again or to be found in arms against me for a year. I had caused them to be escorted twelve leagues on their way to Bagdat, by a division of my army. But those Turks, instead of proceeding to Bagdat, shrew themselves into Jaffa, defended it to the last, and cost me a number of brave men to take it, whose lives would have been spared, if the others had not reinforced the garrison of Jaffa. Moreover, before I attacked the town, I sent them a flag of truce. Immediately afterwards we saw the head of the bearer elevated on a pole over the wall. Now if I had spared them again, and sent them away upon their parole, they would directly have gone to St. Jean d'Acre, where they would have played over again the same scene that they had done at Jaffa. In justice to the lives of my soldiers, as every general ought to consider himself as their father, and them as his children, I could not allow this. To leave as a guard a portion of my army, already small and reduced in number, in consequence of the breach of faith of those wretches, was impossible. Indeed, to have acted otherwise than as I did, would probably have caused the destruction of my whole army. I therefore, availing myself of the rights of war, which authorize the putting to death prisoners taken under such circumstances; independent of the right given to me by having taken the city by assault, and that of retaliation on the Turks, ordered that the prisoners taken at El-Arish, who, in defiance of their capitulation, had been found bearing arms against me, should be selected out and shot. The rest, amounting to a considerable number, were spared. I would," continued he, "do the same thing again to-morrow, and so would Wellington, or any general commanding an army under similar circumstances."

About the libels on his own character he thus expressed himself:

"As yet," said he, "you have not procured me one that is worthy of an answer. Would you have me sit down and reply to Goldsmith, Pichon, or the Quarterly Review? They are so contemptible and so absurdly false, that they do not merit any other notice than to write *faux, faux*, in every page. The only truth I have seen in them is, that one day I met an officer, Rapp, I believe, in the field of battle, with his face covered with blood, and that I cried, *oh, comme il est beau!* This is true enough; and of it they have made a crime. My admiration of the gallantry of a brave soldier is construed into a crime, and a proof of my delighting in blood. But posterity will do me that justice which is denied to me now. If I were that tyrant, that monster, would the people and the army have flown to join me with the enthusiasm they shewed when I landed from Elba with a handful of men? Could I have marched to Paris, and have seated myself upon the throne without a musquet having been fired? Ask the French nation! Ask the Italian!

"I have," continued he, "been twice married. Political motives induced me to divorce my first wife, whom I tenderly loved. She, poor woman, fortunately for herself, died in time to prevent her witnessing the last of my misfortunes. Let Marie Louise be asked with what tenderness and affection I always treated her. After her forcible separation from me, she avowed in

the most feeling terms to \* \* \* her ardent desire to join me, extolled with many tears both myself and my conduct to her, and bitterly lamented her cruel separation, avowing her ardent desire to join me in my exile. Is this the result of the conduct of a merciless, unfeeling tyrant? A man is known by his conduct to his wife, to his family, and to those under him. I have doubtless erred more or less in politics, but a crime I have never committed. The doctor in his book makes me say that I never committed an useless crime, which is equivalent to saying that I have not scrupled to commit one when I had any object in view, which I deny altogether. I have never wished but the glory and the good of France. All my faculties were consecrated to that object, but I never employed crime or assassination to forward it.

"The Duke d'Enghien, who was engaged upon the frontiers of my territories in a plot to assassinate me, I caused to be seized and given up to justice, which condemned him. He had a fair trial. Let your ministers and the Bourbons do their utmost to calumniate me, the truth will be discovered. *Le mensonge passe, la vérité reste.* Let them employ all dishonourable means like Lord C \* \* \*, who, not content with sending me here, has had the baseness to make me speak and to put such words into my mouth as he thinks will best answer his views. *C'est un homme ignoble.* Perhaps they wish me to live for a short time and do not put me to death in order to make me say whatever will suit their purposes. The ruin of England was never my intention. We were enemies, and I did my utmost to gain the upper hand. England did the same. After the treaty of Amiens, I would always have made a peace, placing the two countries upon equal terms as to commercial relations."

One of the most striking accounts of his gigantic projects, is that of having invaded India, in conjunction with the Russians:

"If Paul had lived, you would have lost India before now. An agreement was made between Paul and myself to invade it. I furnished the plan. I was to have sent thirty thousand good troops. He was to send a similar number of the best Russian soldiers, and forty thousand Cossacs. I was to subscribe ten millions, in order to purchase camels and the other requisites to cross the desert. The King of Prussia was to have been applied to by both of us to grant a passage for my troops through his dominions, which would have been immediately granted. I had at the same time made a demand to the King of Persia for a passage through his country, which also would have been granted, though the negotiations were not entirely concluded, but would have succeeded, as the Persians were desirous of profiting by it themselves. My troops were to have gone to Warsaw, to be joined by the Russians and Cossacs, and to have marched from thence to the Caspian Sea, where they would have either embarked, or have proceeded by land, according to circumstances. I was beforehand with you, in sending an ambassador on to Persia to make interest there. Since that time, your ministers have been *imbéciles* enough to allow the Russians to get four provinces, which increase their territories beyond the mountains. The first year of war that you will have with the Russians, they will take India from you."

I asked, then, if it were true that Alexander had intended to have seized upon Turkey? Napoleon answered, "All his thoughts are directed to the conquest of Turkey. We have had many discussions together about it, at first I was pleased with his proposals, because I thought it would enlighten the world to drive those brutes, the Turks, out of Europe. But when I reflected upon the consequences, and saw what a tremendous weight of power it would give to Russia, in consequence of the numbers of Greeks in the Turkish dominions, who would naturally join the Russians, I refused to consent to it, especially as Alexander wanted to get Constantinople, which I would not allow, as it would have destroyed the equilibrium of power in Europe. I reflected that France would gain Egypt, Syria, and the islands, which would have been nothing in comparison with what Russia would have obtained. I considered that the barbarians of the north were

already too powerful, and probably in the course of time would overwhelm all Europe, as I now think they will. Austria already trembles, Russia and Prussia united, Austria falls, and England cannot prevent it. France under the present family is nothing, and the Austrians are so *lâches*, that they will be easily overpowered. *Un'a nazione a colpo di bastone.\** They will offer little resistance to the Russians, who are brave and patient. Russia is the more formidable, because she can never disarm. In Russia, once a soldier, always a soldier. Barbarians, who, one may say, have no country, and to whom every country is better than the one which gave them birth. When the Cossacs entered France, it was indifferent to them what women they violated, old or young were alike to them, as any were preferable to those they had left behind. Moreover the Russians are poor, and it is necessary for them to conquer. When I am dead and gone, my memory will be esteemed, and I shall be revered in consequence of having foreseen, and endeavoured to put a stop to, that which will yet take place. It will be revered when the barbarians of the north will possess Europe, which would not have happened had it not been for you, *signori Inglesi.*"

Yet he denied having aimed at universal dominion.

I ventured to ask if he had aimed at universal dominion. "No," replied Napoleon; "my intention was to make France greater than any other nation; but universal dominion I did not aim at. For example, it was not my intention to have passed the Alps. I purposed, when I had a second son, which I had reason to hope for, to have made him king of Italy, with Rome for his capital, uniting all Italy, Naples, and Sicily into one kingdom, and putting Murat out of Naples." I asked if he would have given another kingdom to Murat. "Oh," replied he, "that would have been easily settled."

Since the fall of Napoleon, the cessation of evils that were felt, or apprehended, from his power, has naturally occasioned among all, but the scum of writers, a moderation of tone with respect to him, which was not in vogue whilst men's passions were excited by the fluctuating events of the war. Even commiseration for his having expired cut off from the wife, child, and relatives, that would have willingly shared his captivity, is, perhaps, the predominant feeling of the British public at this moment. Time, as it presents new objects of public alarm or aversion, is not likely to weaken this compassionate sentiment towards a great and fallen enemy. Unhappily, also, whilst his place is so immovable and his niche so high in the temple of fame, the progress of events is making it every day more and more apocryphal whether he was the sole and worst foe to the general interests and liberties of Europe among the crowned heads of his age. When the Holy Alliance, in the express words of their decree, put him out of the pale of civil society, they had but one means of practically justifying their sentence of excommunication, and that was to have acted on principles diametrically opposite to the ambition, inhumanity, and perfidy with which they charged him. But how have the Continental Powers shewn their title to pronounce Napoleon the exclusive enemy of human rights, and deserving, at their hands, to be put out of the pale of civil society?—potentates who have themselves trampled on the independence of smaller states—who have committed the most flagrant injustice on Saxony and Genoa—who have conspired against the freedom of the European press—who have interpreted legitimate governments to mean the atrocious edicts of a Turkish divan—who have proclaimed principles that, if admitted, would have forbidden Lord Exmouth to attack

Algiers—who have refused constitutions promised to their people—who have massacred men in Italy, for attempting to frame a free government—and who have looked with criminal passiveness on the tortures and extermination of Christians in Greece, whom they could have saved by a word of their breath. To Napoleon's memory we can do nothing worse than to compare his most arbitrary acts and intentions with theirs; but to institute any comparison between their intellects and his, would be a mean and absurd insult to his ashes.

## BRIDAL CUSTOMS OF THE IRISH.

————— "Make banquet, and good cheer,  
And everilk man put on his nuptial gown."

*Quod R. M. of Ledington Knyght.*

WITHIN the recollection of the oldest inhabitants of a small town in Tipperary, a woman of prepossessing deportment, with a beautiful infant at her bosom, was discovered on a cold autumnal morning crouching in the belfry of the deserted and ruinous parish-church. She was pale, silent, and totally abstracted from every earthly object but the sleeping little beauty in her arms. The hospitable inhabitants of the town brought her food and raiment, and warmly tendered her a shelter from the rude inclemency of the time beneath their homely roofs. She preferred, however, abiding in the solitude of the old belfry, and her woes were for ever buried in her own heart. At midnight she was often heard singing some strange melody in a low plaintive tone, as she walked with hurried steps across the mouldering parapet of the little tower.

The child grew up and prospered, and at the age of sixteen was said to be a wonder of beauty by those who had accidentally seen her when gazing on the passengers, who daily forded the river that laved one side of the grey and dilapidated church. Her rigid, but loving mother, never suffered her to descend the winding steps which led to the grass-covered chancel. She deemed her too fair to be exposed to the rude gaze of the daring young men who dwelt in the environs, and the maid passed her childhood and youth without once straying from the brink of the old belfry. Young Mary's beauty was her bane. She bemoaned her fate, and earnestly implored her careful mother to bless her with a single hour's liberty, to wander among the fair fields and green woods that smiled around her desolate habitation. But the solitary woman was inexorable. She wept while she denied the prayers of her child, and spoke of the world's crimes, from which she said they were happily set apart, until her heart overflowed with the remembrance of her past griefs, and Mary forgot her own desires in assuaging the mental anguish of her beloved mother.

At length a young man, who was the pride of the flourishing family of the Strahans, saw young Mary at the little casement of the belfry, and was so charmed with the beauty of her countenance, that in the warmth of his heart he vowed to win her love, and woo her from her dismal abode, in spite of every impediment. By dint of continual and most acute watching he at length attracted her wandering gaze, and the interest he seemed to feel for the innocent and kind-hearted maiden produced a strange but delightful sensation in her heart. They soon



understood the full extent of each other's hopes and fears, and mutually endeavoured to invent some plan whereby they might obtain a parley. The wary mother observed an alteration in young Mary's manner, and watched her more narrowly, and confined her more closely, if it were possible, than before. But the most simple woman in love is an overmatch for the wisest and most crafty of parents. Mary contrived to elude the suspicious eye of her mother, and by the aid of a stout rope which she fixed to the stone bars of the casement, Strahan ascended nightly to its verge. Their young hearts were soon linked to each other by the strongest ties of pure, unjaded, youthful love. The maid thought of nothing but Strahan during the day, and he lingered about the weeds and brambles that waved over the tombs of the old ailes, happy to be near his love, and listening in anxious expectation for the usual melodious signal which summoned him to the base of the tower.

The affair could not long remain in this state. One night the mother detected Strahan in the act of ascending to the belfry by his usual contrivance, and to his infinite alarm thrust out a rusty sword-blade above his head when he was within a few yards of the window, and at an immense distance from the ground. She interrogated him as to his motives and desires, and insisted, as he valued his life, on a full and unequivocal reply. The young man honestly confessed his name and intentions, and moreover avowed that he had communed with the maiden at the casement for many preceding nights. The mother's blood flowed rapidly to her heart as he spoke. She feared the worst, and fiercely brandishing the sword-blade above the youth's grasp, threatened in a tone of stern resolution to cut the cord asunder unless he solemnly swore by the most holy vow, and upon the cross in his bosom, to marry her child at day-break. The youth joyfully assented; and at his pressing request, the weeping and terrified Mary approached the casement, and there contracted herself to him by the most sacred ceremony of breaking bread and parting silver together.

The next day a priest pronounced the nuptial benediction upon them, and the old woman soon after died in the belfry, without imparting a single particular of her history even to her child. Various were the surmises in which the curious neighbours indulged; but whatever they thought of the mother, Mary was idolized by all. She was waiving in years, and the parent of seven beautiful girls when I first beheld her. She then resembled a noble ruin; beauty still lingered about some parts of her fine form in spite of the finger of time, her heart was joyous and blithe as ever, and none of the young maidens around her entered into the festal customs of Ireland, with more zeal and delight, than the fine spirited dame who had lingered out her childhood in the mouldering turret of Saint James's church. She was an object of curiosity and wonder to the neighbouring peasants; and so much had been talked of her strange history in my hearing, that I gladly accepted a warm invitation to join with a party of my boisterous rustic acquaintances in the revelries of her youngest daughter's wedding, which was celebrated with all the ancient rural pastimes and ceremonies at the house of the bride's hospitable father, the far-famed and venerable O'Donnel Strahan.

He dwelt in the centre of a rich vale that basked in the vivifying beams of the noontide sun, a little on the left of a great highway. A strong rivulet flowed through the corn-fields around his abode, which

seemed already ripe for the sickle, and bent beneath the weakest breeze that wandered over their yellow surface. Agricultural toil was suspended throughout the farm, the emancipated beasts were reclining beneath the shading hedge-rows, or hovering about the banks of the ponds, longing to quaff the cool liquid they enclosed, but fearful of the tormenting insects that buzzed over the weeds, and shot swiftly along the top of the waters. The birds sat mute beneath the broad leaves of the neighbouring wood, not a sound emanated from its shades, but the occasional bleat of the wandering kid, and the hoarse response of the mother-goat, as she sought out the young ones in the craggy wilderness. A loud burst of merriment at length broke upon our ears as we turned the summit of the last hill, and far below at the entrance of the valley we discerned the jolly host and his boon companions welcoming a group of young damsels in the joyous language of the old carol:

"Welcome all of ye!  
Welcome heartily!  
Welcome gramachree!  
Welcome joy!"

We heard them singing for many minutes as they meandered along the banks of the rivulet towards the brown oaken portal of Strahan, where the whole assemblage of feasters hailed the fair reinforcement with one protracted and indiscriminate shout of delight.

The holy bridal ceremony had been performed at any early hour of the day. The meats had been removed, and the merry guests were luxuriating in liquid good cheer when we arrived. A fine looking young priest was seated between the bridegroom and his love, at the centre of the board, rapidly distributing the rich bride-cake among the young men and maidens around him. The polished pewters which bore the spicy luxury to the several guests, were invariably returned with a trifling pecuniary gift. Neither man nor woman failed to drop "the priest's fee" into the plate with one hand, as the bride-cake was eagerly taken out by its fellow; and the aggregate donations soon swelled over the brim of the general receiving goblet in the lap of the bride. As soon as the cake and its accompaniments were disposed of, the girls and sage matrons present were indulged by the good wife's blue-eyed daughters with white peggens of *praupeen*, whereon they regaled as heartily as their boisterous companions did on the intoxicating potheen, to which the underground still in the neighbouring mountain had most probably given birth. *Praupen* is made of the ripening barley, plucked before the general harvest. It is dried upon the grid-dle over the turf-fire, that burns nightly on the stone hearth of the common kitchen, and after being coarsely ground and well sifted, blended with fine milk; and this simple preparation, although sweet, clammy, and somewhat disgusting to the palate of a stranger, is esteemed by the peasants of Ireland as one of the greatest dainties the earth can afford.

A motley group of mendicants, as usual, encircled the immense and well-stored chimney. A stout *buchough* was there—

"With his horn by his side, likewise his skewer and can,  
His staff and long pike to fight all the rogues in the land."

The lean piper, with his brown polished drones and greasy leathern

bag, occupied the log-seat on the left; and immediately opposite to him sat a poor scholar with his frieze cap and wallet at his feet, and a well-patched satchel slung around his shoulder by a raw sheepskin belt. A lubberly vacant-looking *gossoon* basked at full length upon the flags, stirring about the embers of the fire without any apparent motive, and humming the gentle air of "The Moreen" to the manifest delight of a pale young woman, crowned with wheat-ears and wild-flowers, the emblem of quiet innocuous derangement; who gazed upon him over the shoulder of the kind and pitying buchaugh. An old woman with an infant swung in a coarse red cloak at her back, and a black *doothun* between her thin shrivelled lips, the fire of which she had suffered to die away, while gazing with tears in her rayless eyes upon the happy youths and laughing maidens at the board, stood a few paces apart from the rest. An old mutilated, rough-visaged ballad-maker, in a cocked hat and ragged *bradeen* (a coarse frieze coat), held the post of honour in the corner of the leather-backed settle nearest the hearth. The patched remains of a regimental coat might be detected through the gaps of his bradeen, and he flourished a burning faggot in bellicose style over his head, as he detailed in passionate terms some exploit of his youth in distant climes, to a neatly-arrayed blind woman, who alternately counted the beads on her bosom, and plied the shining needles through the grey-sheep's wool, whereof she was diligently fabricating a pair of hose for the holiday use of her grey-headed host.

The old woman who bore the child at her back, eagerly seized the opportunity of a momentary silence (for which the guests looked in each others faces as if at a loss to account), and approaching the young couple, laid a brown bony shrivelled hand upon each, and pronounced a rustic benison upon them. "Bless you, my dear children," said she, "may luck and grace attend you both! May you never look upon a black lamb the first of the yeaning time, nor a foal's back before you have seen his innocent face. May you never hear the blithe cuckoo when fasting, nor the ominous *concrake* screeching on your left side. May the blue-pinioned raven never croak at your lattice, nor the old crow alight before you in the beaten track of man. May nothing that bodes evil to either of you appear in the dim light of the evening! May your hearths never want the bright-glowing logs, your homestead the stalled ox, your eaves the nest of the lucky swallow, your thatch the green roof-weed that blossoms but once in the life of a man, and augurs prosperity and joy to those who dwell beneath its blessed and fast-clinging roots." The old woman retired at the conclusion of this recapitulation of good and evil omens, evidently pleased with what she had done, and after replenishing her doothien, crouched by the side of the old buchaugh. She was on her road to the far-famed Foundling, whither she had engaged to travel from the heart of a distant county, for the usual fee of a guinea, to deposit the babe of some ruined lass in the blessed cradle of charity. She begged her way from village to village, every door was open to her throughout the land; for although the virtuous loving Milesians abhor the individual who stains the modest repute of the great congregation of Erin's maidens, yet the innocent fruit of her guilt, with its ancient and devoted protectress, is received with open arms at the wicker-gate of every cabin in the isle. Hospitality with the Irish is not a mere unmeaning word. The poorest

peasant among them will joyfully share his meal with the buchaugh, the piper, the poor scholar, the wandering ideot, or the friendless stranger. They deem it one of the great duties of man, to feed and shelter his brother when in want; and take no glory to themselves in foregoing comforts, so that they may be enabled to confer necessities on the poor and desolate. "Come and eat," is the never-failing ejaculation that salutes the ear of the weary at an Irish portal. What they have they give cheerfully. There is no reluctant backwardness, no cold repelling tenders of food and lodging, companioned with hints at the inconveniences which will arise through a stranger's tarrying among them. They toss the contents of the iron crock within the boundary-hoop on the clean white board; the little wooden tubs are filled with milk; a truss of new straw is spread upon the floor for his repose, and he is almost forced to partake of their homely cheer.\*

The barefooted, black-haired scholar next approached the comely bride. He had a small keen hazel eye, the hereditary short nose and open vehement mouth of the unadulterated Irish. His cheek was pale, and his curling black locks streamed negligently over his high and expanded brow. After saluting the priest in tolerable Latin, and uttering a hearty "God save you" to the good man of the house and his noble-looking dame, he burst forth into the first notes of an old nuptial ditty in the pure unalloyed language of Erin. The piper and ballad-maker no sooner heard the melody dearest to their hearts, than suddenly starting from their seats they fell into the tune at the same instant, and with voice and instrument enthusiastically accompanied the animated stipling. The whole assemblage gradually joined in throwing the merry notes, and the younger guests, preceded by the musical triumvirate, led the bride and bridegroom to the inviting spot of smooth turf that lay a few yards distant from the threshold, to witness the ceremony of the "pillow dance," and all the quaint customs observed at a rustic bridal, which the poor scholar loudly recapitulated in his joyous rhymes.

I remained a short time with the elders at the board, but one of Strahan's daughters was soon deputed to invite us forth to the carousal on the *bawn*. We immediately followed her to the green plat before the porch, which we found closely shaven in the centre, encircled with turf-seats, and daintily bestrewed with *bansheen lakan* or green rushes, on the which the guests were seated in groups, some quaffing their brown *shebeen* and golden-tinted whiskey, and others evidently in anxious expectation of the signal for dancing from the piper's hoarse-voiced drone. Dick Veogh of Kilash, one of the most roaring blades between Strongbow's tower and the heart of the province, appeared at one side of the bawn as we entered at the other, bearing the bride's pillow, elevated above his head, and loudly proclaiming his intention of calling forth the tallest and most comely woman on the bawn, to join with him in all the glories of the great pillow-dance. A shout of admiration greeted the entry of the youth, who took his station in the heart

\* At this moment, alas! many of them have nought to give, and Ireland is indebted to the glorious liberality of Englishmen for the lives of many of her sons. The hearty benison of every Irishman is upon them; and may they live to see the sister-country in happier days, and some of them be then tempted to wander about her green hills and valleys, where they may personally experience the warmth and generosity of a true Irishman's heart.

of the assembly, and by a slight motion of his head intimated to the bride's father that he required immediate silence and attention. The old man immediately rose on the turf-bank, and throwing his hand over the white wavy locks that shadowed his face, soon quelled the general uproar of the roysters, whose eyes were bent with an expression of anxious curiosity on the Veogh. He was a handsome, well-made youth, just verging on the brink of manhood, with an eloquent hazel-eye, a sparkling brow, a wreathed cheek, and a heart that did honour to the bosom it warmed. Methought some of the girls turned upon him with an imploring look, dashed with a spark of waggish merriment, as he sought out his jewel in the rich group of youth, health, and womanly beauty which encircled him. In a few moments his eyes were rivetted on a noble-looking fair-skinned young woman, who sat at the right-hand of the bride, and appeared to be wholly absorbed in unravelling the leaves and laying bare the blushing heart of a rosebud which adorned her dawning bosom. By her apparel I knew her to be one of the celebrated girls of the Barony of Iverk. She was arrayed in a *sherkeen* of blue frieze, laced and braided in front with broad blue ribbons, and a petticoat of the same materials, gathered in folds at the back of her waist, and decorated with a single ribbon of a similar colour and width to that which adorned the accurately-fitting jacket or *sherkeen*. She wore a pair of plain silver clasps in her shoes, her blue stockings were delicately braided up the ancles, and a crucifix suspended by a string of polished brown beads moved with the rise and fall of her young bosom. Its motion was considerably accelerated as she felt the eye of the Kilcash youth revelling on her cheek, and he seemed to enjoy by anticipation the rapture of pressing her lip at the conclusion of the dance. He immediately proclaimed her to be the lass of his heart, and the fairest of the bridemaids; and the blue-eyed Iverkian tripped gracefully to the centre of the sward. She received the white down pillow from the admirer's hands, and in a few moments began to dance with a fine buoyant air round the bawn, to the apt and beautiful cadence of one of the native tunes of her Barony, which she warbled out with a grace and expression peculiar to the gifted Iverkians. After two or three circuits, she gradually veered towards the spot from whence she had started, and as the last notes of the melody were gushing from her lips, dropped on her knees upon the pillow, which she had just thrown upon the green. The happy Veogh instantly bounded from his seat, and kneeling by her side, warmly saluted the deep-rosy lips of the maiden. He received the customary kiss on the cheek in return, and, amid the cheers of the assembly, led the fair Iverkian to her seat on the right hand of the bride. The pipes now pealed forth a heart-gladdening air—the boys and girls (that is to say, all present, whether old or young, who were unmarried) proceeded to the choice of partners and companions, and in a short time the bawn exhibited the regular complicated movements, and well-known but apparently mazy labyrinths of the national reel and merry jig.

After the lapse of an hour the mystic nuptial rites were commenced. The bridegroom's nuts were thrown, and scrambled for by the clamorous youngsters; small pieces of the hoarded cake were passed through the wedding-ring for the bride's most intimate and best-beloved companions, and the enamoured young men "seized the fair occasion" of

declaring their love by dropping the white unadorned glove which the young wife wore in the last hour of her maidenhood at the feet of their sweethearts in the romping game of "the marriage morn." After fatiguing themselves at these and similar sports, they gradually subsided into calmer amusements. A goblet of fountain water was brought out, and a quantity of new eggs placed upon the turf. The girls, after exhibiting a little becoming reluctance, tripped one by one to the sparkling goblet, wherein they hoped to discover the occupation of their future lords. The white of an egg was thrown into the vessel, and the station of the youth with whom the ministering lass was destined to wed deduced from the strange figure it assumed in the curdling liquid. While this ceremony (which produced peals of laughter from the joyous bystanders) was going on, some of the more cunning lasses were diligently plucking the pins from the bride's garments, which it is necessary to obtain by stealth, otherwise the charm wherein they are used would be inevitably abortive. They are thrust into a piece of the bride-loaf which has passed through the holy ring, and placed by the happy possessor beneath her pillow for the purpose of charming her into a dream about the present or future lad of her heart.

Numberless other ancient customs were performed with the most rigid adherence to every particular which had been transmitted from bridal to bridal as necessary to render the several charms infallible. Old tales, humorous and pathetic traditions, the feats of elves and goblins, songs, and rustic jokes, filled up the short intervals that occasionally happened between the rites, until the full harvest-moon rose from a grey cloud above the adjacent hills. A pilgrimage to the *Claugh* was then devised, and all acceded to the welcome but unexpected proposal with the most turbulent indications of joy. No time was lost in needless preparation; men, women, and children, tarried but a moment to gather a stone each, and then, preceded by the tottering but enthusiastic musician, danced hand-in-hand down the green lane that led to holy *Claugh*. We soon arrived at an open space from which four pathways branched in different directions. In the heart of a hillock of stones, surmounted by a small green coronal of turf, a venerable thorn reared its moss-clothed boughs: this was the *Claugh*, and he who failed to throw a stone upon the heap as he passed was deemed an unrepenting sinner, and held in utter detestation and contempt for ever after. All the stones in the vicinity of the old thorn (as is usually the case) had long before disappeared, and pebbles were gathered by the provident a mile or more before they reached the junction of the paths. If this precaution were omitted, the luckless wight retraced his steps until chance threw a pebble in his way; and none but the graceless and depraved ever passed the ancient thorn without paying the customary tribute to its base, and imploring a blessing on the heads of those who were "nearest and dearest to his heart." There are many *Claughs* about the country, and the loving mother often buries a lock of her infants' hair beneath four different thorn-crowned heaps to ensure its earthly happiness, and young men and maidens plight themselves to each other by the breaking of bread and partition of corn beneath the wide-spreading boughs of the revered *Claugh*-tree.

The Fairies' *Moat* lay in a field that bordered the lane, and we turned towards it on our way back, for the purpose of plucking the weed *fairy-fur*, which grew plentifully around it. The children trusted, while they retained a single leaf of this powerful weed about their persons, that no mischievous elfin, fearful ghost, or wicked hag, could waylay and harm them in their moonlight rambles. The moat was a green knoll in the centre of the field, surrounded by a sentinel trench, beneath which, the old dames asserted in suppressed and quivering tones, there was a gorgeous palace of jewels and gold, wherein the great ones of Fairy-land abided, and from whence the sounds of revelry oftentimes emanated at those particular times when the merry crew were forbidden to carouse upon the face of the earth.\*

On our return to the house we found the children had arrived there before us, for the purpose of coming suddenly upon the *keroges*, or witch's auxiliaries, which, taking advantage of our temporary absence, had sallied out in swarms to commit their usual devastations. Their enemies, the inveterate youngsters, disturbed the spoilers when each was laden with a choice grain of old wheat, which it was believed was intended for the granary of the queen-witch their protectress, who dwelt on the skirts of the neighbouring wood, and whose body had been so often pinched and tormented by the green hazel twigs which were wound about the ineffectual churns, to rid them of her potent spells, inflicted in revenge for the goodwife's accidentally omitting to send her the customary, but much-gradged tribute of butter and cream.

After supper, such of the bride's elder sisters as were still unmarried submitted to run the gauntlet, and endured all the other penalties of their awkward situations with a tolerable grace. A little before midnight, the lasses were summoned to the bridal chamber, to conclude the ceremonies and pastimes of the day by throwing the stocking; but the young bridegroom and his father-in-law, armed with a single straw each, guarded the door and denied ingress to any but unmarried females. The stocking, however, was thrown as usual by the wife from her soft pulpy bed, and the fair maid of Iverk proclaimed as the next who would kneel to the nuptial benediction. Within an hour afterwards, the watch-dog was lying across the old porch floor, the buchaugh and poor scholar were nestling together among the crackling straw-heaps in the barn, the blind knitter and the old woman with the child were snugly reposing in a clean bed in the loft, the piper had departed to cheer the guests on their way home with his crazy pipe, the blind-maker was draining of war and bloodshed in the scuttle, the gossoon lay stretched on his old place among the dying embers, and the pale lunatic sat awake upon the log listening attentively to the merry chirrup of the minstrel cricket on the hearth.

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\* Children are often supposed to be fairy-struck, or affected with the deadly elfin blight. The only cure for this dreaded malady is said to be a draught of blessed water in which nine leaves of the hedge-row plant *faughoram* have been steeped.

## THE GALLERY OF APELLES.\*

COMBABUS rose early, and after the first salutation to his host, passed the morning divided between reflections on his dream and his anticipations of seeing Stratonice. The appointed hour at length came, and he found himself with Erasistratus in the royal garden. It was, in truth, not so luxurious as that of the voluptuary prince of Corcyra. The spring and autumn did not meet there to minister at once to every sense, by presenting the olive and the vine in every stage, from fragrant blossoming to luscious maturity. But still art and nature were liberal of embellishment to the garden of Seleucus: the former adorned it with images of gods and goddesses, and heroes, muses, graces, oreads, and dryads, sculptured in living marble, by the masters of the Grecian chisel: and nature enriched it not only with every variety of shrub and flower, but with the most perfect emanation of her mysterious skill—the fair Stratonice. Combabus at any other time would have loitered with delight among the objects by which he was surrounded; but his whole soul was rapt in the vision of loveliness now realized before him. Stratonice and her suite were still at some distance. Combabus felt exalted and inspired, rather than agitated, as she approached. She was conversing with those about her in so low a voice that her words did not distinctly reach him. But he caught the tones of that voice, so soft and bland, and light and musical, that they still vibrated on the ear after she had ceased to speak. Combabus recognized, as she drew nearer, the liquid lustre of her eyes, the crimsoned efflorescence that delicately tinged her cheeks†, the smiles playing about her mouth, and that graceful bending of her exquisitely moulded neck, in which she alone of the daughters of earth resembled the goddess of beauty. Her hair was gathered with artful negligence under a small tiara, from which it descended in a cluster of ringlets. Her drapery moved loosely and lightly on the breeze with the motion of her limbs, but sufficiently constricted to trace the moving outline of her form. She wore sandals tied with cerulean bands, which mingled their kindred tints with the blue veins that streaked her snowy ankles, and the external section above her left ankle was displayed nearly to the knee, by a silver *porpé*, from which the lower extremity of her robe fell divided, giving a finish to the beauty of her figure, and facility to her step.‡ It was now three years since the adventure of Apelles—Stratonice in that time had become a little more ample than the Apellean Venus. She somewhat resembled, in form, the celebrated Ceres, yet virgin of Proserpine§; but in her brow, her eyes, her lips, her neck, she was still the Venus of Apelles.

\* Continued from page 116.

† I think it is one of the commentators on Lucian, who in a note mentions the delicate tinting of this "*rubor efflorescens*" of the cheek of beauty, as one of the many excellencies of Apelles, and as particularly admired in his celebrated *Païote*. Lucian himself, adopting the image from Homer, whom he calls "the best of painters, even in the presence of Apelles and Euphranor," compares it to ivory purple-stained.—(Translator.)

‡ This trait of Greek costume is preserved by Mademoiselle D. the *Phedre* and *Hermione* of the French theatre, with all the grace and beauty of the antique.—(Trans.)

§ A charming figure of "the virgin Ceres" has descended to us from antiquity. It is considered a model of taste, for purity of form, and for the truth and *finesse*



Erasistratus and Combabus knelt as the queen passed them. She received their homage with a friendly smile to Erasistratus, and a gracious half-searching glance at Combabus. "Now," said Erasistratus, "our presence is dispensed with, and we may walk the garden." "Who?" said Combabus, still kneeling and not hearing a word of the doctor's proposal to walk the garden—"who is that happy mortal on whom she smiles?" "That," said Erasistratus, "is the court-poet—you perceive a female attendant gathers from some of the flowers on the queen's path scraps of writing, and presents them to her. They are compliments supposed to be addressed to her by the flowers to which they were respectively attached, and for which the poet is rewarded with those enviable smiles."—"Blessed as the immortal gods is he," said Combabus, interrupting him with a verse of one of Sappho's odes. "A cask of wine," continued the doctor, "a pension, and the ridicule of the whole court, but particularly of the royal Seleucus." "Who," said Combabus "is that nymph-like figure to whom the queen listens with so much interest?—and mark, the divine Stratonice looks this way." "That," said Erasistratus, "is a young Greek girl arrived within the last three days, to entertain the queen by her talents in music." This attendant approached them as they spoke—it was Leucolene. "You wonder," said she, "O Combabus, to see me here, and perhaps accuse me of having but partially rendered my confidence for yours; but I wished to procure you the pleasure of a surprise—perhaps, also, to prove myself your friend. You are commanded, O Erasistratus, to attend the queen." They accordingly presented themselves once more before Stratonice. "Erasistratus," said she, "the king and I would gladly hear the news which this young traveller brings from Greece." Seleucus himself, who had just returned from the chase of wild beasts, now entered the garden, and joined the royal party. He took off his helmet to salute the queen, whom he still loved—though married to her three years! His immediate attendants knelt down to receive the helmet of the king. Combabus, taking advantage of their posture and preliminary ceremonial, took the helmet directly from the king's hand. A murmur of loyal horror was heard from the courtiers. "You kneel," said Combabus, "to receive the helmet of the king of Upper Asia; I stand erect to receive that of the conqueror of Asia and comrade of Alexander." "And in token that I am pleased with you," said Seleucus, "receive my hand, and feast with me at the palace to-day." The courtiers were all mute in an instant, not excepting even the poet, who was the greatest talker in Antioch. Seleucus was of the heroic stature, with which he united a martial air and nobleness of demeanour that made friends of all who approached him. He was distinguished among the captains of Alexander, not only for his courage and conduct, but for his corporeal

with which the drapery is executed. The head has a virginal character of simplicity and beauty, which has induced some persons to take it for the muse Clio.—May it not have been the sight of this statue in the Vatican, during his travels in Italy, that suggested to Milton his comparison of Eve to

..... Ceres in her prime,  
Yet virgin of Proserpine from Jove.

I have adopted part of these words, because they literally translate the Greek, —and because they are Milton's.—(Trans.)

strength. His helmet on, he looked under fifty years of age; but, his head uncovered, he seemed rather older, from the traces which the constant wearing of his heavy Macedonian casque of polished steel had worn upon his brow.

The court of Seleucus presented a somewhat grotesque mixture of the arts and elegancies of Greece, the martial frankness of the Macedonian camp, and the slavish pomp of a prince of Asia. He had, however, an enlightened judgment, with a decided taste for literature, and art, and, like Alexander, he maintained correspondence with some of the men of genius, his contemporaries, in Greece. An embassy from Athens was at this time received at his court, upon an occasion which sheds equal lustre on his name with his achievements in arms. The Persians, during the memorable invasion of Greece, had robbed Athens of the revered statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton the liberators, who slew the tyrant Hipparchus, and restored to Athens the equality of the laws,—with several other works in sculpture and painting, and the still greater treasure of those writings of the learned and the wise, which Pisistratus had collected at Athens for the instruction of the people and the glory of his tyranny. Seleucus recovered them during the conquest of Persia under Alexander; and now that his wars had left him in undisturbed possession of Upper Asia, wrote to the Athenians, generously requesting their acceptance of these illustrious spoils, to grace once more the city of Minerva. The ambassadors above-mentioned came to thank Seleucus in the name of Athens; and it was to the banquet given on their arrival that Combabus had the honour to be invited by the king. \* \* \* \* \*

Combabus was conducted by Erasistratus to the royal banquet-room. The guests were already assembled. After a few moments music was heard, and the king and queen advanced to a throne raised in the centre of a crescent formed by the guests. The air was in an instant charged with the fragrance of burning incense and fresh flowers. Slaves placed garlands upon the heads of all, poured pure water upon their hands, and gave to each a cup of wine surmounted with flowers. After a short pause of religious silence, each made a libation to Jupiter the preserver, the good genius, and the graces; and the feast began. The king and queen did the honours after ancient custom. Seleucus, according to the usage, recorded by Homer, of the heroic age, sent to the Athenian ambassadors the most delicious portion of a sucking-pig; and Stratonice sent to Erasistratus and Combabus a salver of strawberries and cream, sweetened, as she graciously observed, with the honey of the wild bees of Mount Hymettus. The king's favour of a portion of sucking-pig carried with it more honour and distinction, but Combabus has declared that he never tasted any thing so delicious as the queen's strawberries and cream. Dearly did he pay for their sweetness. With this simple salver of strawberries and cream, began the courtiers' envy, that poison of the passions, which subsequently did him so much wrong. The repast being concluded, Stratonice rose and took up the golden cup that stood before Seleucus, crowned with roses, of which the leaves floated on the surface. Having lightly tinged her lips with the purple fluid, she spoke these words: "Stratonice, the daughter of Demetrius Poliorcetes, greets the Athenian ambassadors with the cup of King Seleucus Nicator." A herald who

stood ready, received the cup and bore it to the ambassadors, who, beginning with the eldest, (they were three,) drank to the glory of Seleucus and the beauty of Stratonice. A pyramidal figure placed upon a pedestal, in the centre between the king and queen on the one side and the guests on the other, and carefully veiled over, was now uncovered by concealed machinery, which carried off the covering out of sight in an instant, and the Athenian ambassadors beheld with delighted eyes the long-lost statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton, their swords wreathed in myrtle, as when they slew the tyrant of Athens. A curtain drawn on the left hand of the throne next displayed a splendid theatre. Leucolene stood at the front of the stage, holding her lyre; and immediately behind her a group of youths clad in the garb of Athenian warriors, their swords concealed with myrtle leaves, their bucklers resting close to their bosoms, in the attitude which precedes the onset, and their spears pointing upwards in their right hands. After a short symphony, Leucolene sang, with the accompaniment of her lyre, one of those simple songs of Harmodius and Aristogiton which the Athenians loved in their convivial meetings, and were sung even in the grand Panathenean procession of Minerva Polias. The song chosen on this occasion turned upon the private wrong which chiefly moved Harmodius to enter into the conspiracy against the Pisistratidæ. Harmodius loved, and was beloved of, a young Athenian virgin, who surpassed the fairest of Athens, and even of Greece, in talents and beauty. When returning with her mother from the temple of Ceres, the young men of Athens watched, with respectful admiration, the casual raising of her veil by the breeze; and on the following morning her door was hung with wreaths of flowers, and the trees growing before her father's house had inscribed on them by different hands "Callirhoe is beautiful, there is no beauty like Callirhoe—Callirhoe is amiable, there is no one amiable as Callirhoe." Finding her one day in tears, Harmodius asked and learned the cause. It was some days before the grand Panathenean procession, in which a select number of Athenian virgins, chosen for their high rank, for those accomplishments over which Minerva presided, and for their beauty, which should be so bright as to attract all eyes, carried baskets of sacred sweetmeats, fruits, and flowers. All Athens named Callirhoe for the place of honour in this lovely assemblage; but the son of Pisistratus caused her to be excluded, in order to make room for a virgin of his own family. "Weep not, my life and soul," said Harmodius: "although you do not bear the sacred fruits and flowers, yet will the Panathenean feast consummate the felicity and glory of us both." The unhappy girl, who thought of no felicity or glory but that of being united with her lover, and who dreaded that the disgrace of her exclusion might alienate his affection, supposed he alluded to the ceremony of their marriage. But Harmodius's thoughts were of sacrificing the tyrant to vindicate his country and his beloved one. He slew the victim, but was himself overpowered by the tyrant's guards. The following are the verses.

SONG OF HARMODIUS.

Why wreathes the myrtle round  
The young Harmodius' sword?  
His brow with myrtle crown'd.  
Why smiles my bosom's lord?

It is, it is the nuptial hour,  
He bids me to the nuptial bower.  
I come, my love, I come. Oh! joy divine,  
My virgin vow, my virgin kiss, be thine!

What doth the tyrant here?  
What breathes that bond-slave in his ear?\*

Aristogiton draws his sword,  
Harmodius,—my soul's adored.—  
They strike, they strike, the tyrant falls,  
"To Athens liberty" Harmodius calls.

Oh! lovelier look'st thou to these eyes, this heart,  
As thus with tyrant-blood besprent thou art,  
Than young Endymion on a bed of roses  
When on his face fond Dian's glance reposes.

Ha! impious slaves! they kill my love;  
His life-blood gushes from his bosom gored.—  
But still to thee my truth I prove.  
Thus dying with thee—thus—my soul's adored.

Here she dropped lifeless into the arms of one of the chorus. The rest sing the pæan, beating their bucklers with their lances, and dancing the pyrrhic dance.

Sing we the pæan of the free,  
To vengeance and to liberty;  
And let us dance the pyrrhic dance,  
And strike the buckler with the lance,  
And on the recreant foe advance,  
For Athens, and for liberty.†

The charming tones of Leucolene's voice and lyre, the wild yet graceful energy of movement which followed, the clangor of the bucklers struck with the spears, the quick time and martial cadence of the music which governed the performance at the close excited an enthusiasm which would have been almost delirious, were it not softened and subdued by the picturesque attitude and pathetic expression of the bride of Harmodius seeming dead in the arms of the Chorus.

This enchanting girl excelled not only in music, but in those dances of her country whose mute eloquence wakes emotions beyond the most powerful declamation. An Ionian girl at Athens, in the time of Pericles, and who had been brought from Miletus by his consort, the celebrated Aspasia, won the prize from the most famed rhapsodists of

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\* A person whispered something to Hipparchus—the conspirators thought themselves betrayed, and struck instantly.

† Several fragments of these songs of Harmodius and Aristogiton have been preserved. One is given in the Memoirs of the French Academy, from Athenæus. The French version is given in prose without the original, and professes to be literal. It is from it that I translate as follows:

*Song of Harmodius and Aristogiton.*

"I'll wear my sword covered with myrtle-leaves, as did Harmodius and Aristogiton, when they slew the tyrant, and established at Athens the equality of the laws.

"Dear Harmodius, thou art not dead. They say thou art in the Isles of the Blessed, with swift-footed Achilles, and Diomedes the valiant son of Tydeus.

"I'll wear my sword covered with myrtle-leaves, as did Harmodius and Aristogiton, when they slew the tyrant, in the time of the *Panathenæa*.

"Eternal be your glory, dear Aristogiton! for you slew the tyrant, and established at Athens the equality of the laws." (Trans.)

Greece, during a public procession in which it was the custom to recite verses from Homer. One of the passages chosen for trial, was the lamentation of Helen over the body of Hector. What is there, for situation and sentiment, in history or in fiction, so nobly and at the same time so tenderly moving? The rhapsodist read it with a nobleness of action and purity of intonation which the women confessed by their tears, the men by their applause. The dancing girl followed:—she looked for a moment at the body of the slain hero—her bosom heaved—her tears flowed—a series of moving pictures in her looks, her tears, her neglected tresses, the lightning movements of her countenance and limbs, told the whole scene—the reproaches of the brothers, the scorn of the sisters, the cutting unkindness of the mother-queen—contrasted with the noble magnanimity of Hector, who, though more than all exposed, by her misconduct, to danger and fatigue—yet, not only never gave her an unkind word, but protected her from insult, and rebuked those who gave her pain! There was now no applause; but manhood sobbed, and beauty forgot the disfigurement of its features in the sincerity of its emotion. Another dancer, also of Ionia, produced effects so terrible, in the temple of Apollo, during the celebration of the Pythian games, as to be prohibited from repeating the performance. The subject was the memorable pride and punishment of Niobe. The transition of Niobe from childless agony to marble horror, was so heart-rending to the spectators, that the presiding magistrates interfered to arrest the performance.

Why is it that mute signs, necessarily so imperfect and vague, have this superiority over language? May not their very vagueness be the cause? Language expresses thoughts precisely and in detail, leaving comparatively little for the imagination. But the mute play of countenance and gesture presents only a glimpse, or sketch, which the imagination completes, far beyond the utmost power of detailed and palpable expression. It was to this surpassing power of the imagination that Timanthes left the painting of the father's grief, when he represented Agamemnon at the sacrifice of his daughter Iphigenia, with his face hidden in his robe. The same principle applies to poetry. Perhaps a poet, endued in his art, with the genius and felicity of Timanthes in painting, would have also flung a mantle over the figure of a sufferer, in the same or a kindred situation—and left the imagination no visible materials but the convulsive heavings of agony from beneath it. But to return.

The music gradually died away; the curtain was drawn forward, and the spectacle vanished like a dream. One of the ambassadors then spoke these words: "O Seleucus, the Athenians have placed your statue in the porch of the Academy: is there any thing else by which Athens can honour the friendship of Seleucus Nicanor?" "O ambassadors," said Seleucus, "I am grateful to the Athenians for having placed my statue in the porch of the Academy. There is one thing more by which Athens will complete my happiness and glory: let an inscription on the pedestal which receives the images of these two heroes, tell posterity that Seleucus Nicanor, who reigned over Upper Asia, and built thirty-four cities of men therein, was the friend of the Athenians." Next day the king and the ambassadors sanctified their hospitality anew, by a joint sacrifice to Jupiter the preserver, and to

Castor and Pollux. After that, the king offered separate sacrifice to Minerva Polias, in honour of the Athenians; and the ambassadors sacrificed in return to Apollo, who, as will hereafter appear, was reputed the father of Seleucus. Having received the books, statues, and other objects from the hands of Seleucus, the Athenians departed. It may be well to relate here, for the greater glory of these two heroic assertors of Athenian freedom, and for the sake of virtue among men, that upon the ship's putting in at Rhodes, the statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton were received with the honours of public hospitality, and placed in the temple of Apollo, upon sacred cushions, near that column of the temple which bears inscribed the ode of Pindar, in which Rhodes is called "the daughter of Venus, and Apollo's bride."

In the mean time Combabus surrendered himself wholly to the captivating illusions which had constantly surrounded him since his arrival at the court of Antioch. It was yet but three days, and he had forgotten all that he had known and seen—Athens and the Isles of Greece—the bonds of friendship, and the dearer reminiscences of love. He forgot all but the place that held the divine Stratonice;—like those who have eaten of the Lotus-tree. Unthinking one! he must soon awake to the perils that already surround him, and the trials to which he is doomed.—But we will not anticipate the order of time.

## ADELGITHA

BY T. CAMPBELL.

The oracle's fatal trumpet sounded,  
And sad pale Adelgitha came,  
When forth a valiant champion bounded,  
And slew the slanderer of her name.

She wept, delivered from her danger;  
But when he knelt to claim her glove—  
"Seek not," she cried, "oh! gallant stranger,  
For hapless Adelgitha's love

"For he is in a foreign far land  
Whose arm should now have set me free;  
And I must wear the willow garland  
For him that's dead, or false to me,"

"Nay! say not that his faith is tainted!"—  
He rais'd his vizor—At the sight  
She fell into his arms and fainted,  
It was indeed her own true knight.

## THE POETRY OF PLEADING.

The Lawyers have as complete a mythology of their own as the old poets, and every trial has as regular a machinery as the *Iliad*.—*ESPIRELLA'S LECTURES*.

COURTEOUS reader! albeit thou be of the weaker sex, and as my Lord Coke hath it "of roseat beauty," let not thy judgment so misinterpret these "mine own simple labours," as to turn away thine eyes in displeasure from what thou imaginest to be merely a dusty and unintelligible disquisition. For know it is not here intended to delight merely the eyes of "grave men and singularly well learned," but so to treat of these lofty matters as that the lay-gents (for so the ancient text-books do denominate all those persons who are not skilled in the learning of the laws)—that the lay-gents shall understand the exposition of the things herein treated of, and understanding, shall admire. Nor shall I so far "follow the scent of high-swelling phrases," as by the introduction of jaw-breaking words, *vocabule artis* as our Lord Chief Justice hath termed them, to endeavour after admiration through the ignorance of the uninitiated. Do not then, I pray thee, gentle reader, so far vilipend mine efforts as to think I would load the delectable pages of this work with the mere *caput mortuum* of legal research; and if perforce thou findest me travelling some little way into the realms of a more antique learning, yet pardon me, "for assuredly out of the old fields must spring and grow the new corn."

As the grave judgment of man is ever accompanied with some portion of imagination, so hath every science and pursuit a *poetry* of its own, where a loose is given to the fancy and the imagination, which are permitted to run riot over the ground wherein the judgment hath no jurisdiction. It is in this sense, that worthy Dr. Warton hath affirmed Titus Livy to be a great poet, whereas, in strict parlance, he never wrote a stave of poetry; and it is in this sense that some one whom I forget hath said that "dancing is the poetry of motion;" in this sense also is it that I intend the *Poetry of Pleading*. Until this latter century or two, there was a vast portion of poetry intermingled with every science. He was the best astronomer who could imagine the most improbable systems, and the best chemist who could feign more marvellous effects of his art than others; and truly to read the volumes of this ancient lore, no small portion of the imagination was expended in these sciences. That great arch-enemy of fiction, Sir Isaac Newton, Knight, robbed the celestial sciences of these their poetic ornaments, while a similar progress hath been proceeding in almost every other branch of human inquiry:—nay, even the vaulted chambers of the earth have been deprived of their awe-inspiring mysteries, and the dull reality of his fire-lamp enableth Sir Humphrey Davy to work as great wonders as ever Aladdin did. 'Tis a melancholy sight, and a dismal one, thus to behold the great dominions of Fancy gradually surrounded, hemmed in, and apportioned, by her enemies; and it is with a true and perfect satisfaction that mine eyes can turn to one of her richest provinces yet whole and undisturbed—the great province of *Legal Fancy*. Whatever other disastrous attacks have laid waste her territories, whatever other pretended reformatations have been wrought, this portion of the great fairy-land is still safe. No sacrilegious hand hath ever yet attempted to deprive the law of its

fictions. The fervent imaginations of our ancestors have descended to us unimpaired, and woe befall the daring hand that shall endeavour to destroy the beautiful system of our legal poetry! What! shall our Castor and Pollux, our Nisus and Euryalus, our John Doe and Richard Roe, live no more?

Let me, however, in this early stage of my labours render myself intelligible to the lay-reader; and let me explain that *pleading*, as herein used, signifieth the science not of advocating a cause, but of skillfully preparing all those written documents, which contain the statement of the grievance committed, and the reply of the party accused; a science which hath been well called "the heart-string of the common law." But now to our subject more closely.

*Imprimis*, the soul and spirit both of Law and Poetry are one and the same. Fiction is the heart and life of both the sciences. Can any renowned epic furnish more strict and correct examples of perfect fiction than are to be found in the common action of ejectment, which a late learned and eloquent Chief Justice hath truly called the "creature of Westminster Hall," for, of a surety, no other place can claim so ingenious an invention. In that form of proceeding all the *dramatis personæ* are purely imaginary, and the facts whereon the judge and jury are to form their grave opinion, are wholly fabricated and untrue. This then, reader, is the fable—John Doe (who sometimes enjoyeth the appellatives of Goodtitle, Holdfast, Goodclain, or Fairman,) complaineth of Richard Roe, (otherwise known by the name of Badtitle, Thrustout, or Quarrelsome,) for having expelled him from an imaginary farm, which is feigned to have been let by some person to the said John for a certain number of years. How truly imaginative is all this! And mark how beautifully the fiction is connected with the reality! Richard Roe inditeth an epistle to the unfortunate individual of flesh and blood, whose property is involved in this fabulous proceeding, acquainting him with the singular fact of his ancient friend Doe having commenced an action against him, and desiring the aforesaid unfortunate individual to enter into their airy quarrel, or that otherwise by legal magic he will be deprived of his substantial property. This brotherly communication Richard signeth "your loving friend;" and luckless indeed is the man of flesh and blood if he despiseth the admonition of his shadowy adviser. Poetry is defined by the stagyrite to be the imitation of an action; but what poetry can be found so purely fictitious as the action of ejectment; what heroes can vie with Doe and Roe? before whom Achilles and Hector, Æneas and Turnus, are enforced to bend their diminished heads. I would, but that my limits are scant, remark a little on the peculiar characters of these our two most celebrated legal heroes, and I would fain draw a short parallel between them and the boasts of antiquity. Indeed there is in the character of Roe so exceeding a boldness, and so marvellous a pertinacity of purpose, that I doubt much whether in the ancient and modern world conjoint, so extraordinary a character could be produced. The unextinguishable zeal and courage with which after a thousand successive defeats he again attacketh the victorious Doe, are examples of heroism which the records of our courts of justice alone possess. And note, also, the commendable conduct of Doe, who, though thus repeatedly aggrieved, still appealeth to the laws of



his country for protection, and is content to repeat for the thousandth time his well-remembered complaints into the listening ear of justice. It is worthy of observation too, that these fierce contentions seem not to disturb the private friendship which hath always existed between Doe and Roe, whose names are ever found conjoined when the necessities of a friend call on them to appear as his pledges to prosecute. This is truly great, and far above the hostile virtues of the heroes of antiquity.

How exceeding poetical too are the strong, powerful, and vivid pictures which the language of our law occasionally displayeth! What votary of the Muses hath ever drawn any thing like the following horrid portraiture? It is compact of terrors; and what a marvellous addition to the shocking detail is the minute accuracy with which every particular is described! "It was presented, that the said William Toomes on the said 4th day of June, in the said year of our Lord 1655, being by himself in his bedchamber in the house of Paul Pinder, Gent. situate and being in the said parish of St. Buttolph, Bishopsgate, in the ward aforesaid, and not having God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil, then and there, to wit, on the said 4th day of June, in the said year of our Lord 1655, took into his hand a certain piece of bed-cord of the value of one penny, and did then and there tie and fasten one end of the said piece of bed-cord to a pillar of the window of the said bed-chamber, and the other end of the said piece of bed-cord around the neck of him the said William Toomes, then and there standing and being upon the edge of the said window: and that he the said William Toomes (one end of the said piece of bed-cord being put, placed, and fastened upon the pillar of the said window, and the other end of the said piece of bed-cord around the neck of him the said William Toomes, in manner and form aforesaid) feloniously, wilfully, and as a felon of himself, did then and there slide and throw the body of him the said William Toomes from off the said ledge of the said window: and by such tying, placing, and fastening of both ends of the said piece of bed-cord as aforesaid, and by such sliding and throwing of the body of him the said William Toomes from off the said ledge of the said window, he the said William Toomes then and there, with the said piece of bed-cord, wilfully, feloniously, and as a felon of himself, did hang, choak, and strangle himself, of which said hanging, choaking, and strangling, in manner and form aforesaid, he the said William Toomes, then and there, to wit, on the said 1th day of June, in the said year of our Lord 1655, at London aforesaid, in the parish and ward aforesaid, instantly died." Saunders's Reports, I. 355.—The pleadings in an action of trespass, too, furnish occasionally a fine specimen of poetical amplification of expression. If the defendant hath touched the plaintiff on the shoulder with a switch, he will, perchance, be represented as having with sticks, staves, swords, and bludgeons, struck him a great many and violent blows, in and upon his face, breast, shoulders, back, and stomach. If this be not poetical, I marvel what it is.

What playwright, I would ask, hath ever adhered to the great unities of time and place, with the laudable pertinacity of a common lawyer? Hath not the whole Term been construed but one day to preserve them? And hath not the astute practitioner "coped with

things impossible," lest they should be violated. What tragedian, in the observance of this principle, hath ever sacrificed probability so completely, as the pleader when he relateth, for example, the stranding of a ship on the banks of Newfoundland, *in hoc modo*. "And that the said ship afterwards, and during the said voyage, to wit, on &c. in parts beyond the seas, to wit, at Newfoundland, to wit, at London, in the parish of Saint Mary le Bow, in the ward of Cheap, was stranded, &c." Compared with this, it was indeed a scant and poor conceit, which imagined a vessel wrecked upon the shores of Bohemia.\*

There are, moreover, certain other fictions of law which may well vie with any thing which poet hath ever yet produced. Is an estate without any visible owner?—the law, with an oriental boldness of imagery, declareth that it is *in nubibus*, in the clouds! or adopting a more tender and beautiful phrase, saith it reposeth *in gremio legis*. I fear I shall scarcely be able, in these my narrow limits, to explain to the lay-reader the meaning of the *scutilla juris*, which our lawyers foster like the sacred fires of Vesta, though I am forced to confess that it hath been blown upon by some. However, it is a singularly happy figure. Then again, how magnificent a maxim of law is that which tells us that the King can never die. Nay the potency which could thus confer immortality formerly accomplished a greater task, and doomed a man to be dead while he yet lived. Before our monasteries were dissolved, if any one became a monk he was accounted *civiliter mortuus*, that is to say, he was civilly put to death, and executors were appointed who administered all his effects. These are but a few instances of the splendid flights of imagination wherein our law occasionally delighteth to indulge.

And think not, *lector benevole*, that the science of the law lacketh the aid even of measured verse. It is in no wise contrariant to that grave and serious science, to array itself upon occasion in the gauds and trappings of poetical measures. The learned student must doubtless have remarked how very nearly do many of our legal proceedings run as it were naturally in to verse. *Exempli gratia*, I will cite truly from the most erudite Reports of that very venerable judge Sir Edmund Saunders, Knight, (sometime Chief Justice in Banco Regis, a lawyer of most profound and judicial knowledge, and withal of a blithe complexion) the commencement of the record in *Holdipp v. Otway*, II. 102. wherein the manifest truth of the above opinion will appear. The sentence runneth in *hæc verba*.

"Our Lord the King hath sent to his beloved and trusty Sir John Vaughan, Knt. his Chief Justice of the Bench, his writ close in these words, to wit, &c."

Truly the sentence maketh excellent verse.

"Our Lord the King hath sent to his beloved  
And trusty Sir John Vaughan, Knight, his Chief Justice  
O' th' Bench, his writ close, in these words, to wit,"—&c.

If need were, grave authorities are not wanting to prove that originally all laws were written in verse, and that even in our English courts there be many notable examples of the love and respect wherewith the Muses are regarded. The ancient laws of Spain were chanted in verse; and it hath been said that the civil law consisted of thirty thousand verses, God bless the mark! It is, however, only by

stealth and morsels, that the art of versification hath crept into practice amongst our own lawyers, whereof ensue some noticeable instances. Two poetical wills have been proved in the Prerogative Court of the Archbishop of Canterbury; and the rolls of divers and sundry of our copyhold manors exhibit the customs in verse. And here let me venture, *pace tua, lector benecole*, to present thee with a short and delectable report in verse, of a cause heretofore decided in K. B.—Note, it was a settlement case, and is reported in Burn's Justice.

A woman having a settlement  
Married a man with none,  
The question was, he being dead,  
If that she had was gone.

Quoth Sir John Pratt, the settlement  
Suspended doth remain,  
Living the husband; but him dead,  
‘It doth revive again.

*Chorus of Pious Judges:*  
Living the husband, but him dead  
It doth revive again.

I would fain garner up the many pleasant instances which lie scattered abroad in the volumes of our elder lawyers; for, credit me, they would form a right musical anthologia. Howbeit, learned reader, I will only propose unto thee one or two marvellous sweet passages from the honeyed pages of wise Sir Edward Coke, which shall inform thee how poetical a genius that most learned clerk did possess. In what poet didst thou ever read a more lively and natural simile than the following. My lord speaketh of the *readers* in the Inns of Court. “But now readings have lost the said former qualities, have lost also their former authorities: for now the cases are long, obscure, and intricate, full of new conceits, liker rather to riddles than lectures, which when they are opened they vanish away like smoke; and *the readers are like to lapwings*, which seem to be nearest their nests when they are farthest from them, and all their study is to find nice evasions out of the statute.” *Co. Litt.* 280. One more ensample and I conclude. It mindeth me much of the figure made use of by a famous statesman now no more. “Our student shall observe that the knowledge of the law is like a deep well, out of which each man draweth according to the strength of his understanding. He that reacheth deepest, he seeth the amiable and admirable secrets of the law, wherein I assure you the sages of the law in former times have had the deepest reach. And as the bucket in the depth is easily drawn to the uppermost part of the water (for *nullum in suo proprio loco est grave*), but take it from the water it cannot be drawn up with a great difficultie; so albeit beginnings of this study seem difficult, yet when the professor of the law can dive into the depth, it is delightful, easy, and without any heavy burthen, so long as he keep himself in his own proper element.” *Co. Litt.* 71. Vale. From my moiety of a petit chamber in *Medio Templo*. Trin. Term. 3 G. IV.

PHILONOMOS. \

## EARTH'S MISSIONER.

## A FRAGMENT.

IN awe he stood!—behind him lay the waste  
Of desolated nature he had trod—  
Not of the earth but spirit! Then the god—  
The god burn'd in him; and the big tears fast  
Started—prophetic feeling; and the thrill  
Of unknown impulse shook him, like the bill  
Whose womb'd flame bursts through its clouds of snow—  
Apollo, thus, breathed on his pallid brow.

He knew it then! the eternal language broke  
In strange and murmuring wonder from his breast,  
Albeit in grief; and things once most caress'd  
Were idle then. His mountain Genius spoke!—  
“Sigh not though thou hast walk'd this desert ground  
Alone and burn'd in soul, with festering wound  
That heals not, and yet cannot kill: for this  
Has school'd each generous mind to woe or bliss.

“I watch'd thee in thine infant growth of heart,  
Mysterious life perplexing thy young frame  
With thousand sympathies thou could'st not name—  
Unknowing why, oft would'st thou weep and start,  
But smiles would seldom light thine earnest eyes,  
As conscious of thy coming tears and sighs:  
For thou wert gentle born, and to the last  
Thy mother's voice will speak—till all be past.

“The spirit bounded on its mortal way,  
As the limbs grew; a wilder, deeper strife  
Then smote the chords of ever-jarring life!  
Despairing, hoping, at her feet you lay—  
The Heavens, the earth, shone, or were hid in night,  
As she smiled on, or veil'd her eyes of light  
Hence other woes—soon meteor lights of fame  
Led thee to hope, but left thee not a name.

“So, with the eternal woods that murmuring wave,  
And with the bounding waters thou didst commune,  
Filling thy soul with fancies never done,  
Or lost in wonder over nature's grave,—  
From the strange passing show, stealing some theme  
To ponder in a dread and hallowed dream,  
Till the wild storm and thunder from on high  
Seem'd to thy spirit but a lullaby.

“And oft thou wept'st and bow'dst thy spirit down  
Before this mystery of humanity—  
Of Heaven revealed, and prophet's imagery,  
Shewing the skirts of coming times foreknown.  
Repine not on thy way, but let one thought  
Burn in thy frame—the Heaven-chastised are taught  
Strange joy in grief—nor praise nor censure near,  
Be stained thy page of life but with a tear!”

R.

## ON THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE.

So down they sat,  
 And to their viands fell ; nor seemingly  
 The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss  
 Of theologians, but with keen dispatch  
 Of real hunger

MILTON.

I HAVE long sought for the reasons of the outcry which some people raise against the pleasures of the table. Hard study of men and things led at length to the discovery. The causes are, weak stomachs, unsocial tempers, affected simplicity and stinginess ; always allowing some latitude to the convenient maxim, that there is no general rule without an exception—or two. Thus there may be some who abstain from social enjoyments under such virtuous apprehension as that they might hurt their constitutions ; a few who do so from sectarian superstitions, and others from cant. *To stop the mouths of such cavillers is now my object.*

Taking the subject in its plainest point of view we should begin with infancy, and see what honest unsophisticated Nature says and does. The first cry of childhood is for food ; and when every other appetite is dead, that most wholesome of all continues to the extremity of (healthy) old age. Nature thus gives her broadest sanction to this indulgence, and we may well exclaim, with the poet—

“ O foolishness of men ! that lend their ears  
 To those budge doctors of the store fur,  
 And fetch their precepts from the cynic tub,  
 Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.”

Children, in their innocence, are the greatest gluttons in the world, except old people perhaps. I have not examined the latter so closely ; but neither one nor the other are slaves to that artificial refinement which throws a bar against their comforts : the first have not learned these qualms, and the latter forget them. Amidst all the joys of my early life, some of the happiest were those snatched by stealth in the larder, the dairy, and the housekeeper's room ; and I often taste in fancy the identical smack on my palate, which followed the surreptitious delights of some violated cream-bowl or pot of preserves. I appeal to all my candid readers—to all at least who had the good fortune of passing their years of youth in the country—who, with their brothers and sisters, (for *there* lay the great charm after all,) a joyous little knot of freebooters, have stolen into the orchard by a passage scratched through the white-thorn hedge, have lived hours entrenched in the turnip-field, on the lofty sanctuary of the bean-rows ; sucked the new-laid eggs in the hen-house ; made puddings of raw peas with a paste of bread mixed up with pump-water, or river-water, or ditch-water—whatever came first ;—lain listless under a gooseberry bush, nibbling the large, hairy green, or bursting red fruit, like young goats browsing on heath-blossoms ; or stolen a march on the dairy-maid, and laughed at her from behind the hedge, when she found the cows had been milked. And then the blackberries—the crab-apples—the sloes—the sop in the pan ! But why raise in my readers these mouth-watering reminiscences ? why conjure up a feast of memory and flow of recollections, scarcely less undefined and shadowy than those of reason or the soul ?

I am not a *very* old man, but old enough to have grown garrulous and discursive—old enough to know that he who has eaten the bread of bitterness, and drunk the waters of disappointment, may be allowed the indulgence of a retrospect of whatever was of enjoyment. I therefore claim the privilege of dwelling awhile on my boyish days. Well do I remember when I thought the fate of Nebuchadnezzar by no means an unquestionable punishment; when I calculated the delights of his liberty, ranging the pastures with the cattle, eating clover to his heart's content, rolling on the grass, splashing in the rivulets, jumping the hedges, and learning no lessons! Thus balancing the phytivorous advantages of his degradation with the splendid miseries of his throne and greatness, I was very much tempted to consider him most worthy of pity when the term of his probation expired. But passing by the vapoury abstractions of my youthful mind, which led me into fanciful contemplations such as this, and turning to a less mighty personage than the last, I will regale my recollection with the picture of Old Edward, my father's butler. I have him this instant in my eye: his sleek hair combed nicely on his forehead, his rosy cheeks, carbuncled nose, liquorish lip-smacking smile, and true *bon vivant* glance, which measures the merit and tastes by anticipation every dish on the table. He had a noble protuberance of belly too, a real holiday rotundity, such as might be thought the legitimate consequence of earlier and better times, when "our ancestors ran Christmas day, New-year's day, and Twelfth-night, all into one, and kept the wassail-bowl flowing the whole time." Such a man was Old Edward: the living epitome of good-nature and good living, the breathing personification of enjoyment, the mortal type of merry-making, the Falstaff of real life, the very counterpart of Spenser's October,—

—"Full of merrie glee,  
The while his nowle was totty of the must  
Which he was treading in the wine fat's see,  
And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust  
Made him so full of frolic and of lust."

I verily believe that this old servant was the primary cause of my relishing, as I have done through life, the good things of life. He used to secrete, for me (and himself) the nicest unmaginable tit-bits; used often and often to tip me his benevolent wink, as I passed the pantry-door; and many were the moments that we spent there, in hail-fellow-well-met companionship, discussing the remains of tarts, pies, and puddings,

—"In many a bout  
Of linked *sweetness* long drawn out."

His example was of one real benefit to me, however—he had no selfishness in him, and he taught me to despise *gluttony*, for he never could eat for eating sake. He would sooner let his most delicate morsels rot in a crust of mouldiness than devour them alone.

I believe it is from regard for this poor fellow's memory that I am so fond of corpulence. I cry out continually with Cæsar, "Give me the man that is fat!" I love the look of an alderman—a stage-coachman—the king's butler, and the king himself; because the very paunch of each and every of them seems to tell a round unvarnished tale of good fellowship. Yet I think poor Edward had more of the thing itself stamped

on his countenance than any of them. He had not a wrinkle or careworn line on his cheeks or forehead.—But enough of him! My heart and my eyes are full. Enough of myself too! I will quit my egotism, and speak generally.

What then, let me ask you, *candid* reader, what was the happiest hour of the day at school? Not the dinner-hour, most assuredly—for we remember well what rough, tough stuff we had, all of us; little meat, and plenty of pudding—and *such* pudding! No, the happiest hour of the four and twenty was invariably that in which we skulked in the barn, or hay-loft, or a corner of the shrubbery, (two or three sworn friends,) and fell upon the purchase of our joint quotas of pocket-money—some savoury sausages bought at the porkshop hard by—or a hot loaf (slipped in, for the fee of a penny, by our trusty and well-beloved cousin, the baker's boy) with a huge lump of butter, bursting in liquified luxuriousness through the yawning rents which we made in the smoking quartern. And if a pot of porter or bottle-ale washed down the feast!—

Next to the butter and the baker's boy aforesaid, I believe I have (*ego* once more, but I cannot get on in the third person or second person, singular or plural) —I have to thank the poets for my real relish for the pleasures of the table. I have remarked that all of that tribe, whatever their language or their subject, have contrived some *how* or other to bring in, some *where* or other, the praise and recommendation of feasting. It was not till my after-years that I began to marvel, how the deuce these rhyming epicureans had that particular branch of *imagination*, so common and so forcible.

But now for the simple and self-evident delights of feasting. I will speak of it in its more elevated associations, as a raiser of the spirits and a warmer of the heart. I shall not press the well-known fact, that feasting has been in most ages and countries a *sine quâ non* in all arrangements, religious, political, or amatory—whether sacrifices to the gods, coronation feasts, ministerial dinners, or wedding fêtes champêtres. I forbear to quote heathen authorities, and shall simply let the minds of m. readers repose on the contemplation of the installation feast of an English archbishop, in the reign of one of our Edwards, when there was a consumption of 104 oxen, 1000 sheep, 2000 pigs, 104 peacocks, and 400 swans! Neither shall I cite the poetry, even of scripture, for I shrink from the possibility of connecting it with a trivial subject; but I shall draw on the sublimest of profane writers, Milton—and hastily recal to my readers the reception which our first parents gave to the angel Raphael, in Paradise. They will remember that Eve was busied, on her angel's approach, preparing

For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please  
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
Of nectarous draughts between.

I need not recapitulate the abundant bill of fare, containing all the delicious fruits “in coat rough or smooth rin'd,”

Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields  
In India east or west, or middle shore  
In Pontus or the Punic coast;

And every one will remember, or can refer to, the fourth book of

Paradise Lost, for the rest of this truly pastoral scene:—the benevolence of the angel—the blended humility and dignity of Adam—the innocence of Eve, who at the table

Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups  
With pleasant liquors crown'd.

My motto for this article will be recognised as taken from the description of this exquisite repast. From that it will be seen how the greatest and most pious of bards looked upon the affected niceties of abstinence, and what a lesson of hospitality and enjoyment he wished to teach mankind; while it is certain that he, himself, practised the kindly humanities of social life; for in his epistle to his friend Laurence, he jovially says,

What neat repast shall feast us light and choice,  
Of attic taste, with wine, &c.

The pleasures of the table adapt themselves to all situations and seasons, but may perhaps be best enjoyed in winter, when a good fire, a good dinner, good wine, and good company, form an assemblage of most surpassing delights. In the country, too, all this is better felt than in town. We have not so many distractions to interfere with our appetite or destroy it: small business, little politics, and no pastry-cooks' shops—those glutton fostering, dinner-spoiling receptacles, where the consumers of pies and patties remind one of "the bevy of jolly, gossiping wenches" reproached by the fox in Sir Roger L'Estrange's fable, who "lay stuffing their guts with hens and capons, and not a word of the pudding!"

No, no, give me the real charms of country fare and a hearty welcome at holiday times, and let me see as much as possible the revival of old English hospitality,—full plate, bumper-toasts, hob-nobbing, and the great hall thrown wide open, when, as Ben Jonson wrote to Sir Robert Wroth,

"The rout of rural folk come thronging in  
(Their rudeness then is thought no sin),  
The jolly wassail walks the often round,  
And in their cups their cares are drown'd."

It will be perceived that I despise all illustration drawn from turtle-feasts, Lord Mayor's days, and the like, loving more to dwell on the repasts of the country people. The pleasures of these most unsophisticated members of the community have been ever deeply involved in feasts and carousings; not in their excesses, but in their simple and moderate participation. I do not include in that class the wood-ranging party in the seventh book of Virgil, whose sharp-set appetites did not spare even the *adorca liba*, if we can believe the authority of Iulus, who exclaims

"*Hæus! etiam menses consumimus.*"

but which of us has not wished to have been placed alongside of the Shepherd's King, in Drayton's "Polyolbion?"

"In his gay baldrick at his low grassy board,  
With flawn curds, clouted cream, and country dainties stored,  
And whilst the bag-pipe plays, each lusty jocund swain  
Quaffs syllabubs in cans."



What a picture of social without sensual indulgence! But I confess myself better pleased with the more substantial enumeration of Her-  
rick, "the most rural of our poets, who passed his life, like a bird, in  
singing and making love." Hear him!

"Ye shall see first the large and cheefe  
Foundation of your feast, fat beefe :  
With upper stories, mutton, veale,  
And bacon which makes full the meale ;  
With several dishes standing by,  
As here a custard, there a pie,  
And here all-tempting frumentie."

And, to conclude the subject of country tastes, let me now quote  
the amorous Cuddy from Gray's first pastoral.

"In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,  
The capon fat delights his dainty wife ;  
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,  
But white-hot thick is my Buxoma's fare."

Proofs of the importance of the "*jus divin*" might be cited never-  
endingly; but my observations have turned rather upon solid than  
liquid delights. I shall only then allude to the great Czar Vladimir,  
who, when about to change the idolatrous worship of his country, ba-  
lanced awhile in his choice of a new religion. He was ravished (says  
Gibbon) with the voluptuous delights of Mahometanism, but rejected  
the Koran, exclaiming "Wine is the joy of the Russians: no, no, we  
cannot live without wine!"

Fill me a bumper then, I say, to the memory of the Czar Vladimir!  
a tribute to his good fellowship, but not a homage to excess. I am far  
from being the apologist of drunkenness or gluttony—and I say again,  
that moderate and honest indulgence is as distinct from that selfish  
enormity, as is the wholesome delight with which a hungry sportsman  
attacks a leg of mutton from the hellish voraciousness of Count  
Ugolino, in Dante's *Inferno*, feeding on the skull of the Archbishop  
Ruggieri.

Gluttony—one of the worst of solitary vices—is the bane of table  
pleasures. It concentrates all that is gross in nature with all that is  
unamiable in feeling, and unfits its victims for the real enjoyment of a  
feast. I would not preach forbearance to a starving man, for I know  
that

—————"un ventre affamé  
N'a point des oreilles :"

but I believe that

—————"If all the world  
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,  
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,  
Th' All-giver would be unthanked."

Yes! I do believe that the Dispenser of all good placed us here with  
feelings to enjoy, and surrounded us with the good things of life for  
our enjoyment; that He gave us palates to be gratified, not tanta-  
lized; and that the best way to shew our gratitude is to take the goods  
which He provides us. Give me, then, the pleasures of the table, in their  
moral and physical meanings together. I care not whether it be in the  
cottage of a peasant, or a stately palace, set out like that of Comus,

"with all manner of deliciousness." But, best of any, let me have, in my own humble mansion, the blessings of the table—my friends around me—plenty of cheer—thankfulness to the Giver—a happy mind—a clean cloth—and, crowning all, let "good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!"

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ON THE DEATH OF HELEN.

BY B. BARTON.

THERE seems no need of bitter tears for such an one as thou,  
And sorrow's fount, which once was sweet, is seal'd unto me now;  
Yet, might I shed such tears as fall from childhood's guileless eye,  
Dear Helen! o'er thy early grave my own would not be dry.

But could I o'er that distant spot a transient mourner bend,  
I would not mourn with childish grief thy life so soon should end:  
Reflecting what Life is to most, to whom 'tis longest given,  
I rather would rejoice in hopes that follow thee to Heaven.

'Tis true that what thou yet hadst known of Being here below,  
Had shone so bright it seem'd to bask in sunshine's sweetest glow;  
For though some fleecy clouds might shade the landscape's lovely mien,  
Yet these, like Summer's morning-mists, but beautified the scene.

And thou hadst to thy parents' arms return'd from Albion's shore,  
And joy's anticipated cup to them seem'd running o'er;  
And hearts were full, and hopes were high, with future schemes of bliss,  
While filial and parental love revived with every kiss.

Such is the picture Fancy gives, with little magic aid;  
Nor can its brightest, softest tints for ever sink in shade;  
To thee that shadow now is past, and dark as may appear  
The cloud that veils thy parents' path, thy name must still be dear.

When spent the agony of grief, may this their solace be,  
That many fondly cherish'd hopes had been fulfill'd in thee!  
This thought may seem at first to feed the source of saddest tears,  
But it may yield unearthly bliss in days of future years.

'Tis something to have held awhile a gem like thee in trust;  
And, though 'tis painful to resign its casket to the dust,  
It must be soothing, still—to think it once has been *their own*,  
And that they have but given it up unto its God alone!

For us, dear girl! with whom were pass'd thy childhood's fleeting hours,  
Who watch'd with pleasure and with pride thy mind's unfolding powers,  
Beneath whose glance, from grace to grace, thy form in stature grew—  
For us, to some few ling'ring hopes 'tis hard to bid adieu!

Although we scarce might hope, on earth, to see thy smiles again,  
Yet some such thoughts *must* still survive, where *life and love* remain:  
The first, with thee is closed! the last, shall still thy witness be,  
Not e'en thy death can overcast the hours once spent with thee.

But O! amongst us there is one whose hopes were so entwined  
With thee, thy death scarce seems to leave an earthly joy behind;  
Yet unto *HER* religion yields hopes more exalted still,  
Which, born of Faith, and fix'd on Heaven, God only can fulfil.

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## ENGLISH BALLAD-SINGERS.

THE minstrels were once a great and flourishing body in England. But their dignity, being interwoven with the illusory splendours of feudal institutions, declined in proportion to the advance of moral cultivation: they became in time vulgar mountebanks and jugglers, and in the reign of Elizabeth—the reign of robust intellect—they were absolutely suppressed as rogues and vagabonds. Banished from the streets and high ways, they fled to alehouses, and followed the trades of fiddlers and pipers: minstrelsy was no longer known in England. The instruments so long in use by this order of musicians would now astonish by their number and the rudeness of their plan and fabric. There has not been for an age any trace of this peculiar order, if we except the instance of a man well-known in Derbyshire, who appeared at the close of the last century in the streets of the metropolis with the *canister and string*\*, singing the fine old ballad of Lord Thomas and fair Eleanour. From the earliest times songs were chanted in our streets; but before the reign of Elizabeth, they were invariably accompanied by the sound of some musical instrument. The suppression of the minstrel order was followed by the rise of the ballad-singers—a race that relied for success exclusively on the merits of their voices. This revolution, though a curious part of knowledge, is scarcely distinguished, or not alleged with sufficient stress, in most of our histories of literature.† The subjects of many of the songs handed down by the minstrels, were still held in honour by the ballad-singers. The feats of Clyn of the Clough, Randle of Chester, and Sir Topaz, grown faded under the keeping of the minstrels, were now refreshed and brought more boldly before the sense in the new version. Robin Hood had his honours enlarged under the new dynasty—more maidens, more heroes than ever, wept at and were inspired by the history of his fortunes. Drayton's allusion to the propagation of Robin's fame may give an idea of the diffusion of the ballad-singers.

"In this our spacious isle I think there is not one  
But he hath heard some talk of him and little John;  
And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done  
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Muck the Miller's son."

The new race—the ballad-singers—started with a full tide of popularity: they had the glory of being opposed by, and triumphing over the unanimous hostility of the votaries of the Muses from the highest to the least worthy. The poets of the first rank confessed their uneasiness at the success of the innovators. Of this fact we have abundant evidence in Spenser's Tears of the Muses—and even the supreme Shakspeare himself would bring their calling into contempt.‡ It is

\* This was one of the instruments in use among the ancient minstrels—Dr. Percy gives a curious list of them.

† Dr. Percy makes no distinction between the minstrels and the ballad-singers. He gives an extract from Puttenham, an author of Henry VIIIth's time, with a view to elucidate the state of ballad-singing, and this very passage is cited by Mr. Ritson as a picture of the English minstrel of the days of that author. (Puttenham)

‡ One of the poets of the day (Munday) is represented by another as complaining of the progress made by the ballad-singers. "When I was looked upon," says he, "there was no thought of that idle upstart generation of ballad-singers: ballads are abusively chanted in every street, and from London overspread Essex and the adjoining counties."—(Vide Warton's account of Munday, 3d vol.)

worth while to attend to the grounds of difference between the minstrels and their more simple successors. The former were the creatures of feudal vanity, and followed the fate of some very wicked notions of government both domestic and politic—the ballad-singers addressed themselves to the people. They courted no obligation from the rich—they wore no livery of the great—they moved in independence—the members of a pure democratic institution. The times had passed away when the wonted phrase of subserviency at the beginning of each song, "Fair lordynges and ladies all, &c." was to be heard.\* But the ballad-singers did not enjoy alone empty popularity, as may be understood from the perseverance of the old singers, and the number of candidates that yearly sought refuge in the profession from the risks of a more uncertain state of life. One of the most popular singers of this early time was a boy, who, from the character of his voice and manner, is distinguished by the name of Outroaring Dick; an epithet as honestly bestowed as any descriptive compound on any hero in Greek or Latin story. He was bred to a mechanical employment; but he had a voice, the possession of which would teach a less enterprising spirit to aspire above all the gross toils of handicraft. His success was as permanent in the end as it was steady in its growth. He first renounced the mechanical life; in time his prosperity enabled him to confine his journeys of business to the adjacent counties—the home circuit—and the decline of his life was spent in the dignified repose of an amateur. His earnings, according to Mr. Warton, amounted to about 10s. a day: he was well-known throughout Essex, and was not missed for many years from the great fair of Braintree. But Cheeke, for such was his real name, was haunted in the midst of his glory by a rival. Will Wimbars had a voice quite of as much compass and flexibility, but not of as much pathos as Dick. Dick was the more popular man of the two; he consulted times and tastes, and had a greater variety of songs; Wimbars had a select list from which he never departed. Cheeke was free and easy, and had a turn for the humorous; his rival was all for doleful tragedies. The former was sought as a companion; the latter pleased best in the public exercise of his talents.† But the most universally esteemed ballad-singer of his age was Mat Nash, a man from the "North Countrie," the *officinus* of ballad-singers, as it had been formerly of the minstrels. Nash had a masculine vehement style: all the Border ballads he had nearly made his own by the force and enthusiasm of his manner of singing them. His "Hunts up," a song which obtained for the author so much favour in a former reign, was one of his most celebrated efforts. But undoubtedly his forte was the famous old ballad of Chevy Chase, then called the Hunting of Cheviot. This was the song which, Sir Philip Sidney declared, moved his heart more than a trumpet. If instead of

\* There is no better criterion of the rising importance of the people in these days than this—that the great Secretary Cecil made a collection of vulgar ballads in order to ascertain the temper of the people. Selden said that more solid things do not show the complexion of the times so well as ballads and libels; and Fletcher of Saltoun used to say, that if he could make the ballads of a nation, he cared little who made the religion of it.

† Mr. Warton, in a note in the 3d vol. of his History of English Poetry, confirms some of the particulars here stated.

the "blind Crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style," to whom he alludes, he had heard Nash accompany the words with the liveliest dramatic action—had he seen him fall suddenly on his knees and move about cutting and thrusting on all sides, as if to realize the description of Witherington fighting on his stumps—it is easy to suppose what would have been the result in favour of Nash. However, it so happened that the date of Nash's fortune was fixed at a later period; for the great Secretary Cecil was once so captivated with his singing, that he soon enabled him to retire from the profession. The accident that led to this fortunate rencontre is not impertinent to our subject:—in the time of a dearth which was severely felt in the city, the famous ballad-maker Delone composed a song reflecting on her Majesty. The ballad-singer and the publisher were both committed to the Compter; but the poet defied the government from his retreat. In a letter to the Lord Mayor he avowed the ballad, justified his satire, and concluded with these lines from the *Mirror of Magistrates*, descriptive of the duties of a true poet. They were composed by one Collingbourne, put to death in the reign of Richard III. for "making a foolish rhyme."

" Things that import he must be quick to pen,  
 Reproving vices sharply now and then,  
 He must be swift when touched tyrants chafe  
 To gallop thence, to keep his carcass safe."

Nash, in the mean time, in an interview with the secretary, fully established his innocence, and laid the foundation of his future prosperity.

It is impossible to quit the reign of Elizabeth without for a moment delaying on the names of Elderton and Delone, the two illustrious ballad-makers of the time. The former was full of enthusiasm—a hearty bard:

" He was a care-defying blade  
 As ever Bacchus listed."

He was highly charged with all the frailties that accompany in many cases the social bias; as the *situens* Elderton of his epitaph, and the uncharitable lampoon of Bishop Hall, record. Delone had more of judgment. But they were both men of great genius: they were envied, and variously and powerfully assailed: they both shewed a courage worthy of their inspiration. The time was now come, when this remarkable duumvirate, having lived to a good old age in the enjoyment of a degree of popular favour to which they saw so many highly-gifted spirits pretend in vain, were to begin to prepare their account with posterity. They saw that their verses would form the traditions of every village—still it was necessary to the dignity of their fame that they should call in their scattered labours, and leave behind them an authenticated version of their songs. The collections of these two bards were published under the titles of *Garlands*, with various fanciful additions. During their days of singleness and liberty, the ballads were called *penny mergiments*.

The Gipsies furnished a number of female ballad-singers about this time. The laws, and the prejudices of society in that age, concurred in denouncing this race. But how just is Nature! the most esteemed and the best received ballad-singers of their time belonged to the outlaw tribe. Alice Boyce, for instance, with the bronzed face, dark eyes and hair of her nation, came to London from Cumberland. She

sang her way to the metropolis, and, when there, very quickly gained the ears of the great. She was even appointed to sing "O the broom" and "Lady Greenleaves" before the Queen. The reigns of James I. and his successor were remarkable for nothing connected with our purpose, except that the taste of the population for nature and simplicity kept up the profession of ballad-singing. The poets of the day in the mean time became so learned, that they were scarcely to be understood even by the great. Henceforward ballad-singing maintained a prosperous and respectable course. The singers had no state enemies to contend with. Their employment was too lucrative, and custom had too firmly sanctioned it, to permit the persecutions of parish fiends. But, better than all, the law as yet furnished no pretext for stopping the free circulation of the lower ranks throughout the country. The government, and still more frequently the corporation of London, had been alarmed at the influx of humble strangers into the metropolis. There were issued bulls of penal denunciation, street proclamations, circumstantial and minute, embracing the professors of all manner of arts and employments, whether for use or amusement; yet not a word of ballad-singers. Fiddlers put the whole council into consternation; minstrels (such as they were) have a price set upon their bodies; but there is no vice assumed of the members of the vocal throng. Cromwell was disturbed by the presence of low visitors to the metropolis: he again excommunicates minstrels and fiddlers, but leaves ballad-singers to pursue their business unmolested. And yet the Protector found not in that order a friendly or even a neutral power. They sang of bold cavaliers and ladies bright, themes that did not fail to keep the memory of past times "green in the souls of men." But as soon as the Restoration removed all restraint from the ballad-singers, the streets re-echoed to the strains either of thanksgiving for the return of the monarch, or in ridicule of the fallen power. The song beginning with the words "Rebellion hath broken up house" was very celebrated at the time. However, the taste of the public in the course of a short time was divided between political and amatory poetry: the circumstances of the times recommended the first species; and the spirit that produced the Sedleys, Etheridges, and Rochesters, brought in the latter. Many of the celebrated poets of the day wrote for the streets and villages. But there never was an era when the ballad-singers answered more faithfully to the public feeling. They were a fearful check on the acts of the despotic monarch. When the charter was withdrawn from the city of London, a storm of ballads assailed the court, and was heard with dismay in the council. The agitated period that immediately went before the Revolution permitted scarcely any but political ballads to be sung. There were faint strains of loyalty now and then put forth. Several songs on the death of Russell and Monmouth are still preserved. But the great effective force of the ballad-singers was directed against the reigning family. The decisive effects of the doggerel verses called the Lillibullero are authenticated by history. Lord Wharton, the author of the song, boasted that he had rhymed King James out of his dominions; and the testimony of the gravest writers of the time show that there was no exaggeration in the boast. The tide of popular favour and ballad-singing flowed on the side of the newly-established dynasty. The Queen had absolutely

patronized the ballad-singers; she did not hesitate to avow, even on state occasions, a preference for the simple ballads that charmed her early years, to the elaborate compositions of the most esteemed masters of the time.\* We are to look upon the ballad-singers from this time forth in the light of a corporation. Custom had established yearly festivals for them in the classic regions of St. Giles's, which were much frequented by some of the wits of the day—Swift, Gay, Bolingbroke, Steele, &c. From these high followers of the Muses yearly contingents of ballads were expected. Swift contracted to furnish the humorous songs. Gay, who, as Goldsmith observed of him, had a happy strain of ballad-thinking, was set down for the pathetic ones. Those of a miscellaneous character were divided amongst a number of amateur bards. No importunities, even of his friends, could induce Pope to attend any of these assemblies. He was, however, prevailed on to write an epitaph for a young creature whom he had several times seen and heard, and who was known to her companions under the title of Clarinda. She was much favoured by some of the great, and, but for her attachment to the life of a ballad-singer, might with her beauty and accomplishments have risen to fortune. The following is a fragment of the epitaph; and, as we have it merely from tradition, we must not be held answerable for it as a genuine or correct production.

“ She who is laid beneath this sod of earth  
Was blest, though wanting titles, power, and birth;  
Though poor, had yet the loftiest bards inspired;  
Though fair, was yet by her own sex admired;  
But Wortley was the woman that did praise,  
And Swift and Gay the bards that loved her lays.  
Clarinda, courted by the wise and great,  
Would stay to charm the vulgar at their gate;  
Pleased if those notes which lords and poets loved,  
Were by the humble peasant-throng approved.”

Gay and Swift had naturally a relish for low society, and were hailed by the fraternity and sisterhood as the most precious sources of profit. Amongst other songs which Swift sent into the world through the medium of the ballad-singers, was a severe satire on the Duke of Marlborough, beginning “Our Johnny is come from the wars.” The song drew much attention in the streets, and excited the strongest resentment against the author in the breast of the accomplished duchess. She remained implacable until the publication of *Gulliver*, when she offered her friendship to Swift, through his friend Gay. The *Beggar’s Opera* was originally written, (we have it on Gay’s own authority,) to celebrate the marriage of James Chanter and Moll Lay. There was a young creature amongst the ballad-singers, now known to the world by no other title than Clara, who drew much attention at this time by

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\* “The Queen having a mind one afternoon to be entertained with music, sent to Mr. Gostling, to Henry Purcell, and Mrs. Hunt, with a request to attend her: they obeyed her commands. Mr. Gostling and Mrs. Hunt sung several compositions of Purcell, who accompanied them on the harpsichord: at length the Queen beginning to grow tired of this, asked Mrs. Hunt if she could not sing the old Scots ballad of “Cold and raw;” Mrs. Hunt answered yes, and sung it to her lute. Purcell was all the while sitting at the harpsichord unemployed, and not a little nettled at the Queen’s preference of a vulgar ballad to his music.”—Sir J. Hawkins.

the sweetness and pathos of her tones. She was the original singer of *Black-eyed Susan*, and one or two songs which were afterwards introduced into the *Beggar's Opera*. But her recommendation to particular notice was the circumstance of her having for many years been the object of Lord Bolingbroke's enthusiastic affection. The poor girl strayed for some time, during which his lordship had not seen her; and it was after that interval, that, having met her, he addressed to her the tender lines, beginning

"Dear thoughtless Clara, to my verse attend,  
Believe for once the lover and the friend."

And concluding thus,

"To virtue thus and to thyself restored,  
By all admired, by one alone adored;  
Be to thy Harry ever kind and true,  
And live for him who more than died for you."

A series of calamities totally ruined her vocal powers, and she afterwards subsisted by the sale of oranges at the Court of Requests.

The profession did not continue to maintain its rank. The disappointed author in *Roderick Random*, who set about writing for the ballad-singers, was introduced into one of their assemblies. His testimony establishes the deepest degeneracy in the members of the order. Indeed, the history of ballad-singing during the remainder of the last century affords but an unsatisfactory subject of reflection to the lovers of song. The modern state of the art merits an essay in itself.

W.

#### SONG.

AIR — "A Rose-tree in full bearing."

ITALIAN dames are vaunted,  
So shapely their bosoms rise,  
And some have raved enchanted,  
Of bright-beaming Spanish eyes.  
But shew me southern donnas,  
Or Fraulcius with yellow hair,  
So sweet to look upon as  
Our own lovely British fair.

Perhaps with foreign graces  
Love might have smit me more,  
Had I forgot the faces  
That smile on our native shore.  
But never in a single land  
Had woman my heart in thrall,  
Except the girls of England;  
And you, Love, beyond them all.



## DIGRESSIONS IN THE TWO EXHIBITION-ROOMS.

THE critics' harvest is almost got in. They have been very plentiful this year, and made quick work of it. How they did puff, and labour, and fall foul of each other!—putting forth their sickles here and there and every where: no two of them cutting at the same side or together. And then such indiscriminate levelling as they made of it: such meeting, and jingling, and entangling of their crooked weapons! But, thank Heaven, all this is nearly ended; and a poor nervous gleaner may now steal in the field, and pick up a few ears which have escaped the industrious fury of the reapers and binders. But do not fear so much as a grain of criticism. I am too sick of glazing and scumbling, and toning and keeping, to speak one word about it. The very thought of asphaltum is ipecacuanha to me. By the way, how learned all these outlandish words look together!

But after all my observations on the pictures themselves have been satisfied, I still find myself lounging about the Exhibition-rooms at Somerset-House and Pall-Mall: getting in among a knot of painters in a corner, and listening to their shop-scandal with unwearied earnestness; or I make a *sottie* from a good picture to the painting-room of the artist, and investigate at home, and in his native element, the curious animal who has pleased, affected, or surprised me, in certainly the most difficult language by which strong or positive impressions can be conveyed to the human mind. I peer curiously into the darkened corner of his room, among fragments of casts, lay-figures, skulls, oil-bottles, brushes, and colour-bladders; out of which a nursery-ridden child might easily conjure up an animated host of wild and terrific imagery. I regard them with a mysterious awe—a superstitious reverence. There they repose, to my observation, like the relics of a battle-field that has been obstinately contested and gloriously won: like the picturesque or terrible paraphernalia of some wondrous chemist or necromancer, by whose instrumentality the mined and central secrets of the solid globe may have been brought to light, or the spirits of the vasty deep itself startled through all the depths of their Stygian obscurity.

————— “ Penetratque in Tartara rimis  
Lumen, et infernum terret cum conjuge regem ! ”

I see a plaster-cast of a hand, a foot, or a leg, which may have assisted the artist in reducing to palpability the throcs and visions of his early conception—nay, in some remote angle, or from behind some slanting piece of large canvass, the first broad dash of his now detailed subject comes on my view, through shade and twilight, like the faint indications of truth to the mind, or like the sketchy, generalized people whom we meet and converse with in the land of dreams. Behold, possibly, the very pallet which may have yielded the last glowing, breathing tints to his immortal picture; the very pencil which may have conferred the last convincing touch of character and expression; both still loaded with the magic materiality of that very creation: the seeds, and atoms, and germs, out of which this mortal god has wrought his wondrous mould of mimic life, action, and sentiment.

As the artist himself furnishes ample scope for my speculation, I measure with my optical callipers the breadth of his temporal bones,

the projection of his *sinuses*, the dip of his chin, the elongation of his *occiput*, or the angle of his lower *maxillary*. I ask questions apparently indifferent, but which, indirectly, have an important operation: and word by word, and sentence by sentence, extract an account of his mode of going about a subject, and treating it, and working it up, and finishing it. After this manner, by a keen scent, unwearied assiduity, and a sagacious divination, I have enriched myself with sundry rare and curious scraps of anecdote connected with pictures and picture-makers, which, I have the popular egotism to think, no man of less enthusiasm and perseverance than myself could have collected in the given time. For example: How few except myself know any thing more of Wilkie's "Chelsea Pensioners" than that it is a beautiful picture, an extraordinary picture, a divine picture! and so forth. Some there may be who know that it beats the plegmatic Dutchmen out and out:—in better words, who say so because they have heard so. Indeed one enthusiastic and high-minded critic has stepped forward to observe that Wilkie committed an important anachronism by painting oysters in June; and having observed this, he stepped back again. I heard, myself, a dapper city-connoisseur (a *petit* body it was, with white-topped boots which creaked at every step) remark, as he stood before this magnificent picture, that the candle-snuff was as natural as the life; and then he turned away, and accompanied his creaking boots to an opposite corner of the room.

But, independently of these tasteful discoveries, there is a painting-room secret, connected with "the Chelsea Pensioners," well worth knowing.

No mind of liberal compass has remained unaffected by one extraordinary passage in the subject. I allude to the poor forlorn woman, who rushes up to learn tidings of her husband, and while all around are clamorous in joy and exultation, stands with her wild distorted eyes riveted on the paper—her face pallid from sickly apprehension—and, now absorbed in a master-feeling, indifferent, for the first time in her life, to the cries of the infant which is but carelessly encircled by her left arm. This is the great situation of Wilkie's greatest picture: the most powerful concentration of his mind which has yet been transmitted to canvass. At the first view, and while it affects and overpowers, we naturally regard it as one of those electric emanations of genius of which even genius is seldom capable: whose birth is like the flash, instantaneous, almost involuntary. Yet we should err in such a reading. The idea of this sublime passage was not rapid or impulsive, or coeval with Wilkie's first general plan of his subject. It was, in truth, an after-thought, an interlineation. I saw the "Chelsea Pensioners" on Wilkie's easel more than two-thirds advanced, and there was nothing in it of the incident to which I allude. I cannot dare to say that the place it now holds was then a blank; but it was pre-occupied by another actor and a different event. A woman who had been listening to the account of the battle, as read by the old pensioner, and who had just heard some fatal intelligence of her husband, was fainting away under the influence of the sudden affliction; her eyes half-closed, and her whole action quietness itself. It is needless to point out how dissimilar this was to the bustle and energy, and stretch of feeling, of the passage, as it now stands. It would be as needless to say that the second thought is best. No doubt of it, the original conception was

full of simple pathos; but it was mere by-play to the dramatic importance of the substitute action, and to the intense feeling with which it is witnessed by any spectator of penetrable stuff.

Is it not curious to observe in what an arbitrary way the rarest scintillations of genius condescend to transmit themselves? Sometimes they blaze forth at once through the profound of the mind, like a dazzling meteor, or a careering comet: sometimes their first appearance is like that of a small star half seen in a twilight-sky; and you must keep your eye riveted on it, and give it your whole attention, before you can hatch it out into distinct brightness. In one mood, or at a particular time, a thought comes to the gifted intellect, rushing, panting with eagerness to be received and embodied: its shape entire—its action complete. At another time it will lurk from your view; reject all your amorous overtures; and either entirely elude your wooing grasp, or convey itself part by part, bit by bit, till invention is disgusted with her own petty, piecemeal industry. Give up the chase—affect, or really feel indifference, and like a true woman, the coquette muse will anon throw herself into your arms when you least think of her. Without any apparent association, the long-sought idea will burst over the slumbering expanse of the mind, as erst did the sun flash over the deep sleep of old Chaos. Nay, chance itself often gives a clue after which genius had toiled in vain. Leonardo da Vinci attributes some of the best landscape compositions to the accidental discolouring and stains of paper on the walls of a room. Apelles had been labouring for months to express the foam issuing from the mouth of a proud war-horse, and could not please himself: at last, in a sudden fit of pettish vexation, he flung his pencil, surcharged with colour, at the portrait of the animal's head: it struck about the mouth—and lo!—the thing was done.

Passing from single ideas to the arrangement of an entire work in poetry or painting, it is still more interesting to note the complicated process, the remote and subtle combinations, the twistings, the twinings, and the turnings, to which all men of genius, but eminent painters in particular, have recourse, to produce a whole and harmonious transcript of their first entire conception. The interest swells into a climax, in my mind, when we have an opportunity of ascertaining the particular habits and modes of individual men of talent in such an operation. Now, while Wilkie is before us, nothing can be easier than to surprise you, at least, with an account of his method of collecting materials for a picture.

Even the little misses who read this will recollect the box with the ring at the top, in which Glumdalelitch carried her darling Gulliver when she went out, or put him to sleep on her lap when she came home. Well, I do not exactly know whether or not Wilkie makes any loose sketch of his subject before the circumstance I am about to describe; but certain it is, that when he has got the first general impression of it in his brain, he then provides a little box, such as I have spoken of—furnishes the inside with chairs, tables, cupboards, a clock, doors, windows, stools, and all the other *et ceteras* necessary to the kind of apartment he wishes to express on his canvass; places candlesticks on the tables; plates, dishes, cups, and spoons, in the cupboard; papers the walls, carpets the floor, and hangs his window-curtains, and in every respect makes his Lilliputian parlour or kitchen snug and

comfortable for the reception of his Lilliputian company. This being done, he then introduces the pigmy inhabitants themselves, clothed, as nearly as possible, in the costume he is anxious to preserve, and puts them sitting down, or standing up, or turned this way or that way, and otherwise grouped and disposed as he deems fit for his purpose. The light he wishes streams in from a particular point of his box; and room, furniture, and figures, all catch at once, and together, the whole effect of *chiaroscuro* which the artist may have previously designed, or which is thus suggested to him. Through a hole in the box, which we may technically call his point of sight, Wilkie then peers inquisitively upon the private family affairs of those harmless little people; and, having set them into action by his fancy, proceeds to paint and exhibit them to the world.

The figures are all exactly the size of those represented in the artist's pictures: so are the tables, chairs, and other furniture. He scarcely ever deviates from the proportions before his eye; and owing to this, some odd oversights may be remarked in his most celebrated works. In the "Rent Day" you may observe a cupboard to which no individual of the company could reach, and a clock, which none of them could attempt to wind up without the aid of a step-ladder. At the first glance one is strongly tempted to call this too trite, too tricky, too mechanical, for a man of genius. I will call it curious—most curious; and if required to deliver any other opinion, I shall be silent. Without doubt, such a device, in the hands of an indifferent painter, would appear almost contemptible, certainly laughable and ridiculous. But I feel I have no more right to criticize the means by which Wilkie chooses to work out his effect, than I should have to quarrel with the manufacturing of a fine day, or a beautiful flower; supposing me to know how either, or both, were manufactured, and pleased to be angry with the process. That this invention assists Wilkie is obvious. It must materially serve his arrangements of light and shade, and his grouping. His ideas of general colour are also regulated by it; and if his Lilliputian upholsterer had half an hour's converse with his Lilliputian architect and carpenter, perhaps one should never more meet any counteracting disadvantages in the occasional want of proportion between his still-life objects.

If you come for a moment out of the great room at Somerset-house, I will point out to you another picture, about which I know something more than every body who looks at it. There it is—the "Little Red Riding Hood." Now that is a wonderful, quite a romance kind of portrait. Horace Walpole, in his Castle of Otranto, has treated us to a figure of an old warrior, which, when it liked, could walk out of the picture, leaving the back-ground and accompaniments behind, and beckon to its grandson to follow it. The Little Red Riding Hood cannot do this, and indeed, never did this; but she has done things almost as extraordinary. She grew up from an infant, in that picture, to the present height and proportions. She was first a short, fat, chubby child, confined to a scrap of canvass. Anon she became an interesting girl, with her head running over the picture into another scrap of canvass attached to the first for her accommodation. In a year or two more she grew half a foot taller, and the canvass grew with her; and so both have been going on till they arrived at the age and stature at which you now see them.

I could tell you much more of new pictures, but that I am attracted to Pall-Mall Exhibition-room by an old one of superior interest; that is, according to the view we are now taking of pictures in general. I mean the celebrated "Miser" painted by Quintin Matsys, usually called "The Blacksmith of Antwerp." Once upon a time he was in reality a blacksmith, and the history of himself and his picture is thus given. You perceive I now begin to abandon my claims to exclusive information.

He loved a beautiful girl of Antwerp, and was beloved by her. But peculiar circumstances interposed between him and the completion of his happiness. The father had sworn, or vowed, or resolved, that his daughter should wed no person but an artist. What was to be done? Poor Quintin had never imitated any thing beyond the curve of a horse's hoof; and even that in a style, as far as regarded mutual at least, which might well be called bad. The most delicate touch of his hand had hitherto vibrated between the sledge and the anvil. But he loved. An obstacle was to be surmounted, and what obstacle will not love surmount? He commenced the study of painting—he persevered, and succeeded as a painter. He produced two pictures—and won his mistress. One of them, at least, is in the present Gallery of Exhibition. I have mentioned its name—"The Misers." Another work by Quintin Matsys is also hung up, but either it is falsely attributed to him, or he was not in love when he painted it. It cannot be one of his prize pieces.

But of "The Misers" there can be no doubt. The very picture is now before us—an emanation of the tenderest and most romantic of passions through the prismatic medium of art—the first rich harvest of an originally sterile mind, which love had reclaimed, and genius cultivated. Over this very canvass the inspired lover has toiled and laboured, in the feverish earnestness of hope and fear, energy and ambition. Over this very canvass the calculating, connoisseur father has leaned; with critic bend of brow, with critic spectacles on nose, and wrapped in an awful silence which was to be broken with a death-sentence to the hopes of the enamoured enthusiast, or with the one talismanic word which should give him life and happiness, time and victory!

Let it not here be forgotten that Love had previously done more than this for the Arts. If the ostentatious Greeks are to be believed, Venus rocked the cradle of the Imitative Muse. Their story, or legend, or history of "The Maid of Corinth," is too well known to require any repetition of it. But, true or false, it is a beautiful, an affecting anecdote. No spirit but the spirit of Love should have presided over the birth of an Art, whose tireless exertion is in the search of beauty, and the essence of whose ambition is also the essence of love itself.

What has become of that inert lump of clay, which, in our recollection of it, is immortal? which, modified by the hand of the happy girl, presented the first specimen of a new existence, of a new creation and identity? Could we contemplate it as we do the Blacksmith's picture—could we touch it and pore over it, and touch it and investigate it again and again—what peculiar associations would hover around us—how delightful, how hallowed would be our consciousness!

S. B.

## THE MISER'S WILL.\*

A GREEDY bachelor of London city,  
 Who in Threadneedle-street had grubb'd a *plum*,  
 Lay ill in bed remote from love and pity,  
 Just toppling o'er life's verge to kingdom come.  
 He had one male attendant, thin and lean  
 As Romeo's Mantuan apothecary,  
 Who daily swept his dusty office clean,  
 And copied his accounts with caution wary;  
 In short was his *factotum* every way,  
 Burthen'd with labour and but little pay.

When clearing off the five per cents. began,  
 Friend Discount sickened, growing daily worse,  
 He fear'd starvation, and his cranium ran  
 On want, with tens of thousands in his purse  
 'Twas true it is, that rulers take no heed  
 Of human life if it but cross their ends,  
 And Mr Vansittart's financial creed  
 Said havock makes with bank and city friends—  
 Discount was given over, for no physic  
 Could help his case—it was a mental phthisis.

Weaker and weaker grew the money-lover,  
 Till death call'd in and stalk'd around his bed,  
 With face a wither'd membrane seem'd to cover,—  
 Eyeless he stood, and grinn'd with aspect dead,  
 And token'd Discount with his bony finger,  
 That not much longer he on earth should linger.

Then Discount groan'd forth his attendant's name—  
 "O Moses, take waste-paper and a quill—  
 Lawyers cost money, 'tis a cursed shame  
 If you and I can't draw a simple will  
 Yet stay, if litigation should arise,  
 The funds will sink in Chancery and I'll  
 For nothing, Moses, underneath the skies,  
 Not hell itself, has such a ravenous nip  
 As this same Chancery court, for swallowing  
 The orphan's, widow's mite, lands, money, every thing "

He paused for breath, then said "I have a plan"—  
 And from his heart burst forth its last faint joy,  
 "I'll manage it, nor pay a sou to man  
 Of what in charity I will employ,  
 I'll to the orphan's fund leave all, d'ye see,  
 And score against my sins my charity "

"Go, fetch Sam Shark, our old attorney, here "  
 'Twas said and done, the obsequious lawyer came  
 "Life is fast ebbing, Shark, as you may hear  
 From my faint voice—weak is my shatter'd frame,—  
 Do make my will, Moses can witness it "  
 The obedient scribe began in settled form,  
 Made it out clear that quibblers should not hit  
 A flaw or subterfuge to change its meaning,  
 But while the signature and wax were warm,  
 Old Discount said there was a thing remaining  
 He had forgot, and Shark must execute—  
 To add a hundred pounds as legacy

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\* A circumstance something akin to this is related of Sawney, a miser.

For his own use, and prove that every suit  
 He had conducted for him and each action,  
 To gain back sums of money gone astray,  
 Had given him, Discount, perfect satisfaction.

The attorney, inly pleased, a codicil  
 Tack'd to the testament with great celerity,  
 Then went his way rejoicing, seeing still  
 An increase to his overgrown prosperity ;  
 But look'd as solemn as a smoking Turk ;  
 And just as Discount guess'd, the man of skill  
 Refused to take a sixpence for his work.

Shark fairly gone, the Miser turn'd his head,  
 And said to Moses t'other side his bed—  
 " Shark's will is free from flaw, we cannot doubt ;  
 His we may burn, but first a copy take  
 To serve for ours, and while the thing we make  
 Carefully leave the attorney's hundred out ! "

#### THE ITALIAN OPERA.

" Il faut aller à ce palais magique,  
 Où les beaux vers, la danse, la musique,  
 L'art de tromper les yeux par les couleurs,  
 L'art plus heureux de séduire les cœurs,  
 De cent plaisirs font un plaisir unique."

VOLTAIRE.

A FEW weeks ago I was lounging through the pit of the Opera, less crowded than usual ; and hearing my name pronounced in a gentle tone, I turned to where a friend, whom I could scarcely have expected to see there, was sitting in manifest tribulation. He had been dining out, and, somewhat gayer than usual, allowed himself to be inveigled to the Opera. Here he was for the first time in his life—knowing no one—ignorant of the language—not skilled in Italian music—his ideas of propriety somewhat disturbed by the liberal displays of the figurantes—every thing strange, new, and unintelligible : he was completely out of his element. I tried to convince him that the *pirouettes* of Noblet and Paul were divine ; that he *must* like the music, as it was Rossini's ; and that he was in the midst of the gay and the great, the wealthy and the titled of this famous metropolis. In vain ; his musical taste did not extend beyond " Robin Adair," or " Eveleen's Bower ; " and in the sublime ascents of Paul, or the elegant attitudes of Noblet, he found no meaning. What to him was the rich and splendid assembly that surrounded him ? He was among them, but not of them. After doing violence to his feelings for a short time, I saw him quietly leave his seat, and with a soft tiptoe step quit the house. Yet was my friend a very sensible fellow ; a high wrangler at the University, and a rising advocate at the bar. He never hears the Opera mentioned without fidgeting. He looks back upon his visit to it as one of the minor follies of his life.—Strange as it may appear, there is a very large portion of what is called decent society in London with whom the Opera is a *terra incognita* ; and of those who frequent it, I suspect there are many who are at the bottom as little delighted with it as my " learned friend." They go there, not because they understand music or love the sort of dancing which is exhibited there ; but because it is fashionable. Yet wherefore is it fashionable ? that's the question. Why, because the high will not associate with the low, and therefore

their amusements must be of a higher cast; because they will understand, or appear to understand, things unintelligible to their inferiors; because the having a box at the Opera is *bon ton*, and it is *bon ton* to be there twice a week.

But there is a combination of causes that tends to give the *ton* to the Opera: the pretension to taste, and the real taste for music—the ballet—the splendour of the house—the magnificence of dress—the rank, the beauty, and, above all, the fashion of the thing. Nor is it easy to conceive a more splendid spectacle than our Opera on a crowded night. The stage may be inferior to some others in its appointments: the orchestra may not be perfect, while in architectural and ornamental beauty it ranks low enough; but in the living furniture no theatre in Europe can at all equal it. In one respect it stands alone, and that is, that all the audience are in full dress; the house, too, is lighted up. In Paris, Naples, and Milan, the three great Operas of Europe, the *salle* is dark and obscure, and you may visit them in the same dress in which you would set out on a journey, the ladies themselves being only in *demi-toilette*. It may be said that the French and Italians go to enjoy the music, of which they have a real knowledge and a correct taste, and not out of affectation and for fashion's sake. But in Italy, where the boxes are all private property and the pit *abonné*, the Opera is the “at home” of all ranks; or, as a traveller says, “the recreation of the tradesman, the exchange of the merchant, the closet of the critic, and the rendezvous of the politician.” We are speaking, however, of the imposing magnificence of the whole scene. What can be more so, than to see so much of what is illustrious from rank and distinguished by beauty adorning the boxes of a full night, every face dressed in its best looks, as if not a heart there had ever throbbed with a base or unworthy passion? To judge from outward show, all seems pleasure and tranquillity, and we fancy there is at least one hour and one place where bad passions do not intrude.

The Opera was first supported by the subscriptions of the nobility. Pope thus personifies it in the Dunciad—

———“A harlot form soft gliding by  
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye;  
Foreign her air, her robes discordant, pride  
In patchwork fluttering, and her head aside;  
By singing peers upheld on either hand,  
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;  
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,  
Then thus in quaint recitative spoke:  
O cara! cara!” &c. &c.

At its first introduction it is well known that Addison and the wits of his time set their faces strongly against it, as improbable and absurd. While we do full justice to the merit of their sarcasms, we must dissent from their reasoning: a drama in music is as probable and reasonable as a drama in verse. The objections to its absurdity might be equally urged against every species of theatrical representation. The truth is, that operas may be defended on the same ground as other arts of imagination; the mixture of music, decoration, and dance, has been called incongruous and frivolous; but, perhaps, upon too little reflection. As to the poetry, it is another thing; any poetry is good enough for an



entertainment where no poetry could be understood. Hence the Opera, like Warren's blacking-shop, "keeps a poet." Madame de Staël says, "les musiciens disposent des poètes; l'un déclare qu'il ne peut chanter s'il n'a dans son ariette le parole félicité, le ténor demande la tomba, et la troisième ne sauroit faire des roulades que sur le mot *catene*." A charge of indecorum has been advanced against the Opera, at various times, and sometimes from quarters whence one should hardly have expected it, sanctioned as it has been in our day by the presence of high church dignitaries. That Prynne or Jeremy Collier, if alive, should pour out their vials of honest, if mistaken wrath against it, might be looked for; but that his Lordship of Byron should do so, is rather startling. Hear him in early satire:

"Then let Ausonia, skill'd in every art  
To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,  
Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,  
To sanction vice and hunt decorum down."

Perhaps this outbreak of the youthful moralist is not exactly accordant with the experience of riper years. But the same objections lie with stronger force against painting and sculpture, and after all are generally the offspring of incorrect notions in the breast of the objector. "A nice man," says Swift, "is a man of nasty ideas;" but the saying is become musty.

There is no subject on which, and about which, an affectation of *penchant* is more universal than that of music. As an accomplishment, it is very well that all—no, not all—but such young ladies as have a taste for it, should be taught it. It will, perhaps, sometimes rescue them from more perilous occupations. But the modish and superficial young gentlemen of the day\*, who are scarcely able to distinguish one tune from another, and are utterly ignorant of music as a science, it is inexpressively amusing to hear descant pompously on the merits of the different composers. What dying falls! what swelling tones! what ravishing divisions! what chromatic skill!

Each maid cries "charming" and each youth "divine," while lauding the defective parts of what they hear, and ascribing to one composer the beauties of another. This kind of pretension is not confined to the "insect youth" of fashion: we suspect that nine tenths of the audience on a full night are pretenders of the same kind. Musicians are accustomed to smile at the enthusiasm of a certain wealthy nobleman famous for his patronage of the tuneful art and his magnificent concerts, but who is in reality utterly ignorant of every thing belonging to the science. The late Lord Sandwich, an amiable man on the whole, had this vanity. "He professed," says Mr. Butler, "to be fond of music, and musicians flocked to him: he was the soul of the catch-club, and one of the directors of the concerts for ancient music; but (which is the case of more than one noble and more than one gentle amateur) he had not the least real ear for music, and was equally insen-

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\* It was one of this race who, sitting by a gentleman at the Opera when Medea appeared to be in great agony at the thought of killing her children, turned to one who sat by him, with a smile, and said, "Funny enough!" See Boswell's Johnson. The majority of young men of the *ton* in England are the least intellectual animals on earth.

sible of harmony and melody." This sort of affectation, which is the produce of vanity and weakness, is very general here in all the arts; but whoever has had the misfortune to fall in with English *cognoscenti* in the galleries and *ateliers* of the continent, has witnessed many ludicrous exhibitions of it. The art of music is a subordinate object in the eyes of the frequenters of the Opera; it is a splendid assemblage of wealth and fashion, meeting by a sort of convention at a brilliant rendezvous, to gaze upon one another, under pretence of admiring the skill of singers and composers, and witnessing the agility and grace of the ballet. Of the latter, indeed, the audience are better able to judge, than of the scientific part, and therefore it attracts more attention. He "that hath not music in his soul" cannot sit out an opera without *ennui*; but "*la declamation des jambes*," as it has been styled, every fool can comprehend, though so inferior a thing in itself. "*Je ne chante pas pour les gens, qui n'écoutent que le ballet*," said Mademoiselle Hubert, when she rejected a proposal from the managers of *La Scala*.

Our Opera is a business of great importance in the fashionable world, and is superintended by a committee of noblemen:

"By singing peers upheld on either hand."

These are said to be moved *au secret* by a committee of titled ladies. This is investing it with great importance, but less than it holds in France. The amusements of London are all of a more democratical cast than abroad. In Italy and most parts of Germany the Opera is established on a more exclusive system. At Turin it is set apart for the nobility exclusively, and the queen presides over the distribution of the boxes. Her list decides the number of quarterings requisite to occupy the aristocratic rows of the first and second circles, and determines the point of *roture* which banishes the *pucoli nobili*\* to the higher tiers. At Hanover, which is proverbial throughout Germany for the poverty, ignorance, and pride of its nobility, the same exclusive system prevails; and at Berlin, Vienna, and Dresden, where the Operas are managed by the monarchs themselves, the regulations are amusingly tyrannical—no one dares express the slightest dislike. At Copenhagen ten minutes is allowed for disapprobation at a new piece; the drum beats twice, and whoever hisses afterwards is punished as a public perturbator. At Rome no mark of dislike is tolerated, and the *cavaletto*† would be the inevitable punishment. In France the Opera is protected by the government: some of the decrees respecting it, even during the time of Napoleon, shew what an air of pomp the French fling over trifles. 1. The Opera is especially consecrated to dancing and singing. 2. There only can be represented pieces which are altogether in music and ballets of the noble and graceful kind, that is to say, such as have been taken from subjects of mythology and history, whose principal personages are gods, kings, and heroes. 3. It may also give, concurrently with the other theatres, ballets representing scenes of moral or even of common life. This is sufficiently puerile, but it must

\* Lady Morgan's Italy.

† The Cavaletto is the seizure of the offender by the guards and carrying him to the Piazza Navona, where he is mounted on the stocks or little horse, flogged, and brought back to his seat for the rest of the opera.

be recollected that at an earlier period the Opera engrossed a large share of the attention of the court and people of Paris, and that the theatre exercises no trifling influence over the public mind in that city. Grimm, in his vast and amusing collection of anecdote and information, has recorded many instances of the fury and extent of the commotions of 1789. The *artistes danseurs* met in a grand congress, as they denominated it. They published manifestoes, and framed memorials. "Le ministre veut que je danse," said the president Mademoiselle Guinard: "eh bien, qu'il y prenne garde, mais je pourrais bien le faire sauter." Government finally interfered, and the son of Vestris (le diou de la danse, as he called himself in his provençal accent) was sent to the prison Fort l'Évêque. The parting of father and son was deeply pathetic. "Allez, mon fils: voilà le plus beau jour de votre vie. Prenez mon carrosse et demandez l'appartement de mon ami le roi de Pologne: je paierai tout." The reproof of Louis XVI. to his minister on this occasion was moderate and wise. "It is your own fault; the insolence of these girls is the result of your encouragement; if you had loved them less, they would not have been so insolent." The account of the *début* of young Vestris is so full of the conceit and self-importance of his father, that we cannot resist giving it. "Lorsque le jeune Vestris débuta, son père (le diou de la danse) vêtu du plus riche et du plus sévère costume de cour, l'épée au côté, le chapeau sous le bras, se présenta avec son fils sur le bord de la scène: et après avoir adressé au parterre des paroles pleines de dignité sur la sublimité de son art et les nobles espérances que donnait l'august heretier de son nom, il se tourna d'un air imposant vers le jeune candidat, et lui dit; Allons, mon fils! montrez votre talent au poublic: Votre père vous regarde!"

The exhibition of such amusing and ridiculous scenes has hitherto been spared us, partly because they would not be tolerated if they were attempted, and because the actors of the Opera find their proper level among us, and are too insignificant objects in the great drama of life to fix our attention beyond the passing moment. Their turmoils are therefore confined to "une anarchie douce et paisible" within the arcades of the Haymarket.

It may be justly questioned, whether the combinations of scientific music afford those who are able to enjoy its harmonies a degree of pleasure at all equal to that which is felt by the less tutored ear on hearing simple melodies. Complicated music will always attract a large crowd of auditors, where very few feel gratification; nor would the labour of learning the science, so as to comprehend its more scientific beauties, at all repay itself with the many. Music is a tedious science to acquire a perfect knowledge of, and cannot be said to invigorate the mind, or enlarge the understanding, in proportion to its difficulties. Every noble emotion which it can raise in the bosom, is raised by its boldest and simplest tones, and these are universally felt and comprehended; they cleave the mind or touch the heart,

"Wake the soul to love, or kindle soft desire."

The higher class of Italian music appeals to science alone; it confers a general satisfaction, and awakens no particular sympathies. It is like the man of profound learning who is destitute of genius: his acquirements force our admiration, but our sympathies are unmoved; the

"thoughts that breathe and words that burn" are wanting. The excellencies of this music belong to technical skill, and demand a very improved perception and considerable knowledge of the art. It requires the art of judging, while the pleasure of harmony belongs to sensation alone. Thus then it is obvious, that very few who frequent the Opera know any thing of its merits, and that the trickery of fashion alone in this country fills its boxes.

The Opera, on a crowded night, affords a finer field for speculation than any other of our public assemblies, and with one whose knowledge of humanity was tempered with kindly and tolerant feelings, it would wear an instructive and amusing aspect. Particularly if some kind Asmodeus would aid to lay bare the bosoms of the gay and bold-faced personages of the assembly. Sparkling brilliants would be found decorating bosoms of pride and inanity; vice masked with a coronet, revelling in impure conceptions; peers making peerage a mockery, and forcing a grateful sigh to heaven from the plebeian that he is what he is. On the other hand, what female loveliness, and lowliness of self, what virtuous and kind qualities, what names that honour England's nobility—figure there. There may be seen the titled dame, who thinks it a condescension to be pleased with any thing, and is offended at the idea of being brought into contact with meaner conditions, or with inferiors coming "betwixt the wind and her nobility," most probably the daughter of a cit, whose fortune enables her to "strut a viscount's tawdry wife"—for your nobly-born are generally your well-bred; not but that there are exceptions even to this rule. There are some fair faces anxious to display their dresses and attract admiration, and near them one whose jewels have been some time at Dobrée's, to satisfy a card debt with something less than honour. Fashionable young men and painted Cyprians, beauty and deformity, age and youth, are intermixed. All around is a sprinkling of corpulent *et yvornes*, each anxious to be recognized by the equivocal nod of a superior, or yawning over the box—

Son gros cou jaune et ses deux bras quadrés  
Sont de rubis et de perles entourés :—

as those of the old Duchess of — were. Her three daughters in the meantime, ultra fashionable in dress, are employed in reading the English translation of the piece, or trying to catch the gaze of some dashing coxcomb agreeably to parental instructions. What better then prostitution is this mode of putting off a child to the most eligible bidder? and yet it is the sole labour of years with some modern mothers, noble as well as ignoble. Scattered about in the pit here and there is a solitary metromanist, whose soul is engrossed by a *bravura* or *cavatina*, to which he hums an accompaniment, and near him a dark-browed, sallow-faced Italian, full of conscious superiority that his language and music (all that is now left him of which to be proud) should be predominant in the musical theatres of all the capitals of Europe. A dandy wit, at the top of folly and bottom of intellect, with his plagiarisms of Joe Miller, is trying to make his inane companion smile. Here is a *merveilleux* in the extreme of foppish habiliment, "affected, peevish, prim, and delicate," fragile in form, and smooth and tender as a girl, essenced over with perfumes, and "profligate as sweet,"—a thing without sex. There is an old "winter-withered leanshanks,"

gloating on Noblet as she "twirls the light limb that spurns the need-less veil." Not far off, near a group of fashionable girls in a perpetual flutter, is some aspiring denizen of the Temple or Lincoln's Inn, with mincing gait, janty accent, and clothed in pedantry of dress, asking his companion "What's the opera?"—"Shan't stay the ballet—seen it fifty times—thought it better the first night." There is a minister refreshing himself from the toil of official dinners and the jargon of politics. But best of all in this varied and "eventful history" is a true old English nobleman, alone in appearance, and almost without a second in the house, plainly dressed, unassuming, courteous yet dignified in his demeanour, with taste and science enough to understand and enjoy the music, and so finely tempered in feeling as to regard with a benevolent and forgiving smile the affectation and heartlessness that surround him;—he is the salt that preserves the whole mass from condemnation.

Such is the Opera twice in every week, the most self-important of our entertainments, and totally different from the Stage, as we commonly understand the term. Every thing about it aims at greatness; but its greatness is inflation—it is fond of

— "Swelling epithets thick laid,  
As varnish on a harlot's cheek."

It scorns all but the most expensive singers, and the music of first-rate composers, and the dancers must be the first in Europe. This would not be much amiss, perhaps, if the stage furnished the pleasure; but that it does not is the fact. Its management is considered an awful and intricate thing among its immediate supporters. It has its *chargé-d'affaires* on the Continent, which are not sinecures like some of our political ones, for its negotiations are endless and its protocols equal to the communications between mighty empires. The negotiations between London and Paris respecting Paul and Albert, and others, lasted for years; question arose out of question, envoys were sent with imperfect powers, and then plenipotentiaries were appointed, exchanges were effected—two singers for a dancer; weighty discussions and references took place on the relative value of *entr'acts* and *roulades*, of *cadènes* and *prouettes*, of a *brochure* and *pas de saut*:—they were all finally arranged, and we obtained Paul the *arrien!* with "a station like the herald Mercury new lighted."

Still in spite of persons, like my learned friend before-mentioned, who can find no pleasure in the warblings of Camporese, or the *prouettes* of Noblet, the Opera will prevail as long as Fashion decrees its supremacy. For my own part I have no objection to see the autocracy of this exotic permanent, while I can find so much of life assembled there—while beauty and ugliness, rank, splendour, folly and wisdom, form such an excellent *melange* for study.

## PRINCE CARLOS OF SPAIN AND HIS FATHER PHILIP II.

As long as the Spanish Inquisition existed, and its archives were kept from the public eye with the anxious jealousy which marked all the proceedings of that odious tribunal, History was obliged to suspend her verdict on the death of Prince Don Carlos, the eldest son of Philip II. and heir to his vast dominions. The evidence which was to be gathered from contemporary writers could not, in fairness, be finally weighed and appreciated, while there was a strong reason to believe that the most authentic documents relating to that mysterious event were still preserved, and might one day come to light.

It appears, however, that among the records of religious tyranny which the first abolition of the Inquisition, under the government of Joseph Bonaparte, allowed to see the light, nothing was found connected with the fate of the unfortunate Carlos of Austria. Such is the positive declaration of Don Juan Antonio Llorente, late Secretary to the Madrid Inquisition, who, disaffected to the establishment of which he was a confidential member, had, for some years, been collecting notes for a history of the Spanish *Holy Office*, which he completed under the French usurpation from a full examination of the contents of the inquisitorial archives.

Llorente, though not bound to enter into a critical examination of an obscure historical fact, which he has shewn to be unconnected with the subject of his work, thought proper to introduce, as an episode, a more complete and authentic account of the unfortunate life and untimely end of Prince Don Carlos than was ever published before. The narrative, however, partakes of the character of the whole work, which is a mere assemblage of facts hastily and carelessly put together—a depository of authentic and highly curious information, from which a writer of more talent might compile a history of the Inquisition, of half the size, and double the interest of the original.

Curiosity, and a degree of unwillingness to acquiesce in some of the inferences of the Spanish writer, led us to some of the main sources from whence he derives his information. This search having confirmed our former opinions, and afforded us a clearer view of a dark and melancholy transaction which history has not been able hitherto to unravel, we conceived that a short statement of the whole might not be unacceptable to the public.

The odious character of Philip II. has, more than any thing contained in the historical records of the time, contributed to the posthumous fame of his unhappy son Don Carlos. Novelists and dramatic poets having claimed him for their own, represent his character and person as adorned with every virtue and every grace which could set him in a striking contrast with his father.

— Ma chi'l vede e non l'ama?  
Ardito umano cor, nobil fietezza,  
Sublime ingegno, e in avvenenti spoglie  
Bellissim' alma \*—

Truth, however, obliges us to dispel this pleasing delusion, and to withdraw from Carlos, though unfortunate and oppressed, much of the

sympathy which we formerly lavished upon him. To have a hero of romance thus stript of his honours, and plucked down even below the common level of mankind, must, as all acts of public degradation, be alike unpleasant to the spectator and the performer. For our parts, we confess that we undertook the task with reluctance. Indeed, if we feared that, by diminishing the interest hitherto claimed by the memory of Don Carlos, we relieved that of his father from a single atom of odium, and made his name more tolerable to the ear of freedom, we should not volunteer to bring a useless and dangerous truth into light. History has, and should ever possess, her gibbets, where criminals too powerful for human justice may be exposed in chains to the eyes of the remotest posterity: and, surely, we would not bring Philip of Spain an inch nearer our common earth, were he hanging upon Haman's cross of fifty cubits. But nothing we have been able to discover in the history of Carlos does in the least degree extenuate his father's villainy. The novelists and poets have flattered Philip's portrait, indeed, by making him capable of the boldness of passion. He was a coward by nature—a coward placed upon the most powerful throne of Europe, bending an active, shrewd, and unfeeling mind on the sole object of gratifying his stern passions without the least exposure to real or imaginary danger. Fiction, in fact, has here, as in most cases, overshot her mark; for an ideal Philip who, in a fit of jealousy, could plunge a dagger into his son's bosom, would be almost lovely, compared with the cautious, calculating monster that could engage disease to do his work, in order to keep his hands from blood, lest the stain might disturb his conscience—for Philip, too, had a conscience.

Carlos's misfortunes seem to have begun at his birth. His mother, Mary of Portugal, lost her life four days after he was born.\* His grandfather, Charles V., from whose comprehensive genius, and truly princely feelings, he might have received the benefit of early care and example, was in Germany and the Netherlands during the prince's childhood. The absence of his father might be deemed a happy circumstance for the child's moral and mental growth; but it only threw him into the hands of his two paternal aunts, Mary the wife of Maximilian, afterwards Emperor, and at that time Regent of Spain, and Johanna, Dowager of Portugal.

Born, probably, with a violent temper, spoiled by his guardians, and surrounded by courtiers, tamed and trained by the most absolute of European monarchs, Carlos grew up in the full indulgence of a wayward disposition.

We seldom find historians tracing the characters of heirs-apparent from the nursery; much less collecting and recording the tricks and pranks of royal striplings. But as there was a powerful tyrant to flatter, the Spanish contemporary writers have left us a list of every misdeemeanour of Carlos, commencing with the murder of some rabbits, which, when very young, were given him for his amusement. It is still more curious to observe, that Philip is said to have conceived an early dislike of his son, from a knowledge of this act of cruelty. So

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\* In 1545.

exquisite was the sensibility of the patron of the Duke of Alva, the husband of our English Mary, the avowed encourager of assassination.

Cruelty to animals in children, is the natural result of thoughtlessness and inexperience. That nature had not denied to Carlos the kinder feelings of the human heart, is known from his strong and lasting attachment to his tutor, Don Honorato Juan, Bishop of Osma. Some fragments of the Prince's letters to that excellent man have been preserved, and are found translated in Florente's work. They are the hasty and careless performances of a boy, who, in his hurry, leaves out parts of the sentences, and has not the patience to examine what he has written. Our author, who is determined to make out the unfortunate Carlos "a monster whose death was a blessing to Spain," quotes these letters as proofs of a natural want of talents, or rather of common sense. Yet, he should have observed that the faults in the construction of the sentences which the letters exhibit, are such as no Spaniard, however dull and stupid, could fall into; whilst few among the crowd of royal pupils have left such a warm and sincere testimony of friendship for their instructors. That this was not a transient fit of childish fondness is evident from Carlos's subsequent conduct. At the very time when he is accused of leading a wild and outrageous life, he still cherished the recollection of his tutor, and so earnestly longed for his society, that he applied to the Pope for a dispensation of Bishop Juan's residence at Osma, that the good old man, who, probably, was his only true friend in the world, might live near him at court. The dispensation was obtained, but Juan did not avail himself of it. Such, however, as have studied the character of Philip, will be inclined to think with us, that though he would not prevent the application to the Pope, he secretly contrived to defeat its object. The Prince was surrounded by his father's spies, and it was inconsistent with the tyrant's fear of Carlos's early love of power to allow any real friend to be near him.

That Carlos was kept by the effects of his father's suspicion in a state of constant irritation, which finally produced a morbid feeling bordering upon insanity, is the firm conviction with which we have risen from the attentive perusal of the most authentic contemporary narratives. Philip never withdrew from the person of his son any of the pomp of state which became the heir of his crown. Even when he had confined Carlos with a firm determination of bringing him to an untimely end, he would not allow the grandees, to whom he had committed the custody of his person, to wear their swords in the presence of the unarmed prince. Carlos seems to have possessed at all times the liberty to injure both his person and reputation. The contemporary writers accuse him of personal violence against some of his attendants of the first rank; of indecent rioting about the streets at night; of wreaking his displeasure on one of his tradesmen in a brutal and most deliberate manner. Yet the King, who was regularly informed of every word and action of his son, never interfered in these matters. He only seems to have made it a rule to reward with confidential places near his person such as had exposed themselves to an insult from the prince.

It must be allowed, however, that Carlos's fits of ungovernable anger might well create a suspicion that he was labouring under a certain degree of insanity. That his own father encouraged at one time the



propagation of such a report appears from Cabrera's interpretation of an obscure sentence in Philip's Letter to his sister the Empress, wife of Maximilian II., on the occasion of the Prince's arrest.\* The supposed mental derangement was attributed to a fall which Carlos, when a boy, had down the stairs of the palace of Alcalá de Henares. A severe contusion on the head and the spine occasioned such an alarm for his life, that the king ordered the body of a Franciscan friar, who had long before died in "odour of sanctity,"† to be laid upon the prince. This strange application was believed to have saved the royal sufferer; and the departed owner of the miraculous mummy was soon after sainted through the exertions of Philip at the court of Rome. No symptoms of real derangement appear, however, in the conduct of Carlos after recovery from the effects of his accident.

The true clue to the cause of his unfortunate violence is, we repeat, to be found in the odious system pursued by his unfeeling father during the whole course of his life. Philip's dislike of his son was only disguised by his interest in supporting the external show of respect which he believed to be due to a prince of Asturias, the heir of his throne. But the sternness and distance of the King's behaviour; the distrust of his own son, contrasted with the confidence he reposed in his favourites; the use he made of two sets of spies, some checking and thwarting the spirited young man, others yielding to his wishes in order to sift and draw out his inmost thoughts, dried up the sources of kindness in his heart, leaving it a prey to that vehemence of volition, the natural result of a princely education, which so easily degenerates into a state of mind nearly allied to real insanity.

Of the well-authenticated instances of Carlos's insolence, we do not recollect one which may not be traced with considerable probability to those sources. Among Philip's favourites, none enjoyed so high a degree of confidence and power as the Duke of Alva, the execrable instrument of Philip's tyranny, and Ruy Gomez de Silva, the vile pander of his unlawful pleasures, and himself the degraded husband of one of the King's mistresses.

The proud character of the first made him a marked object of Carlos's overbearing spirit. On the day when he was solemnly recognized as Prince of Asturias and successor to the Spanish throne, the Duke of Alva, who had superintended the arrangements for the ceremony, absented himself just at the time when he should have been among his peers to take the oath of recognition. Carlos, though not more than fourteen years old, observed the absence of his father's favourite, and stopping the solemn act, ordered messengers to summon Alva to his place. He appeared, after a long search, excusing himself with the numerous objects which on that day had claimed his care and attention. But the Prince, taking the excuse as an aggravation of what he conceived to be a premeditated insult, addressed the Duke in such language that the offended grandee found it extremely difficult to avoid the guilt of treason which the Spanish law attaches to the act of laying violent hands on the heir of the crown.

\* Es de notar que le tenia por defectuoso en el juicio.—*Cabrera, Vida de Felipe II.* lib. vii. c. xxii.

† He is known in the Spanish Catalogue of Saints by the name of *San Diego de Alcalá*.

The bitterness of the Prince's jealousy against Alva was raised to the highest pitch on the appointment of that nobleman to the government of the Netherlands. Carlos had looked up to that portion of the Spanish empire as the fittest stage for his first appearance in public life. He hoped that the precedent which had been made in his father, under whose care those countries were placed during the latter part of the life of Charles V., would be followed in his own behalf. Nothing, however, was more discordant with Philip's jealous and suspicious character than these views of his son. The Netherlands had broken into open rebellion against his authority, and he was anxious to send thither a man who, with the most inflexible character, should unite the most blind and implicit obedience to his will and authority. A restless and ambitious youth, but one step removed from the throne, was a very improper instrument of the punishment which Philip had determined to inflict on the revolted Flemings. The military talents, the severity of temper, and loyal attachment of Alva to his sovereign—some authors add the recommendation of Silva, Prince of Evoli, who wished to have the Duke removed to a distance—determined Philip to put him at the head of the army which was to be employed in the subjugation of Flanders. The new viceroy came to take leave of the Prince the day before he was to set off for his government. At the sight of a hated and successful rival, the ungovernable violence of Carlos broke out into the bitterest language, till raised, probably by the haughty and disdainful manner of the Duke, into a fit of rage, the Prince seized him by the middle, and would have thrown him out of the window into the ditch of the palace, but for the interference of some courtiers who came to Alva's assistance.

Carlos was not only disappointed of the objects of his ambition through the influence, as he imagined, of his father's favourites, but often found them meddling with his little plans of domestic amusement. An instance of this kind is mentioned by Cabrera.

Cisneros, an actor of celebrity, enjoyed the favour of the Prince, who, wishing to have a play performed privately in his apartments, ordered the comedian to get it up for a certain day. The King being, as usual, informed of his son's intentions, wished to defeat them by the same dark and crooked policy which he employed in the most important business of state. Philip's prime minister, Cardinal Espinosa, was directed to banish Cisneros out of the court before the day on which he was to play at the palace. Carlos, who seems to have constantly attributed his father's acts to those who were nothing but his blind instruments, fixed all his resentment on the Cardinal. Fortunately for that prelate his profession secured him, in a case of this kind, a mixed feeling of regard for his office and contempt of his person, on the part of every high-minded Spaniard. The Prince took an early opportunity of finding Espinosa alone; when, seizing him by the collar of his robe, "You scurvy parson," said he, "how dare you insult me by preventing Cisneros from obeying my orders? By my father's life, I will kill you!"\* The terrified churchman, falling upon his knees, implored the Prince's forgiveness; who having no intention of executing the threat, allowed him to retire unhurt.

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\* "Curilla, vos os atreveis a mi, no dexando venir a servirme Cisneros. Por vida de mi padre que os tengo de matar.—*Cabrera*, ib.

The system pursued by Philip towards his son, and its effects on the temper of that young Prince, are remarkably illustrated by the comparison of a passage in De Thou's history with another in Cabrera. The latter mentions, that Carlos, being once dissatisfied with his shoemaker for having made him a pair of boots tighter than was then the fashion in Spain, ordered the cook to mince and dress them, and forced the unfortunate tradesman to eat the dish. De Thou, who had the account of Carlos's imprisonment, and the circumstances which led to his mysterious death, from the mouth of De Foin, the architect employed at that time by the King of Spain in building the Escorial, tells us that the young Prince was in the habit of carrying two small pistols concealed in the large boots which were then worn by the Spaniards. Philip, he says, was informed of the fact through Foin himself, who, as it may be inferred from the narrative of the French historian, had orders to employ his mechanical skill in the gratification of this and similar whims of the royal youth, in order to acquaint the King with every thing that could give him a clue to his son's views and designs. The passage is the more curious as the punishment inflicted on the shoemaker is passed unnoticed by De Thou.†

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### SONG.

I SAW that eye when it was bright  
With feelings pure and sparkling ray,  
Nor thought, alas! how soon that light,  
Of heavenly beam, would fade away.

I saw that smile when it was warm  
With life and hope and glowing joy,  
Nor dream'd how quick its silent charm  
The hour of suffering might destroy.

I heard that eloquence of heart,  
The music of that gentle tone,  
'Tis gone, alas! we were to part,  
And deem'd its sweetness all my own.

That eye is dim—that smile is cold,  
That heart's bright gaze for ever chill'd,  
I sit and muse on days of old,  
On many a prospect unfulfill'd.

The vigils of worn hearts are mine:  
I seek not, ask not, for relief,  
But bending low at Memory's shrine  
I pour a gush of living grief.

Vain grief! I gaze upon the tomb  
Where all thy early virtues sleep,  
Then muse upon thy heavenly home,  
And envy thee and cease to weep.

R. C.

† Nam et scloppetulos binos, summa arte fabricatos, caligis, quæ amplissimæ de more gentis in usu sunt, cum gestare solitum resciverat (rex) ex Ludovico Foxio, Parisicusi.—*Thuanus*, lib. xliii. c. viii.

## THE SILENT RIVER: A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

LUKE (the natural and deserted son of LORD RAYLAND) having been reduced to the low occupation of a fisherman for the support of his wife, and failing in this last attempt, is driven to the commission of robbery: the dread of detection hurries him from this to the commission of suicide. In the following scene he is taking his wife to the protection of a friend, preparatory to the last act.

LUKE and MARY in a boat. *The scene varying according to the dialogue.*

Mary BE cautious, Luke; I do not love this dark  
And sluggish river, which divides its banks  
With such unequal treachery of depth  
And horrid silence. Often as I've cross'd  
The old worm-eaten bridge of tottering planks,  
Which we just see against the deep blue distance,  
I've thought of thee and thy adventurous toil,  
And then how stillly it would hush the cry,  
And hide the secret, unresisting coase!  
Oh, it is fearful, and (but it is fancy)  
All things seem fearful here!—E'en thou, dear Luke,  
Look'st gloomily and speechless. Pray thee talk;  
I cannot bear this silence, only broken  
By thy dull splash, and the dead, heavy plunge  
Of water vermin in the oozing slime.

Luke. Thou'rt new to it—but I have breathed too long  
These muddy vapours for our daily morsel  
To heed the stillness of the summer dawn  
Or storm of wintry midnight. My poor Mary,  
Thou'st paid the penalty of thoughtless love  
Dearer than most. We'll dost thou know the tone  
Of the chill blasts, when they howl round the cabin  
And find the inmate lonely and desponding!  
We'll dost thou know the tear of bitterness,  
When he whose absence thou hast sat lamenting  
Returns o'erpower'd with fasting and fatigue,  
Drench'd with the rain, or shivering with the icicles  
Which cling to him with rattling misery:  
And well, O well, my Mary! hast thou felt  
The pang, when he to whom thou'st rush'd for comfort  
With harsh despair repell'd thee from his arms,  
To mutter sternly of successful toil  
And present famine!

Mary. Why recall such times?  
Dear Luke, I never murmur'd for myself,  
Neither must thou; for when I see thee smile,  
Our wants seem trifling payments for such bliss,  
And I have thank'd the Heavens which granted it,  
And pray'd that if a richer change of fortune  
Would change thy love, we still might live in want.

Luke. Yes, thou hast pray'd—'tis good—thou hast pray'd much—  
I've watch'd thee in thy sleep, when thy white temples  
Press'd the coarse pillow with as patient innocence  
As if 'twere made for them—I've watch'd thee then,  
With thy small fingers clasp'd upon thy breast,  
And moving lips which shew'd thou dream'dst of prayer,  
And thought that I, too, once was used to pray,  
But fortune only grew more merciless,  
And so I ceased.

*Mary.* O, say not—say not so!  
My greatest comfort was to think that Heaven  
Guarded the perils which were enforced by love,  
For then the storm about thy houseless head  
Lost half its fury.

*Luke.* It will rage no more.  
At least I shall not hear it, Mary.

*Mary.* No.  
For thou hast promised ne'er to leave thy rest  
At such dire seasons.

*Luke.* I have promised thee,  
My tender, gentle, most beloved Mary.

*Mary.* Come, thou art sad.—Look, how the first faint ray  
Of morn hath startled the old querulous owl  
Amidst his dull and devious wanderings!  
He hath made straight towards the village barn,  
'Plaining as if he groan'd at his long journey  
Across the marsh, which, seen between the twigs  
And leaning trunks of these deserted willows,  
Seems boundless in its flat and hazy emptiness  
And see, the heron, with his broad blue sails,  
Wheels downwafels to succeed the bird of wisdom.  
O, long-neck'd felon! That hoarse shout of his  
Is meant to tell thee thou 'rt no fisherman.  
Thou 'lt soon be back to try thy skill with him?  
Thou said'st to-morrow,—thou 'lt not break thy promise?

(Sings)

“He bade me adieu, and he vow'd to be here  
When swallows came down the green;  
But the leaves of the Autumn are scatter'd and sere,  
And home he hath never been.”  
Oh, and is that the tale! then hear what follows,—

(Sings)

“So under the wave and under the wave,  
Beneath the old willow tree.”  
Mind—mind, dear Luke, your pole will scarcely touch  
The bottom! You were almost overbalanced.

(Sings)

“With the weeds for my pall, in a deep, deep grave,  
Shall my false love find me.”  
Why didst thou start?

*Luke.* I almost ran upon  
Wild Martha's willow-tree, e'en whilst you sang  
Of it.

*Mary.* Was that it, Luke? How horribly  
Your words have made it look! I could stay now  
And speculate on its fantastic shape  
Most learnedly. That broad and gnarled head  
Crown'd with its upright, spiky stubs, and frowning  
Between two mighty sockets, where the wrens  
Have built their nests, hath weigh'd its scathed trunk  
Aslant the pool, o'er which two stunted branches,  
Curling to claws, complete a ramping lion,  
Prepared to plunge on all who dare invade  
Wild Martha's secret cell. There is a legend,  
How, tangled in the roots, she still remains  
And tears the fisher's nets in the vain struggle  
To gain her freedom. Poor, distracted Martha!  
She must have been sore used to do such crime!

*Luke.* 'Tis a hard name which thou hast learn'd, my Mary,  
For that which, harming none, is the sole means  
To free the wretch from misery. Methinks  
Wild Martha sleeps as soundly in her cave  
As those who rot beneath yon fading steeple—  
Some for their lives were happier, and some—  
For they lack'd courage so to end their griefs.

*Mary.* Thou never spokest unkindly, and wouldst fain  
Excuse what inwardly thou'rt shuddering at.  
Dost thou forget how often thou hast told me  
How thy stout heart hath quail'd to pass yon tree  
At midnight? If thou thought'st the hapless girl  
At rest, thou hadst not fear'd. Dost thou remember too  
That April Sunday, when the young violets  
First peer'd between the moss upon the graves,  
How long we saunter'd 'mongst the velvet hillocks,  
Conning rude epitaphs, and moralizing  
In sweetest melancholy? How we linger'd  
Upon the humble bed of good old Adam,  
The village patriarch, who, from lowliest state,  
Had labour'd on to unpretending comfort,  
And left it to his children's children? Oh,  
How thou didst reverence that place, and hope,  
Like him, to struggle with thy days of trial;  
Like him to sleep the sleep of those who meet  
Those days unmurmuring. (*Luke shows much emotion.*)

What, Luke! dear Luke!  
I've been too heedless in my pensive talk,  
And thought not of thy present grief.

*Luke.* And still  
Forget it, Mary. I was only musing,  
If, tempted to the act of her whose bones  
When skies are clear may be discern'd far down  
In their strange prison playing with the eddy,  
I should be left a like unhallow'd empire  
Of fear and utter loneliness. Wouldst thou  
Ne'er visit the neglected spot which took  
The latest of thy husband's living looks?  
Wouldst thou refuse to commune with his spirit,  
And say thou'st bought his pardon with thy prayers?  
There is no grief, in all the world, could sit  
So heavily upon my hour of death  
As doubt that thou might'st dread my memory,  
And shed no tear o'er him who loved thee so.

*Mary.* Thou reveller in woes impossible!

*Luke.* But tell me truly.

*Mary.* I'll not answer thee;  
Indeed I will not, Luke: it is not well  
To pay Heaven's bounty with such fearful fancies.

*Luke (after a pause.)* Well, then, suppose me laid beside old Adam,  
With decent holiness: what wouldst thou do  
To live, my helpless Mary?

*Mary.* Oh, I never  
Took joy in making misery for thee!

*Luke.* I'd have thee go directly to the home  
From which I bore thee. Tell thy angry friends  
That he who tempted thee to thy offence  
Toil'd night and day, 'till often his worn sinews  
Refused to obey him, for thy maintenance.

Tell them he loved thee, never used thee ill;  
 And ne'er had sent thee back to them to beg,  
 Had Fate not frozen up his willing hand.  
 They will have pity and receive thee, Mary,  
 When I am gone.

*Mary.* When thou art gone! O, then  
 I shall not need more kindness at their hands  
 Than will suffice to lay me by thy side.  
 But wherefore, Luke, when thou'rt about to leave me,  
 And journey, as thou say'st, to a far place—  
 Wherefore so wilful in thy wild endeavours  
 To make me weep more sadly o'er thy absence?  
 Thou wilt have tears enough.

*Luke.* Nay, keep them now.  
 The moment's not yet come which calls for them.  
 This turn hath brought us where we bid farewell,  
 And Caleb waits to help thee on the bank.  
 Good, honest Caleb! that small hut of his  
 Shelters a world of most industrious virtue!  
 All things seem smiling round him: the large elm  
 Spreads his arms o'er him with parental fondness,  
 And ev'ry day puts forth a livelier green.  
 The waving osiers which enclose his path  
 Appear to spring more lofty and elastic  
 Because *his* hand hath pruned them. All the hues  
 Of his small garden-patch look healthily,  
 As if a blessing were upon them. All  
 His nets, which waver, drying, in the air,  
 Tell how that cheerful home was earn'd, and prove  
 No labour, that is honest, is too humble  
 To gain the smile of Providence.

*Mary.* How bless'd  
 Am I to hear thee say so! for it shews  
 Thou hast forgot thy ill-conceal'd despair,  
 And in good Caleb's meek prosperity  
 Foresee'st our own. Nay, 'tis begun already  
 In thy poor friend's bequest.

*Luke.* Farewell, dear Mary!—  
 Here we must part. [*They land opposite Caleb's cottage.*]

LUKE, MARY, CALEB.

*Caleb.* Welcome, friend Luke, and you,  
 My precious charge. Right glad am I to see  
 So sweet a face beneath my roof again.

*Mary.* Thanks, Caleb, thanks.

*Luke.* I need not tell thee, Caleb,  
 How much thou hast of my good thoughts; here is  
 A proof thou canst not doubt—*it is my all.*

*Caleb.* *Delivering Mary to him.*  
 It were no lack of hospitality  
 Were I to hope so questionless a pledge  
 Of thy good will might quickly be redeem'd.

*Mary.* Ay, tell me, Luke, when shall we meet again?  
 An hundred times I have besought thee fix  
 Thy earliest day, and thou as oft hast turn'd  
 To other things, as if that meeting had  
 No joy for thee.

*Luke.* O, when we meet again,  
 'Twill be in joy, indeed!

Mary. And will it so?  
But when—but when, my Luke? To-morrow? No.  
’Twill surely be the next day?

Luke. Be content:  
Ere then I shall be watching o’er thee.

Mary. Thanks,  
Thanks, thanks, O, thanks! Why, if it be so soon,  
I shall have scarcely time to shed one tear,—  
That is—after my foolish eyes are dried.  
Good Caleb, I’m ashamed to see you smile:  
’Tis our first parting. Do not chide me, Luke;  
I cannot help it. *[Falling on his neck and weeping.]*

Luke. Chide thee, my poor girl!  
I am too ready in the same offence.  
But now farewell! Until we meet again  
I’d have thee pass thy time in thinking over  
All that I said to thee upon our way.  
Thou wilt?

Mary. Indeed ’twas very melancholy.  
But say thou wilt.

Mary. I shall not soon forget.  
But why art thou so earnest?

Luke. Heed it not.  
Thou knowest I have that which makes me sad.  
Perhaps I’m selfish, and would have thee share  
My heaviness. So now, once more, farewell!

Mary. Adieu, my Luke!

Luke. Caleb, your hand. God speed

Luke. Your journey, Luke!  
I hope he will.—My Mary,  
One other kiss; which I will keep most holily  
E’en to my bed of death. *[He re-enters his boat and pushes off, CALEB and MARY looking after him, till an angle of the river brings him upon a new scene.]*

So now ’tis past!  
Poor widow’d Mary, we shall meet no more!  
*[The river becomes wider as he proceeds, and at last expands into a large circular pool. He rests upon his pole, and looks slowly and cautiously about him.]*

This is the place.—How fitting for a deed  
Like mine! The high and shelving banks have nursed  
With their moist clay this fringe of bulrushes  
To an uncommon growth, as if to hide  
All eyes from me, and me from all the world.  
The sun did leap aloft an hour ago,  
But here he had not been—’tis scarcely twilight,  
And very, very silent! How my breath  
Clings to my heart, like the affrighted infant  
Which struggles closer when its parting’s nigh!  
I must be quick.—And now that single ray  
Points, like a dial, to the very spot!  
There the huge whirling eddy in its round  
Comes to its dimpled centre, and glides down  
To unknown depths, bearing whatever floats  
Within its verge in less’ning circles, like  
The eagle wheeling round his prey, until  
It darts on death. The strongest swimmer here.



Must ply for life in vain! Many are here,  
 From chance or choice, who long have lain in secret  
 From weeping friends and wives, as I shall do,  
 Leaving no thing but vague surmise behind.  
 I'll find their mystery.

[*He pushes the boat into the middle of the pool, and then, laying down his pole, sinks upon his knees.—The scene closes.*]

#### THE LAST OF THE PIGTAILS.

“The body is the shell of the soul; apparel is the husk of that shell; the husk often tells you what the kernel is.—QUARLES.

No; never will I forgive thee, Frank Hartopp! Hadst thou been mine enemy, I might have obeyed the divine injunction, and pardoned thee; but as we are no where enjoined to forgive our friends, thou shalt never have absolution for thine offence. Talk not to me of the last of the Romans; thou hadst a prouder distinction, for thou wert the last of the pigtails!—And to cut it off at the solicitation of thy Daililah of a daughter!—verily, Frank, thou must wear in thy head the instrument that Samson wielded:—it was an act of capillary suicide, a crinigerous *felo-de-se*; and were the locks of Berenice, which ascended from the Temple of Venus, to shoot from their constellation, or the golden hair by which Absalom was suspended in the forest of Ephraim, or the immortal ringlet ravished from Belinda, to offer themselves as a substitute for thy loss, they could neither restore thee to thy former honours, nor to thy pristine place in my esteem. Feeling with that author who could not bear to see an old post grubbed up to which he had been long familiarised, what must I endure at the excision of this appendage, which I had seen hanging from a head I loved for nearly half a century, until I had identified it with my friend as part and parcel of himself?

The blow, too, fell upon a wounded spirit, for I had scarcely recovered the extinction of the last of the cocked-hats, with which my old friend John Nutt, of happy civic memory, had walked away into the other world. What a treat was it to me, some of whose senses have already left me, and gone forward to the land of shadows to announce my speedy coming—what a treat was it to me, in my walks city-wards, to throw mine eyes over the profane round-hatted vulgar of Fleet-street or Cheapside, and encounter in the distance the lofty triangular summit of my friend, like some precious argosy or “huge ammiral” sailing up out of the last century, every corner richly freighted with antique reminiscences, and as pregnant with triple associations as the trident of Pluto! What a collyrium to my feeble eyes to gaze upon his blue, collarless, basket-buttoned coat, ever fresh in texture though venerable in form, with its circular halo of powder behind, gradually shading off into that debateable land which was daily invaded by pulvillio, and daily recovered by the brush! His long-flapped waistcoat was of the same material and hue; so were his breeches, (for I renounce the new-fangled squeamishness of expressing them by “small clothes;”) his narrow stock allowed his worked frill to meander upon his bosom, or wanton in the wind, in sympathy with the ruffles on his sleeve; his powdered wig balanced itself with majestic curls, like fins, on either side; and behind—(dost thou hear, Frank Hartopp?) there depended a goodly pigtail. By heavens! I'll have a starling taught that word to

ring it in thine ear!—John was characteristic in every thing, even in epicurism, of which he was the professed high priest. Methinks I now behold the peevish expression and drop of the under-jaw, which would sometimes follow the first mouthful of venison, and hear the gentle oath with which he would excommunicate the gamekeepers for shooting a buck and leaving it to die slowly while they went in pursuit of another. His, however, was not the anger of feeling, but of taste; inasmuch as the animal thus expiring in a feverish state, the flesh (to use his own phrase) “ate tough and coddled, instead of being short and crisp in the mouth!” How important and reflective was his look, as his palate toyed with the first glass of Madeira, ere he pronounced that verdict against which there was no appeal; for to question his authority in a tavern would have been to deny Diana at Ephesus. It was said that he could distinguish by the flavour from what island a turtle had been imported, and in what forest a buck had been shot; but these, I apprehend, are fond exaggerations of his disciples. He is swept into the invisible world, but his form and figure are still present to my mind’s eye: the warrants of the grim serjeant cannot be served upon those who reside within the verge of the imagination; Death himself cannot prevent our friends from living in our memory.

Time, alas! has not left me many with whom I can grapple in a more tangible form, and I am jealous of the smallest fragments of these relics. Three-fourths of my heart, like an old ivy-plant, are underground, and I do but cling with a more stubborn and sinewy grasp to that which I can still embrace. The least change, even in the external appearance of my remaining friends, is as an uplifted finger, pointing to the great metamorphosis impending over them. Their outward figure is finally made up in my mind, and I cannot bear to have it altered; they are all remnants, and should consider themselves as having survived the fashions. I miss even an old button from their coats, as if I had lost one of my hold-fasts. To me the very hairs of their head are numbered; and to cut off a whole handful of my affections at once!—Frank! Frank! if I should pardon thee, how canst thou forgive thyself?

Whither am I now to turn these aged eyes, if I would seek anything antique or picturesque in the surface of society? I see the earth thickly studded with black and blue reptiles called men; but as to distinguishing one from another, I might as well attempt to pick out a particular bee from his hive, or ant from its nest. The world is nothing now but a monotonous modification of broad-cloth—a homogenous mass of bipeds;—and so far from encountering those pictorial varieties of costume which give such graphic animation to Chaucer’s *Canterbury Pilgrims*, we have lost even the wig and gold-headed cane of our Doctors; our cocked-hats have fallen into as much desuetude as the desecrated Tripod of the Pythoness, and the last of our pig-tails has been decollated! When I look around me I seem to have survived myself, or to have walked by mistake into a wrong century. I hate such a congregation of duplicates as our streets present—such a mass of ditto—such an accumulation of *fac-similes*—such a civil regiment:—and as if the human monotony were not sufficient, we build our streets so like barracks or manufactories, so mathematically uniform, so much like prolonged honey-combs, that it has always puzzled me to explain

how the tenants find their respective cells, even in the day-time. By night, I take it for granted that they rarely succeed. If I ever change my residence, it shall be to Regent-street, where there is at least a chance of my finding my own house; or where, if I am at a loss, I may at all events describe it as a non-descript, belonging to the order, *in Disorder*.

The establishment of mail coaches accelerated this social amalgamation, by conveying the fashions in four or five days from Bond-street to the Highlands and the Land's End, and enabling the extremities of the island to be whisked up to London by four blood-horses. Bell and Lancaster have completed the process: we can all read and talk alike, though I flatter myself some can still write a little better than their neighbours: the rural Echoes no longer babble in dialect, and our farmers neither wear cowskin waistcoats, nor rusticise like Hobbins and Diggon Davy. Character, as to its broad delineations, is blotted out; individuality is extinct; nobody is himself, we are all everybody, and we ought each of us to be designated as Mr. Community or ——— Public, Esq. I pity the dramatist who is compelled to see the broad foot of Improvement (as it is termed), trampling down his harvest, and crushing the very elements and materials of his art. We have no longer any genuine quizzers or odd fellows—society has shaken us together in its bag until all our original characters and impressions have been rubbed out, and we are left as smooth and polished as old shillings. Having no angles, we slip through the fingers of the playwright: he might as well attempt to dramatize a bag of marbles. Can we wonder at the degraded state of the drama, the remaining interest of which is still feebly upheld by a gross violation of existing costume, and the retention of those ancient modes, particularly in our farces, which by stamping the age, character, and profession of the wearer, adapted themselves so happily to dramatic representation.

Dress is a greater ingredient in the formation of character than is generally supposed, and we may be strictly called in more senses than one the creatures of habit. The Romans were aware of this when they gave their citizens the exclusive *jus togæ*, as a garment which might distinguish them in every quarter of the world, and stimulate them to uphold the national reputation. Our clergymen are restrained from any public indecorum by respect for their cloth: Quakers carry about with them a drab-coloured Mentor which sticks closer to them than did Minerva to Telemachus; and the gentlemen of the long robe see in their garment a Janus-like kind of monitor, somewhat resembling the Agatho-demon of Socrates. As an artificial memory may be created by types and symbols, so we may peruse these woollen didactics until we acquire a morality of broad-cloth, and derive a character from our wardrobe. Individuals may partake this sentiment without reference to their profession. Could the wearer of laced garments, when they were in vogue, be seen in any act or situation unworthy of a gentleman? No! he must act up to his clothes. But now all distinctions of rank are annihilated:—hair-powder, the last difference between masters and servants, has vanished; our heads are as much alike externally as they are within; we are become a characterless multitude. Elijah's mantle retained his inspiration, but I should wish to know what gifts can be expected to reside in a poodle upper-benjamin, or whether artists can extract more from our modern uniforms

than the dramatist. What sort of a figure should we cut in marble; or could any existing Hogarth throw a mass of modern hats into the corner of his picture, so that we might individualize every one, and appropriate it to its owner amid the group of living figures?—The drab-coloured Quakers have never yet produced an artist; and the black and blue ones will probably be no better provided should the present modes continue.

But worse than this confusion of ranks is the levelling and jumbling of ages by this preposterous omniparity of appearance. It was but last week that a young acquaintance of mine overtaking, as he imagined, a fellow collegian, and saluting him with a hearty slap on the back and the exclamation—"Ah! Harry, is it you?" found he had nearly knocked the breath out of his own grandfather! These pedestrian anachronisms, these walking impostors, these liars in broad-cloth, these habitual cheats, all ought to be sent to Bridewell; for, if the reputation of juvenility be a good, is it not felonious to obtain it under false pretences? Every superannuated Adonis and "Dandy of sixty" should be shut up with all the Grandmothers of the Loves in a House of mutual correction. What! is the tailor to be our modern alchymist, and take measure of us for a new youth? Is his magical goose to lay the golden egg which we may resolve into the true *aurum potabile* and *chir rite*? Are his scissors to dash the fatal shears from the hand of Atropos, and is he to pass the thread of life through his needle? Some of our juvenile septuagenaries, who strive to escape a second childhood by never going out of the first, seem besotted enough to imagine that they can stop the great wheel of Time by stuffing their wigs and cocked-hats between the spokes, and blunt the scythe of Death by wreathing it with bunches of touch-me-not, as the Tyrannicides, Harmodius and Aristogiton, twined roses around their swords. As well might they expect to arrest the progress of senility by stopping their watches, or ensure a perpetual spring by sticking artificial primroses in their button-holes. Let them "bid Talmocotius trim them the calves of twenty chairmen," and if he obey the summons, I will credit the possibility of their rejuvenescence; let them imitate Sinbad the Sailor and shake the old man from their shoulders, and I will allow them to be covered with a youthful habit. Rather should they recollect the reproach of Fontenelle to a greybeard who had dyed the hair of his head black—"Sir, it is easy to see that you have worked more with your jaws than your brains." The old Frenchman who refused to take physic because he was in hopes death had forgotten him, and was afraid of putting him in mind, had better plea for his folly than these ancient simpletons, who hope to sneak by him in the disguise of boy's clothes. When any such are detected and carried off by the hawk-eyed King of shadows, I recommend their friends to insert their deaths in somewhat the following style: "Died in the full flower of his poodle great-coat, aged eighty"—or, "Cut off in the prime of his Cossack trowsers, aged threescore and ten"—or, "Suddenly snatched from his friends in the first year of his Petersham hat, and sixty-seventh of his age"—Mr. such-a-one. And should I myself survive a certain friend, which I hardly wish now that he has disfigured himself so piteously, I will take care to perpetuate that which he has vainly endeavoured to cut off from my recollection, by inscribing on his tomb—"Here lies Frank Hartopp, the last of the Pigtails." H.

## LETTERS ON A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

## NO. V.

Ev'n here where Alpine solitudes extend,  
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend.

GOLDSMITH.

LEAVING Vevay, we passed again by Lausanne; and stopping according to engagement to say farewell to our hospitable friends at Orbe, we drove to Yverdun, a little quiet sombre town, at the foot of the Jura, and at the western end of the lake of Neuchatel. Its long avenues of stately poplars, its old baronial castle, and its situation on the Lake, give it an air of ancient consequence. The castle, once the abode of the mailed knights of Romont, is now the scene of Pestalozzi's celebrated seminary. Armed with an introductory letter, we repaired to the school, in the hope of conversing with this renowned individual; but, unfortunately, he himself and the greater number of his pupils (which is now much reduced) were absent on a vacation excursion. A very amiable and intelligent lady, a relation of the teacher, was, however, so obliging as to give us many explanations on his system, and to give some lessons to the children under her care in our presence. Arithmetic and music were the subjects of instruction. Three very clever little girls, two English and one Swiss, from about seven to ten years of age, were the performers, together with a fine Swiss peasant girl of about 18, who was a senior pupil and an assistant instructress. From the mode in which these lessons were given, some idea might be formed of the practical execution of those theories, which in the exalted rhapsodies of Pestalozzi and his admirers seldom assume any tangible shape. The great aim of the system is an early excitement of the thinking powers. Rousseau, seeing the difficulty of making children learn *rationaly* and with understanding, flew into the other extreme, and was for leaving the mind long barren and teaching children nothing at all. This was found pregnant with mischief, and Pestalozzi set his mind to remove the difficulty, and to discover the means of rousing the minds of children, and making the tender soil fruitful. The children's faculties are to be early developed, and actively stimulated. They are to learn nothing by rote, and to give a reason for every thing. The arithmetical tuition consisted in divers problems, which were to be resolved off-hand without slate or pencil, and so to be proved and explained and reasoned upon by the little pupils, so as to evince the most complete understanding of the question and all its consequences and results. For instance, instead of learning the multiplication-table by an effort of memory, as we in England are content to do, the little girls were asked "The 10th part of 100 multiplied by the 10th part of 50 are how much?" They immediately knit their little brows and bit their fingers' ends, and in a minute one replied with great eagerness—50. "Why so?" was the next question, to which she readily replied, "because the 10th part of 100 is 10, and the 10th part of 50 is 5, and five times ten make 50." A harder question was then proposed, "The 10th part of 100 and the 50th part of 200 make what part of 140?" This was too difficult for the two youngest girls, but the eldest, a very clever little English girl, replied after a minute's working in the head, "the 10th;—because the 10th part of 100 is 10, and the 50th part of 200 is 4, and 10 and 4 are 14, and 14 is the 10th part of 140." All

this was done with a great deal of laughing vivacity, and an evident pleasure in the active stimulus which the process gave to the mind. Indeed the affectionate good-humour of the governess could hardly restrain the high spirits of the little girls, who appeared remarkably fond of her. They were then desired to sing several bars of music, which the young peasant girl chalked on a board. They were made to sound every note distinctly and correctly; and the Swiss girl, who appeared to have a most exact ear, stopped them on the slightest error in time or intonation. They then explained the different notes, and musical characters, *parsed* the passages as it were, and shewed themselves thoroughly grounded in the rudiments of music. The happiness and gaiety of the children, and the ease and frankness with which they answered any question we put to them, were truly remarkable, and clearly evinced that the habit of exerting and putting forth their faculties had in no degree chilled, but on the contrary seemed rather to have quickened the playfulness and volatility common to their time of life.

It was of course impossible to judge, from this visit, of the general effect of this system on the character, tempers, and dispositions of children. Certainly the little we saw looked well. The children were unquestionably more awakened, more shrewd, more in possession of their faculties than girls of that age, or even of three years older, generally are. Other branches of knowledge are taught them, as we were informed, on the same sort of principle—of committing nothing to memory which the mind does not entirely master and make its own. The *rationale* of every rule of grammar, or rudiment of science, is to be thoroughly understood, and proved and explained, before any other rule is learnt. No arbitrary dogmas are thus laid up in the mind, as to which a child, on examination, can only say—"it is so, because it is so." They are to learn to reason, think, and combine; not simply to acquire and get by heart. There appears certainly much good sense in this system, and perhaps we might adopt some hints from it with advantage. Our own plan of early education is often too mechanical, cold, and unimpressive, and too little calculated to rouse the mind, or to invite and encourage it to put forth its energies. We store the memory with dry rules, facts, and fundamental principles, without much caring to make the child comprehend at the moment all their bearings and consequences; trusting to the improving powers of perception to comprehend and turn to account, at maturer years, what the infant has acquired almost mechanically. For the first few years of tuition we exercise the *memory* alone; and certainly this gives a strength and capacity to that faculty, which is hardly to be acquired in any other way, and which is of the greatest advantage in after-life. That command of illustration from all sources of history and poetry in ancient and modern languages—those apt quotations, and happy examples, which Englishmen of talent adduce in parliament, in writing, and in conversation, so much more copiously and readily than well-educated men of other countries—are to be greatly ascribed to the constant and active exercise of the memory, which our system of education, from the nurse to the university, requires. It is well known that several of our eminent lawyers have committed great part of Coke upon Littleton and other dry works to memory, before they thoroughly comprehended their doctrines. Still, however, English children might with advantage be taught a little earlier to *think* as well as

to *recollect*. The memory would not be injured, but assisted, by eliciting the reflective powers somewhat sooner than we are wont to attempt. Pestalozzi's system runs into the opposite extreme; and one of the greatest evils to which it has a tendency, is that of giving an unnatural, precocious, and feverish activity to the faculties of children, which is neither favourable to the disposition, nor to the ultimate strength of the mental powers. Pestalozzi would make children little philosophers, and casuists and reasoners—apt at argument and discussion—shrewd at seeing distinctions and drawing inferences. He would “teach the young idea,” not “how to shoot,” but to blossom and bear: the fruit is thus likely to be crude and vapid, and the plant to be stunted of its growth. It is forcing the intellect in a hot-house—breaking open the petals of the mind before they naturally expand to the invigorating rays of reason and intelligence. Pestalozzi has done good, unquestionably, in Switzerland—by disturbing narrow old-fashioned ideas, and giving an impulse to minds on the subject of education. He first established himself in 1799 at Stanz, in the canton of Unterwalden, with the benevolent object of educating the orphans of those who had perished in the devastation and plunder of the canton by the French. The United Helvetic Government then gave him the Castle of Burgdorf, near Berne, for his plans; but he was afterwards obliged to remove to Yverdun, where the old castle was assigned him by the Government of the Canton de Vaud, which is reckoned one of the most liberal (or revolutionary, according to certain classes,) in Switzerland. Prejudice has run, and still runs high, among the upper ranks in many parts of Switzerland, against Pestalozzi and his plans. Some consider him a mere dreamer and enthusiast, full of German mysticism; others connect him with the Swiss Revolution, and consider his systems as tending to jacobinism and disaffection; just as the Ultras in France hold the *Enseignement Mutuel* (Lancaster's plan) a jacobinical innovation, full of danger to religion and aristocracy;—and even among the most moderate, the old philosopher of Yverdun does not appear to enjoy the same consideration at home, that his doctrines meet with among the Princes and people of Germany.

The lake of Neuchâtel convinced us that a large expanse of water is not necessarily a picturesque object. It is nine leagues long and two in breadth, square and formal as a parallelogram, and boatless and lifeless as if its waters were infected. After the lovely bays and undulating and varied banks of Lake Lemane, it has a character of monotony and gloom, which even the fine green slopes and forests of the Jura above it, and the number of neat little villages on its banks, cannot charm away. Our drive from Yverdun to Neuchâtel was therefore not very lively. The Alps, which, when they are in view, are more than enough to engross the eye and the mind, were concealed by a summer haze. As we approached Neuchâtel, and were within the limits of the Canton, we were stopped in several villages to pay toll to the Seigneur the Count de Pourtales. This was the only instance of the kind in Switzerland; and we learnt that this and other noble families in the Canton of Neuchâtel have retained most of their feudal rights and emoluments, though they were unsparingly abolished at the Revolution in the other Cantons. Neuchâtel is a neat, compact, but singularly lifeless town. The grass grows in the streets and walks, few passengers are seen, the shops are apparently very quiet, and the inns are some of

the worst we found in Switzerland. The old castle, which is the residence of the Prussian Governor, and the seat of the council, stands in a striking position above the town. The interior is handsome, old-fashioned, and gloomy, commanding a noble prospect of the lake and the distant Alps. The Council Rooms are hung with portraits of Frederick the Great, Marechal Keith, and the present King of Prussia—and the walls emblazoned with the arms of the Counts of Neuchatel, from the Burgundian and Orleans dynasties down to the present Prussian Sovereign. The Principality of Neuchatel now presents the only vestige of monarchical government in this land of republicanism and aristocracy. It devolved on the family of Prussia in 1707, on the extinction of the princely House of Orleans-Longueville, when the King of Prussia became the nearest descendant, through the Orange family, of Jean de Châlons, a great Burgundian noble, to whom the Emperor Rodolph, of Hapsbourg, had ceded the principality in the thirteenth century. The people of Neuchatel immediately recognized the King of Prussia as their sovereign, but France laid claim to the succession; and it was only by the firm conduct of the country and their allies, the Canton of Berne, that their rightful sovereign was secured in his possession. The sovereignty is little more than titular. The King of Prussia is the executive organ of the government, but the real power rests with the Citizens, or rather with their deputies in council. Neuchatel is, in all respects, a confederated Swiss Canton, subject to all the obligations of federal union, like the other Cantons. The people are not compelled to serve in the armies of Prussia, and may even serve (and have often done so) against their Sovereign of Prussia, provided he does not wage war in his character of Prince of Neuchatel. In the seven years war several regiments of Neuchate-lois served with the French against Frederick; and he took some of his own subjects prisoners at the battle of Rosbach, treated them with kindness, and made inquiries of the officers about the town of Neuchatel, and whether it had not been lately damaged by an overflowing of the River Seyon.

From Neuchatel we drove to La Neuville, a singularly pretty village, or rather a little ancient walled town, situated at the western extremity of the Lake of Bienné, and at the foot of the chain of the Jura. It was Sunday evening: the rain which had poured all the morning had ceased, the clouds cleared away, the sunset was clear and bright, and the banks of the smooth glassy lake which washed the village were peculiarly green, fresh, and beautiful. The little town was humming with all the busy converse and innocent enjoyment of a rural Sunday evening. The peasants were lounging at their doors, smoking their pipes, or wandering listlessly about by the little quay, and in the fields by the lake. A few rustic kind of boats were paddled about here and there on the lake, filled with parties of young men, and girls in their varied costume: some returning home from the isle of St. Pierre, where they had made parties of pleasure; and others from excursions to the opposite banks of the lake, all laughing and rallying, and joking, with an easy mirth never approaching to indecency or excess. Among the buzz of gay and happy voices about us we were struck with some English sounds among the crowd; which had a striking effect in this sequestered scene, where every object was so peculiarly Swiss, and where the scene had a character of remoteness



and seclusion which excluded every idea unconnected with the country itself. Presently, a fine English boy ran up to us, and accosted us with a frank "How do you do, Sir?"—which was almost the only English sentence he had retained, and then ran off to fetch a playfellow, who, he assured us, was a perfect master of his native tongue. When he came, we asked him how old he was?—"Eh, Sir," was his reply, in a strange accent, neither German nor English. We found these English boys, and one more, were under the tuition of the village schoolmaster of La Neufville, where they had lost their own language in acquiring a smattering of German and French. Of all species of economy, this of economy in education is the most dangerous. The acquirement of an imperfect knowledge of modern languages is very ill purchased at the expense of an early separation from country and countrymen, from domestic ties, habits of filial and fraternal affection, and all those other wholesome disciplines of the character, which are the best part of education, and far more valuable than all the syntax and prosody which pedagogues can teach. If a boy is meant to be an Englishman, and to pursue his fortunes in England, it is a cruelty and injustice to place him at a tender age where he not merely runs the risk of losing the complete and perfect mastery over his own language, but makes connexions, acquires habits, and imbibes opinions opposite to those of his countrymen, and unconnected with his country.

After sleeping at La Neufville, we took boat early in the morning, and were rowed by a tall strong peasant-woman (her husband lolling at the head of the boat) to the island of St. Pierre, which rises, a shady insulated grove, out of the middle of the clear and tranquil lake. Our fair pilot appeared to be something of a radical, spoke of the French with great favour, and of the Bernese Government with much asperity—and alluding to the present condition of the people as subjects of Berne, she said shrewdly, "*Oui, Monsieur, à present nous sommes sous les pâtes des ourses*"—a bon mot which would have made a wit's character for a week in the circles of Paris. We landed at a little creek, washing the gardens and walls of a large spacious building with a minaret and little belfry in the roof, giving it a picturesque, conventual aspect. It is the only building on the island, now a farm house and inn, surrounded with a beautiful grove of oaks, chesnuts, and beeches, which nearly covers the island. Here we ate a very indifferent breakfast, which was hardly rendered *appétissant* by being served up in Rousseau's parlour—a square dirty room, with no other furniture than the tressel-board and oak bench which are said to have been used by the "self-torturing sophist."—Its walls are scarred and defaced with the initials, names, mottoes, and votive inscriptions of the many votaries of the philosopher, who constantly make pilgrimages to the place of his exile. A magnificent grove of venerable oaks and elms crowns the summit of the island—a wide walk traverses their shades nearly from one end of the island to the other. Openings in the thicket occasionally let in lovely prospects of the blue Jura on the one side, and the distant Alps on the other. These groves were the scene of the wayward musings and reveries of the unhappy Jean Jacques, during his month's abode on this islet, in 1765. In these sylvan solitudes his fickle and extraordinary spirit

appears to have indulged in all that luxury of meditation and indolent musing on its own emotions, which appears to have been his highest state of enjoyment, and over which he has thrown a charm and an interest which few narratives even of actual events and facts are found to possess. Of his abode here he speaks with great fondness :—" De toutes les habitations où j'ai demeuré, aucune ne m'a rendu si véritablement heureux, et ne m'a laissé de si tendres regrets que l'île de St. Pierre. Je compte ces deux mois de séjour dans cet île pour le temps le plus heureux de ma vie, et tellement heureux qu'il m'eût suffi durant toute mon existence sans laisser naître un seul instant dans mon âme le désir d'un autre état. Que ne puis-je aller finir mes jours dans cet île chérie sans en ressortir jamais?"—The "*Lettres de la Montagne*," and other publications, had raised a storm at Geneva, and in Switzerland, which soon drove him from that country. This had already driven him from Val Travers, and the protection of Marchal Keith, to the island of St. Pierre—and here he was soon demanded by the Council of Geneva to be given up by the Government of Berne. That Government banished him accordingly from the island, and soon after from Bienne, whence he hastened to England in search of repose which he never found, and which his feelings and temper denied him, let his abode be where it might.

— "Quid terras alio calentes  
Sole mutamus? Patriæ quis exul  
Se quoque fugit?"

D.

PETER-PINDARICS.

*Piron and the Judge of the Police.*

PIRON, a poet of the Gallic nation,  
Who beat all waggish rivals hollow,  
Was apt to draw his inspiration  
Rather from Bacchus than Apollo.  
His hostess was his deity,  
His Hippocrene was *eau-de-vie*,  
And though 'tis said  
That poets live not till they die,  
When living he was often dead,—  
That is to say, dead drunk.—"While I,"  
Quoth Piron, "am by all upbraided  
With drunkenness, the vilest, worst,  
Most base, detestable, degraded,  
Of sins that ever man repented,  
None of you blames this cursed thirst  
With which I'm constantly tormented.  
Worse than a cholic or a phthisic,  
E'en now it gripes me so severely,  
That I must fly to calm it, merely  
Swallowing brandy as a physic."—  
To cure this unrelenting fever  
He pour'd such doses through his lips, he  
Was shortly, what the French call *ivre*,  
Anglicè—tipsy;

And while the midnight bell was pealing  
 Its solemn tolling,  
 Our Bacchanal was homeward reeling,  
 Tumbling and rolling,  
 Until at last he made a stop,  
 Suffering his noddle, which he could not keep  
 Upright, upon the ground to drop,  
 And in two minutes was asleep  
 Fast as a top —

Round came the guard, and seeing him extended  
 Across the gutter,  
 Incompetent to move or utter,  
 They thought at first his days were ended,  
 But finding that he was not dead,  
 Having lost nothing but his head,  
 They popp'd him on a horse's back,  
 Just like a sack,  
 And shot him on the guard-house floor,  
 To let him terminate his snore

Next morning when our tipping band  
 Had got his senses,  
 They brought a coach into the yard,  
 And drove him off to answer his offences,  
 Before the judge of the police,  
 Who made a mighty fuss and clamour,  
 But like some justices of peace,  
 Who know as much of law as grammar,  
 Was an egregious ninny-hammer.

"Well, fellow," cried the magistrate,  
 "What have you got to say for boozing,  
 Then lying in the streets and noozing  
 All night in that indecent state?"

"Sir," quoth the culprit to the man of law,  
 "It was a frost last night in town,  
 And tired of tripping, sliding, and slipping,  
 Methought I might as well lie down,  
 And wait until there came a thaw"

"Poh! nonsense! psha!  
 Imprisonment must be the lot  
 Of such a vagabond and sot.

But tell me, fellow, what's your name?"—

"Piron."—"The dramatist?"—"The same."

"Ah, well, well, well, Monsieur Piron,  
 Pray take your hat and quit the court,  
 For wags like you must have their sport,

But, recollect when you are gone,  
 You'll owe me one, and thus I show it  
 I have a brother who's a poet,

And lives as you do by his wits"—

Quoth Piron, "that can never pass,

For I've a brother who's an ass,  
 So we are quits."

*The Farmer and the Counsellor.*

A Counsel in the Common Pleas,  
 Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,  
 Upon the strength of a chance hit  
 Amid a thousand suppositions,

And his occasional bad jokes  
 In bullying, bantering, browbeating,  
 Ridiculing and maltreating  
 Women or other timid folks,  
 In a late cause resolved to hoax  
 A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one  
 Who by his uncouth look and gait,  
 Appear'd expressly meant by Fate,  
 For being quizz'd and play'd upon.  
 So having tipp'd the wink to those  
 In the back rows,  
 Who kept their laughter bottled down  
 Until our wag should draw the cork,  
 He smiled jocosely on the clown,  
 And went to work  
 " Well, Farmer Numscull, how go calves at York ?"  
 " Why—not, Sir, as they do wi' you,  
 But on 'our legs instead of two " "  
 " Officer !" cried the legal elf,  
 Piqued at the laugh against himself,  
 " Do pray keep silence down below there  
 Now look at me, clown, and attend,  
 Have I not seen you somewhere, friend ?"—  
 " Yees—very like —I often go there "  
 " Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,"  
 The counsel cried with grin sardonic,—  
 " I wish I'd known this prodigy,  
 This genius of the clods, when I  
 On circuit was at York residing—  
 Now, Farmer, do for once speak true,  
 Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you  
 Who doubtless think yourself so clever,  
 Are there as many fools as ever  
 In the West Riding?"  
 " Why no, Sir, no, we've got out share,  
 But not so many as when *you* were there "

H

## SONNET.

O VOYAGER of life—the stormy wave  
 Hath o'er thee pass'd with wild and furious sway,  
 Threatening to 'whelm thy frail bark on its way  
 In the dark horrors of the watery grave  
 Yet steadfast at the helm the tempest brave  
 Till from the East thou hail'd the dawning ray,  
 And the rich promise of a calmer day.  
 For He who rules the storm hath power to save,  
 His voice shall soothe the billows of the deep,  
 And bid the fair winds soft and prosperous blow,  
 And ocean hew his raging tide no more,  
 Whilst blissful gales o'er the still waters sweep,  
 And the bright skies upon thy bark bestow  
 The haven of her rest—the long-sought heavenly shore

R.

## THE PHYSICIAN. NO. I.\*

*On the Characteristics of Natural Health.*

It is but too true that very few persons set a value upon health, if they are to be at any pains to obtain it; and that they esteem it a blessing only when they can have it for nothing. Nature has done all that lies in her power to facilitate our acquisition of this benefit. Animals, whom she has confined within a much narrower range than man, are subject to few diseases, and mostly attain the natural limits of their career without suffering much by the way. To man, on the other hand, she has given greater liberty, and he avails himself of it without knowing where to stop. The heart demands new pleasures, and the understanding invents them; deluded reason approves, and the will hurries him to their enjoyment, without his being aware of the misery into which they will lead him. As he was destined to be a free and rational creature, Providence had no other method of keeping him in the paths of nature, which conduct through health to long life, than to confer upon him the discrimination necessary to enable him to recognize and avoid dangerous by-ways, and by reason to restrain the unruly passions, which are incessantly urging him into excesses. This discrimination we actually possess. Physicians preach up to us maxims of health which are consistent with reason, and which reason, gladly as she would do it, cannot annul: for she is in league with the passions which she ought to controul, or at least treats them with as much indulgence as a mother does her spoiled child. This treason is our misfortune. Though Nature, solicitous for the welfare of man, gives to reason the most express commands against inordinate gratification, she performs her office too much like the custom-house officer who takes a bribe. When the passions knock for admittance, she indeed inquires, "Are ye pernicious?" but they need only answer—"No," and then present an intoxicating potion; her vigilance is lulled, and the illicit traffic encouraged. But for this wilful negligence men would be much more healthy than they are at present; it is in vain, however, to pity or to censure this misconduct, for, while there are human beings upon earth, we must not expect the case to be otherwise. Each avoids only what he fears; and he fears only such things as are disagreeable to his feelings, but disregards his own false heart, the blandishments of his passions, and the treachery of his reason.

Besides this voluntary neglect of health by mankind, there is a natural obstacle to its enjoyment of the blessings of which I am treating, when its members are not so fortunate as to be born with a frame possessing the essential characteristics of health. It is this good fortune more especially that I wish my fellow-creatures to possess. The health for which we are solely indebted to the performance of the duties prescribed by Nature, is a blessing that we may enjoy if we please. We have only to study those duties with attention, and we shall then know the way to attain voluntary health.

A poet, whose name I have forgotten, has some lines to this effect :

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\* Ever anxious to combine the useful with the amusing, it gives us much pleasure to be able to announce a regular series of papers under this title from the pen of an eminent Physician.

When God created man, that he might not set limits to his happiness, he conferred on him the faculty of thought and said, "Be thou the architect of thine own felicity." Such is the answer I might justly expect, were I to importune Heaven to bestow on all my fellow-creatures a blessing, which seems to be so little prized, that we cheerfully sacrifice it to a momentary gratification. The diseases resulting from our deviations from the path of duty must not be laid to the charge of Heaven; and in regard to them, I would give the same advice to my readers as Bias, the Greek philosopher, did to the graceless sailors, who, in a tremendous tempest, implored the gods to save them from shipwreck: "Don't pray so loud," said he, "that the gods may not notice that you are here." Our voluntary misery is a natural consequence of our vices, for which we have a farther chastisement to expect from the justice of Heaven, which, in making man a free agent, by no means authorised him to ruin his health by the indulgence of his passions.

*Natural health* depends on the concurrence of so many things which are not under our own controul, and to which our virtues and vices contribute so little, that it may in some measure be considered as an accidental benefit, imparted by Heaven to those who are destined to long life and exemption from pain. Since I cannot, as a physician, be immediately instrumental to the attainment of this important advantage by my readers, I will, however, wish it them as a friend; and that they may be aware what this wish actually comprehends, I will devote the present paper to a delineation of the *Character of Natural Health*. It is the standard by which each may measure himself, when he desires to know what he may reasonably hope for in regard to the duration of his health and life. It is also the criterion of disease, and the line by which we must be guided, when we strive to amend the defects of natural, by the art of voluntary health.

The first requisite for a sound constitution is the good fortune to be born of healthy, vigorous, and virtuous parents, in the prime of life, and whose intercourse is the result of ardent attachment. It is undeniable that children may inherit the diseases of their parents. The resemblance of children to their parents in stature and features is an irrefragable proof of a certain conformity of structure; and as this is manifestly transmitted in the external parts, it would be extremely absurd to suppose that the structure of the interior of the body had no share in this conformity. I have known numerous instances in my own practice, of consumptive parents having only such children as were either consumptive from their infancy, or became so in middle age from such trifling causes as could not possibly otherwise have produced it, had there not been in the constitution a predisposition to this species of disease. The same is frequently the case with the issue of persons afflicted with stone, palsy, inflammation of the eyes, tooth-ache, and other complaints. If then the defects of structure can be transmitted by parents to their offspring, how much more likely are the latter to be affected by vices of the fluids, from which the embryo is nourished? The constitutions of such are ruined in the outset; for they can have no hopes of health and long life. It may, perhaps, admit of argument, whether they are not in the right who think that unhealthy persons ought to be prohibited from marrying. So much, at

any rate, is certain, that parents who debilitate themselves by a life of debauchery, and transmit their ruined constitutions to their posterity, are like the spider who devours her own young, since with life they communicate to their progeny the seeds of disease, and are the authors of their premature deaths.

As the passions and propensities of nurses may even be transmitted with their milk to the children of others whom they suckle; it cannot be surprising that parents should communicate, not only their vices, but also the effects of them, to their posterity. It is true, indeed, that we frequently see virtuous parents who have wicked children, and well-disposed children who have vicious parents; but here the education and particular circumstances of the children produce the effect, and the observation still remains fundamentally true. For this reason alone then, if for no other, the state of matrimony ought to impose upon parents the duties of virtue; because vice of itself impairs the health, and an unhealthy constitution is inherited by their offspring. It is an ancient remark, that the offspring of ardent passion is in general more healthy than that of lukewarm duty. It was no doubt for this reason that the Spartan legislator forbade by law any other than a secret intercourse between new-married persons; hoping that the charm of mystery and novelty would keep passion alive. Many insist that experience demonstrates the correctness of his views.

From the public statements of births Boerhaave concluded that the healthiest children are those born in January, February, and March; and hence the calendar might be enriched with a new sign, denoting the best time for entering into the married state. It is in fact our duty to take all possible care that nothing be wanting on our part to ensure a sound, vigorous constitution to our progeny; especially when parents are so solicitous for heirs, and for their preservation, that they would rather not have children at all than lose them again. The natural health of children depends greatly upon the mother. It is she who, in the period of gestation, dispenses in a great measure life or death, infirmity or strength, a weakly or a robust constitution, a sickly life or a happy old age. The latter is promoted, when during that period she avoids all vehement passions, and takes care of her health, and abstains from all indulgence inconsistent with the moderate exercise of her bodily powers. When we would raise a good breed of horses, for example, we keep the dam at work and give her exercise; and we ought to pursue a similar course in regard to our own species, for in this point we are only on a level with animals. There are circumstances enough which cannot be altered, because they are not under the control of the mother; and therefore so much the more attention ought to be paid to those which it is in our power to alter. To these cases belong the ill-health of the mother, the bearing of twins, premature delivery, &c. All children born under such circumstances are, *ceteris paribus*, more weakly than others.

It is a sign of good natural health when children grow slowly and uniformly, and do not shoot up all at once like mushrooms. Few persons of extraordinary stature are at the same time strong and healthy. The tallest giants are the most unfit for soldiers, as many one besides Goliath has served to prove. Such persons in general have a time in which they grow very rapidly: the vessels thus become prematurely

indurated, and the danger of consumption is always to be apprehended. It was therefore no very lucid thought of Alexander the Great, when in one of his campaigns he ordered bedsteads of much greater length than the ordinary stature of man to be made for his soldiers, merely with a view, as Curtius informs us, to impose upon posterity. Did he imagine posterity would conclude that little men could not perform such great exploits as his Macedonian giants had achieved? Was he not himself short of stature—he who would fain have climbed to some new planet in search of fresh conquests? On the contrary, we should suppose short men capable of great actions rather than tall, because the former are in general more robust than the latter. Boerhaave attests, from authentic documents, that persons whose growth is scarcely perceptible possess the strongest constitutions. The age of man has three periods: the first is that of growth; in the second the body ceases to grow; and in the third it shrinks. It has been observed that in the ordinary course of nature these three periods are of equal length, so that a person who continues gradually growing for twenty-five years may calculate upon the probability of attaining the age of seventy-five.

Boerhaave learned from people who made it their profession to procure recruits for the army and navy, the signs by which they were guided in their traffic, and the circumstances from which they judged whether a man possessed a sound, healthy, and robust constitution. Such a man, at least in Europe, has a large broad chest, like Plato the octogenarian, but a receding rather than prominent belly. It is a great mistake of those who congratulate themselves on the increase of the latter. Least of all does it promise length of life; and upon the whole, fat is one of those disguised punishments of heaven, on account of which people rejoice as foolishly as they grieve over some of its disguised benefits. The shoulders, arms, thighs, and legs, in healthy people, are firm, round, muscular, and covered with long, rough hairs; and what the fair sex would not think a beauty, namely, a coarse skin, is a very usual quality of persons capable of living half a century without illness. Such persons, indeed, have no double-chins, no puffy cheeks, no load of superfluous flesh; but the hinder part of the head is large. As a high, broad forehead is considered an indication of extraordinary mental faculties, so amplitude of the hinder head denotes great bodily powers, to which those of the mind are usually in an inverse ratio. The blood of a naturally healthy and hearty person is neither black and clotted, nor thin and pale-red. For though the last-mentioned properties of the blood are perfectly consistent with health, they betray also a certain unsteadiness in it. The best blood is of a dark-red, not fluid; but it runs freely when a vein is opened. It has a certain degree of viscosity, which is requisite to enable us to go through hard labour; and it is owing to this very property that persons of sound constitutions do not so soon perspire with strong exercise as those of a weaker temperament.

Besides these circumstances, the energy with which the involuntary movements as well as the voluntary actions are performed, must be taken into account. We expect in a sound, healthy person, a slow, deep, easy, and uniform respiration: when, on the contrary, respiration is performed with any difficulty, when it is attended with a wheezing or rattling, this is a sure sign of weak health. This observation,



however, does not apply in all cases to sleep, because the most healthy often rattle and snore loudly in their soundest slumbers. The pulse must be slow, full, strong, uniform, and invariable, even though the body be subjected to those changes, which, in weaker persons, produce great alterations of the pulses. Hence the purchasers of slaves were accustomed to count the number of their inspirations and pulsations in a minute; after which they made them run, and then took notice whether the rapidity of those functions was much accelerated. He who can stand this test may congratulate himself on the strength of his constitution and health; for among the infirm and sickly there are many who cannot turn in bed without producing an alteration of pulsation. It is an indication that the digestive powers are strong, when the natural evacuations do not take place too often, and the body is not too much relaxed: for this proves that the food is duly elaborated. On the contrary, the more weakly a person is, the more frequent are those evacuations, the fuller and the more uneasy his stomach feels after meals, and the more difficult is his digestion. It is not uncommon to hear hearty old people make the observation, that they never could tell where their stomach lay; and this is a sign of excellent health. The sleep of the healthy is sound as death, but refreshing and invigorating. Such a one performs the severest labour without fatigue; all the energies of nature are poured into his muscles; but his head, on the other hand, too commonly remains empty. Strong healthy people are rarely found among those gifted with great talents, and those who have attained extraordinary longevity have seldom puzzled their brains with abstruse subjects.

Such is the standard by which the reader may judge whether he possesses a great degree of natural health. On this point our own sensations are the best instructors. We are in good health when we feel well after an abundant meal; if we can breathe with freedom five or six hours after the repast, when the chyle mingles with the blood; if we do not perceive that one part of the body is heavier or less alert than another: for these are symptoms of an unobstructed circulation in the whole. It is well when all the solid parts are firm, elastic, well-formed, and duly proportioned, and when all the corporeal functions are readily and easily performed. It is well when all the juices are properly mixed, duly secreted, and carried into the circulation for the nourishment of the body, and when the surplus passes off at the right time. It is well when no part has any peculiar feeling of pain, heat, or cold; in short, when violent exercise may be taken without our experiencing inconvenience. It is well when we do not find the lessons of prudence burdensome; and still better when we have no violent passions or propensities to contend with. As moths consume a garment, so do strong passions consume the body, and urge the blood and heart to an unnatural celerity of motion.

The blessing here described is a gift of Nature; but still so much is certain, that our parents on the one hand, and those who are intrusted with our education in early youth on the other, have it in their power to contribute materially to procure us health and bodily vigour. There are persons who, merely by constant exercise, have acquired almost superhuman power; but the groundwork of them must have been laid by Nature.

## ENGLISH PLAYERS IN PARIS.

*Pol.* The actors are come hither, my Lord.

*Ham.* Buz! Buz!

*Pol.* Upon my honour.

HAMLET.

It was a comfortable and refreshing thing to a lover of the drama, to hear it whispered that the English players had arrived in Paris. After the purgatory of the Français and the Odeon—after seasons of unnatural recitation and passion-tattering bombast, artificial action, and ear-splitting rhodomontade, which Talma and Duchesnois alone can make endurable—after seeing Shakspeare masquerading in the parodies of Ducis, and Otway pilloried and pilfered in the clumsy imitation of La Fosse d'Aubigny—it was like a gushing spring in the desert to mark the announcement of Othello in his own original form, to be represented at the Porte St. Martin by real flesh-and-blood Englishmen and Englishwomen. I fastened my eyes upon the play-bill, and stuck myself almost as close to it as it was to the wall, while I read it over and over again.

High as I had felt my confidence, which a moment before was plumed by the very wings of Shakspeare's fame, and seemed soaring far above each poor impediment, a cold shivering seized upon me at the sight of the names in the bill. "Othello by Mr. Barton!—who the deuce is Mr. Barton?" cried I, suddenly slapping my forehead, as if to rouse my reminiscences. "*Monsieur, me parle-t-il?*" asked "a periwig-pated fellow" beside me, who was gaping at the play-bill, and who thought I had addressed him. "It can't be Bernard Barton, the quaker poet!" continued I, unmindful of my neighbour, and seizing my chin as if memory had changed its throne and lodged itself in that "beaked promontory." "*Poete!*" echoed the man; "*Sacre bleu! Je crois bien que vous en êtes un.*" "No, no; impossible!" exclaimed I, following the chain of my abstraction. "*Si, si! J'en suis sûr,*" cried my tormentor; "*au moins, si vous n'êtes pas Poete, vous êtes Fou. C'est la même chose, n'est ce pas?*" "*Fou!*" called I indignantly, and I was very near changing the word to a dissyllable, when, looking round me, I saw a malicious grin on the faces by which I was environed. There seemed a disposition to insult, and two or three "Goddeems" were muttered close to me. I pretended unconcern, but was not unmoved by these symptoms; for, after a moment's pause, and a parting glance at the play-bill, I walked out of the group, and turned down a bye street from the Boulevard. As I got round the corner I heard *Poete, Anglais*, and *Goddeem*, murmured, half at me and half to each other, by the knot I left, and I was not sorry to effect my retreat so quietly.

This little interruption to the flow of my feelings was soon forgotten. It was five o'clock, and the savoury smell from a *Restaurant* reminded me of a duty to perform. I accordingly walked in, and placing myself at a table, I consulted the *carte*. I was all English at this moment. I never felt so national. The spirit of Shakspeare seemed thrilling through my veins, and I proudly anticipated his approaching triumph. "*Quelle soupe, Monsieur?*" asked the waiter. "*Point de soupe, ni des gratonnelles,*" replied I surlily—John Bullishly; "*donnez moi un bifteck aux pommes de terre.*" I was resolved to have as good an imitation of an English dinner as the place afforded. The beef-

steak, such as it was, being despatched, I next called for "*Rosbif*;" and the slender portion which they gave me of that being also quickly disposed of, I ran my eye over the *carte* for some other English dish. But I saw nothing else, except ragouts and friassces, and soufflés and omelettes, and the like; and I therefore wound up my repast with a bottle of porter *de Londres*, and a slice of *fromage de Chichester* (the French for Cheshire cheese), and I felt myself fittingly prepared for a front row in the pit, to witness the representation of Shakspeare's master-piece.

Away I went, then, towards the Porte St. Martin, and whenever I reflected on the appalling names of Messrs. Barton, Fenton, and the rest, I consoled myself with the recollection, that when I first saw Kean he was playing in a country-town at a guinea a week, not a bit more considered than the rest of his company—

"Peel'd, patch'd, and pie-bald, linsy-woolsey brothers,  
Grave mummings, sleeveless some and shurtless others."

Who knows, thought I, but these unheard-of heroes may be yet destined to fill the broad end of Fame's trumpet; to revive the glories of Garrick, and throw Kemble and Young in the shade? I encouraged the feeling: I remembered that

———— "The milky way  
Is framed of many nameless stars,"—

and I hoped that I was going to gaze on a theatrical constellation, which had only hitherto escaped the observation of the astronomers.

As I advanced along the Boulevard towards the Porte St. Martin, the number of persons coming in the opposite direction surprised me not a little; for I did not calculate on any great attention being excited towards the English play. Approaching the theatre, the crowd was immense. A double line of carriages stretched far down the Boulevard; hundreds of pedestrians blocked up every avenue; and a strong force of *gendarmerie*, horse and foot, occupied the position. Not being a resident of Paris, and only having come to town that evening, I could not divine the meaning of all this. "dreadful note of preparation;" so I set myself to enquire from some of the by-standers what it was all about. I soon learned that for two or three preceding days a notion had run that the national pride was concerned, and the national glory compromised by the appearance of the English players. It was thought that they were particularly patronized by the Court; and that was of itself enough to make them unpopular. An infamous report had been spread that the French actors in London had been treated with indignity, and even with violence. A certain set of writers had fostered this calumny in the journals; and a desperate cabal had been formed among the students of law, physic, *etcetera* (which comprehensive word, be it known, is not here meant to include divinity nor the other arts), to oppose, put down, and annihilate this attempted performance of English plays, designated by one of the Journals a "*malheureuse innovation*." Dark threats of vengeance against the English generally were muttered all through Paris. Precautions were consequently taken. The armed force at the Theatre was trebled; the Commissary of Police in that quarter was replaced by a magistrate of well-known vigour; and measures were resolved on for staring the danger in the face.

My anxiety to get in was redoubled at this information. I had known the French well, as I thought, for several years, and I offered to stake my head that nothing ungenerous, inhospitable, or unmanly, would be seen that night in the theatre. Luckily for me, none of the by-standers took me at my word, or I might have been at this moment

“A headless carcase and a nameless thing;”

my spirit wandering in the Shades, like the fellow encountered there by Dante with his *tête* under his arm, lighting him along in place of a lantern. But I must not anticipate. To gain entrance was impossible: hundreds were turned away, after manifold efforts of persuasion and force; carriages, filled with fashionably dressed females, retrograded from their stations; powdered old beaux and perfumed young dandies, whiskered Liberals and curled Aristocrats—all were driven back unsatisfied. The house was chuck full.

A thought struck me. I espied a mud-bespattered tatterdemalion, whose vocation I instantly discovered in his phiz, for there was a deep-knit frown upon his brow and a comic twist about his mouth, that spoke the varying shades from tragedy to comedy so natural in a scene-shifter's boy. “Him I approached,” as Milton says; and I very soon made him understand my desire of being guided to the private door which served as the actors' entrance. Straightway darting through the crowd, he led me by a narrow entrance, and sundry devious passages, down steps of stairs, up others, through subterranean twinings, where hung an occasional solitary lamp, which, were not the quotation *rather* hackneyed, I should say, but served to “make darkness visible.” At last we emerged into a narrow street at the back of the theatre, and my conductor brought me full plump against the door in whose hospitable reception all my hopes of admission were centered. A very surly Cerbera (if I may be allowed the term) received me: she had been worried to distraction by scores of applications such as she anticipated from me, and “*Monsieur, c'est impossible*,” was her growling commencement of the negotiation which I should have begun. Being a man of few words, I simply held up a five franc piece. Her honour was touched; she looked daggers at me, and was on the point of slamming the door in my face, when I begged of her to procure me a mission to the English manager. “*Quoi? à Monsieur Penley?—Sacre! Peste! Quelle idée—et lui sur la scène! Voir Monsieur Penley! Diable!!!*” “Mr. Penley!” echoed I; “is that the manager's name? And his daughters—are they here?” “*Lisez l'affiche*,” grumbled she. I turned round and saw a play-bill, which I began incontinent to peruse; and there, to my great delight, I read (skipping hastily over the firm of Barton, Fenton, and Co.)

Desdemona, by Miss Rosina Penley.

Emilia, by Miss Penley.

This is good luck, indeed, thought I; and indeed it was so. I took out a card, and looking round me for a trusty messenger, a little fellow with knowing glance, frizzled pate, a comb behind his ear, and a wig under his arm, caught my attention. I had experience enough of stage trick to know the importance of the hair-dresser, and to divine that this was the powdered personage who filled that station at the Theatre de la Porte St. Martin. “*C'est bon*,” thought I, and it was good. He

took my card and my message; sprang from me, darted up the narrow, spiral, precipitous ascent yecept the actors' stairs, and was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye. It would be vain to tell the rush of recollection which I experienced while he was away:—the number of adventures that I ran over in my memory, in about six minutes, of all that had occurred in a space of as many years:—the numerous friends I brought to mind: their scattered destinies and various fortunes. What a rapid casting up of my long account with Time!

I was roused from my reverie by the rustling of silk. A light step came rapidly patting down the stairs. The little door at the bottom flew open; and Desdemona and Emilia both appeared, to answer the summons of their old acquaintance, and bear him aloft between them, mangre the growling, grumbling, and grinning of the she-fury at the door. I was soon on *the boards*, in the midst of a crowd of persons belonging to the theatre, mixed with a plentiful sprinkling of *gens-d'armes*, and a few strangers like myself. The noise in front was prodigious. I peeped through a hole in the curtain, and saw by far the most crowded house I had ever beheld. The cries of disapprobation and the gestures of the shouters seemed all directed against one of the side-boxes; and the name of Martainville was vociferated, with a running accompaniment of abuse and execration that beggars description. This individual so obnoxious to public disapproval is, I was told, the editor of a journal which advocated strongly the cause of the English players, and was, on that account, mixed with political motives, in any thing but odour with the audience. "This augurs ill," thought I, "for Shakspeare and Othello. But never mind. I stake my head, I do, on French urbanity!"

Three tremendous thumps, inflicted on the stage by a man with a weapon resembling a paver's mallet, was the signal for the raising of the curtain. Every one around me fled from the stage, and I, carried with the current, was deposited snugly in a most comfortable corner in the side scenes, close to the stage. As the play began, my heart throbbed high. The credit of England and of Shakspeare seemed at stake. But how much more the character of France! On this night's conduct hung all the national claim to pre-eminence in civilization, in courtesy, and candour. The audience soon severed the slender thread by which these pretensions were suspended. The moment the play began, the uproar of the spectators commenced. Interruption, insult, and outrage were volleyed forth. Not a word could be distinguished on the stage; and in the body of the house it was "confusion worse confounded." Desdemona at length appeared. "Now, now," cried I, "the interruption is at an end. Now for French gallantry; now for the victory of real politeness over momentary excitement and national prejudice!" And there was an instant's calm; but not the calm of gentle blood or honest shame. The fact was, that the appearance of Rosina Penley, so interesting, so lady-looking, so composed, and yet so resolute withall, struck the observers with astonishment, and produced a brief propriety. "The rabblement hooted, clapped their chopt hands, and uttered a deal of stinking breath;"—but Coriolanus himself never gave a look of more quiet unconcern upon his ruffian constituents than did the heroine of to-night upon hers. They hearkened; but it was only a momentary gleam of decency. The sweet

tones of the actress's voice were soon drowned in the torrent of brutal interruption; and during the first act every species of base and black guard indignity was heaped upon the performers,—male and female alike.

The second act was a renewal of the pantomime, for not a word could be distinguished. The drinking-scene, when the wine is produced and Cassio fuddled, was received with shouts of laughter. A drunken man in a tragedy! Shades of Racine and Corneille! I confess I made allowance for the violence which this exhibition must have produced on the feelings of a French audience, ignorant of the language and foreign to the manners in which it originated and is explained. But in the midst of all the uproarious turbulence which this drunken bout produced, when Othello entered, and the shocked Cassio shrunk from his rebuke, the effect of this splendid contrast, even in dumb show, was irresistible. The house seemed electrified; and the triumph of Nature and of Shakspeare would have been complete, had Kean been on the stage to finish the formation of the triumvirate. But Othello soon brought the audience to *themselves*. Unluckily "he wants the nat'ral touch;" and elate at what he thought *his* victory, he outroared

— — "The roar  
Of loud Euroclydon"

His ranting set all the catcalls and whistles, and groans and hisses, into renewed activity, and it was in vain to think of reducing the rioters to the peace-establishment. They hooted.

"Therewith he 'g in full terribly once more,  
And chafed at that indignity right sore."

They laughed: and here Milton finishes a quotation as well as Spenser—

"At this he only raged, and as they laugh'd (talk'd)  
Smote him into the midst."

Seeing the course that matters were likely to take, I turned my attention towards the players, being a little anxious that they should keep a good countenance. They presented the appearance of a somewhat different group, described by Stillingfleet, "some with piteous moans, others grinning and only showing their teeth, others ranting and hectoring, others scolding and reviling;" and some were brooking it with great complacency, in consideration of the overflowing house, that "salve for any sore that may betide." I recommended them to follow the example of Antonio, in the Merchant of Venice, "patiently to bear their wrath." They liked the quotation, and the play went on. But the opening of the third act gave birth to a new scene. The usual obstructions were repeated, when some half-dozen English in the pit, aided by a few French, who were ashamed of themselves for their countrymen's sakes, manifested some slight opposition. O for the pencil of Hogarth, or the pen of Grimm, (or even of Grimm's Ghost.) to sketch the display of national character which followed! In an instant the ruffian rioters took to flight. Hundreds poured over the orchestra like a torrent. This spot, which should have been sacred to harmony, and a sanctuary against outrage, for it was filled with well-dressed females, was violated in the most outrageous manner. The ladies were trampled to the ground as the fugitives scrambled up to the stage. The screams of women, the crash of benches, music-

stands, and foot-lights, which last were crumbled to powder, was appalling. But if so, the appearance of the paltry, pitiful runaways was ludicrous in the extreme, and to me how gratifying! I stood in the middle of the stage, with "the gentle Desdemona" leaning on my arm. I begged of her to stand her ground for the credit of our country, and to shew a lesson to the cowardly rout around us; and she did so with admirable composure. As the recreant groups rushed round us, hid themselves in the side-scenes, or fled in every direction--I remembered a description from one of Ben Jonson's plays; how applicable!

"I do not see a face

Worthy a man, that dares look up and stand  
One thunder out; but downward all like beasts  
Running away at every flash."

What then, cried I, is this my knowledge of national character?

"Are these the youths that thunder at a playhouse  
And fight for bitten apples?"

How would an English pit have stood a *rex* like this! How would every heart have beat, every hand been clenched, and every foot firm-rooted for the fight! But I need not press the contrast, nor the moral of this disgraceful and disgusting scene. The *gendarmes* poured in upon the stage in force, the curtain was dropped, and all government and order was abandoned. The French manager, however, made his appearance, and requested Othello to cut short the play, and recommence with the fifth act! The Moor unfortunately did not speak French, and the manager did not know a word of Arabic or English. So I offered my services as interpreter, and pleaded strongly against the barbarism of cutting out nearly two acts of the play. I urged the most powerful arguments: the memory of Aristotle--the credit of Shakspeare--the reputation of Desdemona--and the verses of Horace,--

"Ne ve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu  
Fabula quæ posci vult, et spectata reponi."

But all was vain. He said the audience would tear down the house if the tragedy were not cut short. I assured him they were not of that kidney. "And then the *critics*, Monsieur!" cried I. "And then the *seniors*, Monsieur!" replied he. The retort was unanswerable, so I gave up the point and I wish the French critics would yield it, with half my facility. I shall here, too, give up my description. In fact, I saw little more. Desdemona was put into bed, and smothered amidst roars of laughter. Emilia spouted her reproaches like Sappho singing to the raging winds. Othello stabbed himself to prove that suicide was a most mirth-moving catastrophe--and the curtain finally fell down upon a scene of national disgrace, unparalleled, I hope, in the history of the stage.

Some contrition having been expressed in the Newspapers next morning, The School for Scandal was announced for representation on the following evening, Friday the 2d of August. This might have been prefaced by an address to the public from The Taming of the Shrew--"Your honour's players, hearing your *amendement*, are come to play a pleasant comedy." But the symptoms of amendment were deceitful. The outrage of the former night was renewed, and after the first act the representation was abandoned, and a French farce substituted for the English comedy--which seems thus prohibited from being exhibited in Paris.

## ALFIERI'S POLITICAL COMEDIES.

OF all the faults which the panegyrists of good old absolute monarchy (as it was half a century ago) can find with our troublesome times, they can at least allege, with justice, that ridicule, as the source of comedy, is nearly exhausted. The strongly marked distinction of social orders, which afforded the comic poet so many different foibles, peculiarities, and caricatures, has been decaying for these thirty years in the best part of continental Europe.\* The barriers between different classes of society had been so long established, and were of so much importance, that both the worshippers and idols of etiquette considered its institutions as almost founded in nature:—hence mutual prejudices were rooted in their minds with a kind of comic conviction, and shone forth in their manners with true comic effect. These barriers have now been dashed to the ground by the shock of revolutions; or, being daily shaken, make it universally apparent, that if the widely different conditions inclosed within them may rise or fall every moment into the situations of each other, the difference has ceased to exist. All distinctions of rank are, at any rate, removed from the general estimation, since such various vicissitudes of fortune have proved the uncertainty of their continuance; and, indeed, all societies seem now to be blended into one—namely, that of politicians, breaching nothing but politics, and aiming at nothing but political ends. Oh, if there still remains any variety in them, it is between the few who seek to retain their contested power and the many who endeavour to have it tempered, or taken from them. Society, in these days, consists but of two orders—the ruling and the ruled—the only ones which cannot perish in revolutions but to rise again. Social man is become, if we may say it without offence, a kind of general, uniform, monotonous personage—see one and you have seen all: he puts on the manners and the habits of the most opposite conditions as a matter of course, and keeps each of them as long as it suits his convenience. Surely, if the extoller of times gone by can upbraid modern man with being selfish, he cannot with being ridiculous. But this very gravity, both of our thoughts and actions, proves a real misfortune to comedy. The ends commonly pursued by mankind in our days are too serious, and the means employed often too grievously contemptible, to conjure up the genuine spirit of laughter.

The comedy of manners and characters being nearly exhausted, we possess but one other vein of ridicule (far less diversified), which arises from the abortive attempts of mankind when they would grasp at things beyond their mental or personal capacities. But still how melancholy would be the laugh called forth by Don Quixote, if, instead of a vain, chivalrous object, he aspired to a real, interesting,—in other words, a political one! Yet are the political attempts of the *people* still more melancholy than those of the Spanish knight; for their failure can neither be imputed to a fantastical view of human affairs, nor to a

\* It may not be unnecessary to remark, once for all, that whatever may be advanced in this or any other essay by the same writer respecting politics and literature is only meant as applicable to the Continent, or rather, in strictness, only to Italy, France, and Spain. The circumstances of England, both political and literary, are peculiar to herself, and the writer, who is a foreigner, presumes not to interfere with them.



complete abstraction from surrounding objects. Alas! this bad success can seldom be comic, since it is too often occasioned by the perfidy or cowardice of those who start up as public leaders only to finish their career in treachery and desertion—of those who cry for liberty for the mere purpose of obtaining the invidious power which they pretend to temper or destroy. Those, on the other hand, whose authority is thus threatened with diminution or destruction, envelope themselves in a more impenetrable garment of hypocrisy, and conduct their defence by means no less lamentable.

To unmask political hypocrisy, therefore, whatever colour it might assume, to lay open the secret springs by which powerful men, whether princes, patricians, or popular champions, are commonly actuated, was the object of Alfieri in his political comedies, as a means of inculcating a not unnecessary lesson. Alfieri invented these comedies when growing in years: the natural disgust arising from a too minute study of human actions, and the tremendous follies of the French revolution, made him, more than ever, despair of beholding that political freedom which is known to have been the ruling passion of his life. Hence, both as a patriot and as an Italian, he was inflamed against the fallacy of French liberty; and still more against those French armies, which, at the moment they trampled upon unhappy Italy with conquering despotism, still mocked her with the vain show of a republic. That which we have dwelt on with the most ardent expectation, will naturally in its failure give birth to a corresponding keenness of disappointment. Amongst the effects of the French revolution (which were often unaccountable) it is not the least remarkable, that it should have, at last, abated in such a man as Alfieri even his generous hatred of absolute power. His upright sense of true liberty soon confirmed his hostility to that which was merely ostensible; and, whilst in this mood, he composed his political comedies, most of his satires, and, above all, his *Misogallo*, which we are told by himself was suggested to him "by the vengeance of betrayed and polluted liberty." Nevertheless, the frantic and bloody deeds of the French revolutionists caused the highly republican spirit of Alfieri to undertake even the satire of Democracy as well as that of Aristocracy and Monarchy.

Like the Greeks, he composed his dramas with an active view to politics, and sometimes addressed them to posterity that he might more forcibly awaken the shame of his supine countrymen. D'Ancillon, we believe, has justly said that the main circumstance by which a high and active character may be distinguished from a great speculative genius is the strong influence of some single master-passion over the whole tenour of his thoughts and actions. Such was the case with Alfieri. Gifted as he was by nature with an extreme sensibility, we think he could have exhibited a more versatile delineation of character, had his mind been less powerfully riveted to the consideration of his country. In consequence of this one paramount feeling, the whole of his compositions are deficient in variety—his muse almost always prefers political subjects, and of all human passions delights to sing but of two—the thirst for power, and the impatience of servitude. Moreover, the country of Alfieri having long been the scene of accumulating misfortunes, his colours are uniformly dismal, like those of Tacitus. People who, from the absence of politics, or from a satisfac-

tion in the state in which they are placed, are more pleased with variety than desirous of penetrating the depths of profound literature, cannot but find the Italian dramatist equally monotonous with the Latin historian. Alfieri, in his youthful days, exhibited the tragic conflict of political passions; grown old, he laughs at them, and draws public men of all times, nations, and governments, *en déshabille*, that the hero being stripped of his tragic plumes, the man may be left exposed in all his natural insignificance. But this portraiture, which perhaps might be taxed with malignity, were it only adopted for the purpose of rendering its subjects odious, is, to Alfieri, merely the means of compassing a nobler end. His comedies are not the continuation of a single fable, like the Grecian Trilogæ, but are carried on for the development of a single political truth—that since there is little reliance to be placed upon the virtue of mankind, their very wickedness may be turned to public advantage; for which purpose one bad passion is contrasted with another, till envy appears beneath the cloak of disinterested censure, and ambition beneath that of public zeal—a lesson by which the powerful are taught the art of restraining the encroachments of each other. Such is the import of his last political comedy, which he called “The Antidote.” The poet, however, does not arrive at this moral till he has exposed, with a very Aristophanic licence, the vices and follies of the three primitive forms of simple government. In order to remind all political factions of the necessity of remaining satisfied with a mixed constitution, he freely ridicules monarchy in the comedy of the “One,” aristocracy in the “Few,” and democracy in the “Too many.”

The humour in these comedies, if they may be said to possess any, is grave and philosophic. That which excites our laughter must necessarily command but a small portion of our interest: we can hardly laugh at ourselves, or at persons and things which are dear or important to us. How then could we laugh at that which deeply interests the social welfare, when, as in the present day, the means of attaining that end (which is at least the ostensible aim of both parties) are so fearfully controverted, and the usual results of the contest are battles, proscriptions, and the scaffold? Such was the situation of the greater part of continental Europe at the period at which these plays were composed; and into the same calamities it seems every moment about to relapse. Hence the smile which they produce is such as may be expected from such topics and such circumstances. We laugh indeed, but it is at the destiny, no less melancholy than laughable, of our species, which is born to be the sport of the whims, passions, vices, or even virtues of a handful of individuals. Such a laugh is more like the irony of misfortune than the luxury of happiness. It is the philosopher who laughs in Alfieri at the passions of the man, but without curing those passions, or abating the grief of his disappointments. It is the comic poet who ridicules the tragic one, but, like Juvenal, Alfieri can only laugh through an excess of spleen.

We shall give, in a series of articles, a free review of these four comedies, such as may convey a full idea of their great originality and comic effect. They were never re-touched by the author, but add not a little to his dramatic fame, although they are scarcely known out of Italy except by a few slighting notices by foreign writers. Those who

have a relish for the tragic muse of Alfieri will, we doubt not, experience equal delight from his comic one. We shall speak lastly of their style, which will be found not the least worthy of remark.

The "One" is not the most striking of these comedies in its portrayal of the government and corresponding manners which it is intended to ridicule. It is somewhat bare of comic plot, and perhaps abounds too much in political disquisition—a dramatic fault which naturally arises from the subject. The scene is laid at Susa: the action is supposed to commence at the time when the seven Satraps, after having detected and murdered the impostor Smerdis, usurper of the crown of Cyrus, are deliberating upon the manner in which they shall re-model the government of Persia. This question being, of course, far more perplexing than that of getting rid of a tyrant, kindles a mutual jealousy amongst the competitors, and causes considerable anxiety to the people, who are impatient to be told the nature of their future yoke, and the person for whom they are to bear it—an impatience which late experience had rendered by no means unreasonable. At this time Parisa, the wife of Darius, one of the seven, has a mysterious dream, which seems to foretell the future greatness of her husband. Proud, envious, and highly born, the glory of regal greatness appears scarcely less gratifying to the mind of this woman than the prospect of mortifying her rivals, the wives of Orcanes and Artibanes, two others of the seven. Ambition, the parent of many a waking dream, causes Parisa to dream in her sleep that these females, having attended her to a banquet, instead of the enmity which they were accustomed to display on such occasions,

" Mi pareva ch' ambidue m' unil atto  
Innocchiate mi s' eran davanti,  
E m' adoravan, ed a tutto costo  
Volean bacermi i piedi "

" Methought both of them knelt down and worshipped me in the most humble posture, endeavouring, in spite of my efforts to prevent them, to kiss my feet ; ' and with unusual flattery they fawned upon her ; whilst, enveloped in a cloud of gold, whatever she looked upon, or touched, spoke, swallowed, or spat, was all instantly converted into the same precious material. Upon this her rivals, followed at first by some, and afterwards by the whole of the company, strove who should most greedily inhale the riches which she breathed around her. To dream of enjoying such prerogatives is to dream of possessing a crown. Parisa, however, for additional satisfaction, has sent for an astrologer to confirm the interpretation which she has put upon this splendid vision of her sleep. The play opens with a stolen interview with the seer Oneiro in the dead of night, lest Darius, who, by the bye, is a Satrap free-thinker, should be informed of her womanish credulity. Oneiro, having heard the dream, and much admired it as an apparent intimation from Mithras, is unwilling to afford an immediate solution, lest his professional reputation should be undervalued from the facility of his labours. But after having informed himself of the position in which the Satrapessa lay during the action of her dream, like a notable master of his art, he defers pronouncing judgment till he has had due time for deliberation. They agree to meet the following night, and Parisa hurries to bed again that her husband's suspicious may not

be awakened. As the prophet is about to depart, he is detained by the groom of Darius, who, like his mistress, is anxious for the interpretation of a dream. This, indeed, is the master-dream of the play, but, oh, what an irreverent allegory does it present! The man had been sleeping on the stable-litter near Darius's favourite horse, Chesballeno, and dreamed that he was suddenly awakened by the groans of this prince of Persian steeds, which, prancing and tossing itself into various attitudes, appeared to be labouring with excessive agony.—We cannot proceed with the images of our poet. Alfieri was in the habit of paying too little regard to the punctilious delicacy of modern manners—the usual fault of authors who, like him, consider only the object to be attained. He is accustomed, in his comedies as well as his satires, to call things by their proper names, and cares little to avoid broad or even indecent ideas, whenever they are suitable to his purpose. At times he expressed himself coarsely from a high-minded indifference, and perhaps he thought it allowable in some degree to avail himself of the license of the ancient comic poets; particularly as these plays were neither intended for the stage, nor, on weightier grounds than common decency, ever likely to be permitted a representation. This, however, would not be a sufficient apology for us, were we rash enough to be more explanatory. To be brief,—the groom dreamed that he administered the proper remedies for the pangs of the sick Chesballeno, when, wonderful to say, there came forth (it was only a dream)

“Una ben lunga, e sottilina, e lucida  
Purpurea fascia aurata, un bel diadema  
Realissimo.”

“A long, bright, purple and gold ribbon—a beautiful and most royal diadem.” The distemper still continuing, the dose was repeated—the product being

“Un prezioso e sodo  
E ben tornito di purissim' oro  
Scettro, regio, apuntin qual nelle tante  
Sue immagini vediam nella man destra  
Tenersi il nostro magno Ciro.”

“A precious and well-wrought sceptre of the purest gold, precisely like that which we see wielded in the right hand of the numerous statues of our great Cyrus.” The interpreter is struck with astonishment, and heartily congratulates the man on having dreamt so like a statesman. There can be now no possibility of mistake; such a pair of dreams, so corroborative of each other, and dreamed exactly at the moment when the throne of Persia is vacant, must needs portend a high fortune to the house of Darius.

Of the seven satraps, upon whom depends the question of appointing a successor, or successors, to the murdered Smerdis, and likewise the form of the new government, our poet introduces only four in the play; for, as the question is to be carried simply by a majority, four voters are considered sufficient. In the second act, three of them, Orcanes, Megabyzus, and Darius himself, being more anxious than the rest for the public good, assemble in a council of state. The fourth, Gobria, though earnestly entreated by his companions, refuses to attend. These three personages are severally the advocates of the three diverse forms of simple government. Fear nothing, ye lovers of

political quiet, who, of all evils, are most fearful of innovation; fear nothing from this wide diversity of constitutional tenets; these legislators are not jacobins, they are not of a different mind. The three heroes having equally laboured in the delivery of their country, each one most reasonably designs to make himself the master of it;—such being the civic garland commonly in view, and often snatched from the people by their deliverers. Darius is rather a plain, ambitious man, and frankly proposes the government of the One; which he means, somehow or other, shall devolve upon himself. Both his friends desire and intend to appropriate the same dignity to themselves; but opine that more modest and philanthropic measures are preferable in their enlightened times. What cannot be compassed by a plausible exterior? Megabyzus assumes the patrician cloak, and Orcanes the plebeian cap. Their constitutional debate is conducted with great spirit. Let us hear them speak a little for themselves. Darius begins by strongly professing his disinterested intentions; but repeats, what he has often said before, that Persia, both from its extent and the length of its late dynasty,

“ Tale e tanto è di Persia il regno omai  
Ch'è un mero sogno il credere di dargli  
Altro governo, che d' Un solo, d' Uno  
E facitore, e esecutore, e interprete  
Di leggi, qual fu Ciro.”

“ Such and so large is now the kingdom of Persia, that it is a mere dream of fancy to suppose that we can give it any other government than that of the One; at once the giver, interpreter, and executor of the laws, as was our Cyrus.” Darius, however, pays Orcanes the masterpiece of courtesies by tendering his suffrage that he might become the One. Hearing the One mentioned, Orcanes takes fire with democratic wrath. “ What is it which you dare to propose ? ” he replies. “ Did you not hear me thunder forth yesterday, to the best of my lungs, my implacable hatred of absolute power ? ”

“ Omai sol può la Persia governarsi  
Con egua legge ed infrangibil, data  
Con popolari e collettizie forme  
Alla custodia de' Persiani tutti  
Ch'esser metano un popolo.”

“ Persia shall now be ruled only by equal and irrefragable laws, entrusted, with popular and collective forms, to the custody of all Persians, who now well deserve to become a free people.”—“ Stark nonsense ! ” exclaims Megabyzus : “ when all men rule, if they do it even by rotation, none will obey ; nor can there be any sovereigns, if there are not a far greater number of subjects. In short, he who is the champion of democracy flatters himself that he shall obtain all that he desires from anarchy.” And then, after many similar satrapian invectives, he concludes, as all genuine satraps ever did and will do, that the state is to be governed—

—“ Con quell' alta felice tempra,  
Che scaturir le leggi ed eseguirle  
Fa dal senno di Pochi e scelti.”

“ in that dignified and happy medium, which derives both the law and its execution from the wisdom of a chosen few.” Here he is interrupted by Orcanes with the stale question : “ Chosen ! and by whom ? ”

—"Why, by themselves," reply the friends, in concert: thus disentangling themselves at once from their electoral perplexities. Mogenbyzus adds, that the few whom they selected must of course be the seven Satraps. For from seven men, every one of whom was, in the highest degree, qualified to fill a throne by himself, saving that they were too modest to aspire to such distinction, must needs arise a government seven times as good as that of the One. Orcanes, however, is not satisfied with this summing up of aristocratic deserts. "Pshaw," he cries, "were dominion confined to seven, or even more persons, these exalted patricians, through mutual envy and hatred, would each vie with the other in contriving the downfall of his rivals, for which the state must pay the penalty; and so many factions and public calamities would come to pass, that the hapless people would look back to the reign of Cambyses as a positive blessing, when compared with that of your more worthy few. So that

"Ne scampi il Ciel da sì ricca misura,  
In cui tra tanti Re d'intenzione  
Uno mai non se n'ha per le bell'opre,  
E tutti il suon per nuocere."

"May Heaven defend us from such an abundance of kings; for, amongst so many as are intended, none is ever to be found for virtuous deeds, and the whole of them for mischief." The answer of Darius is, perhaps, the best excuse ever pleaded for despotism. Even the friends of liberty, who are acquainted with the world, cannot help feeling to their hearts its melancholy truth. In this comedy, though expressly levelled against monarchy, there are to be found many occasional attacks upon the government of the people. But Alfieri shows no farther lenity towards absolute power than will suffice to demonstrate the fatal necessity of re-establishing such a bulwark against the vices of mankind whenever the torrent of disordered times have swept it away; and the only objection which he advances to the substitution of a popular government is in the disqualifications contracted from a long servitude. Both of which arguments are of a republican cast. By pleading for absolute monarchy only the vices of the subject, our poet scandalizes it by the defence itself; by opposing to a new democracy nothing but the corruption of the intended people-king, he praises it by the very objection. Darius answers, that whatever Orcanes upbraids the chosen few with,

———"Calza ed assai meglio  
Ai sozzi Re di bettola, che darci,  
O fingere di darci tu vorresti;  
Da cui poi tanto e tanto n' esce l'Uno  
Ma n' esce sporco al quanto più che il mio.  
Uditemi, credetemi; che omai  
L'esperienza e il genio tutelare  
Di Persia nostra un solo Re ci han dato  
Per mal minore: facciansi le fole  
Di un ben; che i rei e' infingono, e che i buoni  
Si sognano—Fra gli uomini il gran numero  
Sono i tristi; più tristo indi il governo  
Quanti o'è n' entra più—Bastone e borsa;  
Borsa e bastione; e a tuo piacer poi gira  
E volta e scrivi, e chiacchiera, e connetti  
E sconnetti; baston, borsa, bastone,  
Questo è il codice eterno—"

Sticks are good enough, and far too good for the drunken alehouse kings, with whom you wish, or pretend you wish, to bless the state, and from whom, at last, whether you will or not, starts up the One—peradventure, something dirtier than the One I propose. Hear me, believe me, experience hitherto and the tutelary genius of Persia have taught us that a single king is the least of unavoidable evils. Do not be deceived by the hopes of a blessing which is the dream of honest men and the nostrum of knaves. Mankind are, for the most part, rogues, and the more who have a share in the government, the worse it will be.—You must employ the whip and the purse, and then do what you please at your leisure.” Darius continues his entreaties that Oranes will receive the whip and the purse from his friends rather than from the rabble, who, if they were suffered to bestow them, would arrogate to themselves the right of resuming them. Oranes still declines—the offer is too great to be believed. Megabyzus, however, grows jealous, and declares that if he ever *should* agree to the proposal of the One, that One should not be Oranes. “Right!” exclaims the other; “I am not base enough to accept of it.” The debate becomes warm, when Darius, who conducts his ambition with better temper, proposes that the question shall be referred altogether to Sobria, a philosophic Satrap, if ever a Satrap deserved the epithet. His two friends, rather than afford an opportunity for some brisker candidate to step between them and the prize whilst they are debating upon it, (for a vacant throne admits of no delay) agree to the proposal, and depart. The wisdom and patience of Darius are now put to a harder test than they underwent even in the discussion of the new government. His groom, all in tears, brings him the intelligence that his beloved Chesballeno, the noble yellow steed, is in imminent danger of dying of the cholic. Darius is quite beside himself at the danger of his brave animal, and hurries off from the state council to the stable consultation, followed by the groom, whose wondrous dream is now beginning to be fulfilled. † † †

## MADRIGAL TO APOLLO.

FROM GILBERT.

*Durant mes jeunes ans mes ardeurs insensées, &c.*

In early youth, by passion led astray,  
 Venus and Mars alone possess'd my lay,  
 Now wiser grown, dispell'd each idler dream,  
 I make the God of Verse my only theme.  
 His ripening powers the fairest forms disclose,  
 The bashful virgin and the blushing rose;  
 The happiest bard, that pours the living song,  
 Is but a well-tuned lyre by Phœbus strung.

M.

## LONDON AND THE COUNTRY.

"O, bear me to the paths of fair Pall Mall!  
Clean are its pavements, grateful is its smell."—GAY.

"The happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it."—JOHNSON.

WHAT affectation and ignorance do they not display who affect to despise London! for it is only affectation that can lead any to assert the superiority of the country. London is too mighty an object to be sincerely contemned, and the abuse lavished upon it is therefore nothing more than mere cant. The country is very well in its way; and they who prefer to do so, may "babble about green fields" as much as they list. Let them keep their cattle and dank pastures to themselves; let them exclusively move in the obscurity, uniformity, and insipidity of their rotatory existences; let them resign the exhibitions, pleasures, and decorations that give to life a more exalted character; let them prefer an isolated to a social state of being;—but let them not affect to despise that for which they have no relish. "Is not this fine?" said Johnson to Boswell, in Greenwich Park. "Yes," replied the parasite, knowing what reply was expected,— "yes; but not equal to Fleet Street."—"You are right, Sir," said Johnson; and he was right. In London all that can contribute to comfort and elegance, all that can embellish life and heighten the pleasure of existence, is to be found in greater perfection than in the country. He who has known London a little time, and then leaves it to reside in the country, feels that he makes a great sacrifice. Filthy streets and a murky atmosphere, long rows of dingy houses, and clamorous cries heard there upon every side, are to be classed among those drawbacks which occur in every state and situation in life. But the intellectual advantages of London are incomparable; it affords a union of a higher order of mind than can be found elsewhere. The middling shopkeeper of London is far superior to the fox-hunting country squire in intelligence, though the squire is considered in society a grade above the shopkeeper in rank. Go into the little country town or village and mark the narrowness of feeling, the scandal, and backbiting that exists there. Were it not for the gentry that reside part of the year in London, and carry back and diffuse around their country residences some little of the manners and polish of London, added to the newspapers from thence (for country newspapers have neither novelty, life, nor independence, with a few exceptions, and are mere copyists,) that excite and keep up a spirit of inquiry, besides giving information, the inhabitants of the country would be all downright bores to the Londoners. From London has flowed in a continued stream over the kingdom, all its refinement and information; it is from thence that the farthest corners of the land have been fertilized at later or remoter periods; and by London is the current still kept up.

There is a fashion lately come in of praising the country at the expense of London, and comparing meadows, hedgerows, corn-fields, and blue skies, with brick walls, a foggy atmosphere, and sooty streets; as if London had nothing more to display in the arena of dispute on this subject. The advocates of the country bring all their strength into the field—and what is that all but a few things pleasing to the eye?—while London has a vast reserve to bring forward, and in modern warfare the



reserve is the hope of the battle. Art, science, literature, fashion—all the stores of intellect—all that is truly noble and great, concentrate in London. It is a vast storehouse for the mind, perpetually increasing its contents, and delivering them to the multitude. In the country the mind degenerates; its knowledge of what is moving on the great stage of life gets more and more confined, and it rapidly diminishes its stock of ideas: while in London the entire of human life, in all its shifting variety of forms and inexhaustible combinations, is united in one focus.

“How great the mystery! let others sing  
The circling year, and promise of the spring,  
The summer's glory, and the rich repose  
Of autumn, and the winter's silvery snows.  
Man through the changing scene let me pursue—  
Himself how wondrous in his changes too;  
Not man the sul'en savage in his den,  
But ungn called forth in fellowship, with men.”

What is a country life but a mere repetition of the same things—a very round-about—the “*labitur et labitur in omni volubilis ævum*.” If man be placed upon the earth to perform high duties, he cannot fulfil them by gazing upon luxuriant foliage, or bending over the reflection of his own image in a trout-stream. He must live in a congregation of his species, watch their pursuits, mingle in their amusements, listen to their complaints, and even indulge in their vanities.

The advocates for a country life contend strongly for the superior moral excellence of country people. This, however, is not a tenable position; there is a greater aggregate of virtue in London than in an equal population in the country. Besides, country people are more shy in their vices, and are apt to conceal those which a Londoner would commit at least without such hypocrisy. In the country, men are often virtuous from feeling no temptation to be otherwise; while in London, the man of virtue, surrounded by snares, yet invulnerable to temptation, exhibits the moral character in much higher perfection. The morality of the countryman often arises out of blind custom, or the fear of detection in evil; while that of the Londoner must originate more in principle. It is true that among great associations of men the greatest extremes will always be found; but there is a sort of liberality even in the vices of London, which those of the country do not exhibit:—the profligacy of the country is also coarser than that of the town, and it is equally abandoned.

As to the simplicity, rural love, unsophisticated manners, and primitive innocence of country life, if they exist beyond the gilded halo that encircles the poet's dream, or beyond the visionary field of romance, they are not to be found among Norfolk ploughmen or Yorkshire farmers. Let the careful observer attend the quarter-sessions and the assizes in the country; let him put on a waggoner's frock, and, mingling at a wake, witness the loathsome vulgarity of a rustic debauch; let him inquire of the parish officers the number of illegitimate children it is their lot to dispose of in a year, and his idea of the optimism in morality of the inhabitants of the country will dwindle into nothing. It is really painful to dissipate one's early notions of rural perfection—of the virtues of shepherds and shepherdesses, and the innocent loves

of cooing Corydons. But the race of these fancied creatures is extinct, and we only recall the remembrance of an absurdity when we dwell upon them; for they have none of the redeeming beauty of the pastoral images of Greece to preserve them from oblivion. Our country wenches and stiff-jointed ploughboys never remind us of Fauns and Silvani and Nymphs or Naiads. In short, we must dismiss from our minds the whole machinery of the poets in making our comparisons, and place ourselves among the stern realities of life. There is much more of the imaginary character of a nymph in a pretty London shop-girl, or a neat-footed little milliner, than can be found in half-a-dozen country villages among the assembled Blonzelindas. Churchill has drawn a picture of a modern Naiad:

“ Beneath an aged oak Laidella lies—  
Green moss her couch, her canopy the skies.  
From aromatic shrubs the roguish gale  
Steals young perfumes, and wafts them through the vale.  
The youth turn’d swain, and skill’d in rustic lays,  
Fast by her side his amorous descant plays.  
Herds low, flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens scream,  
And the full chorus dies adown the stream.”

The London chambermaid, or the smirking waiting-woman of my lady, are far before the rustic in neatness of dress, elegance of appearance, and intelligence. What is there captivating in the drabs of a farmer’s kitchen, or the Pastoras of his turnip-field? A cottage and cottage love may sound well in a tale, and may be very pretty things to hang poetical associations upon; but I hate hogsties, and smoky peat fires are, to my seeming, a bad substitute for Wallsend and Russel’s Main, blazing through the polish of a London grate.

Then, as to rural sports, what an animal is a foxhunter; yelling, like an Indian savage, after an unfortunate animal, that he pursues over hedge and ditch, for twelve successive hours, with a regiment of yelping curs; and finishing his day’s diversion with a drunken debauch! That statue-like being the angler, also, who stands a whole day among wet flags to be repaid with a “glorious nibble,” the very image of unproductive population, of stagnant bodily and intellectual powers! A walk in Hyde Park, a Thames water-party, a visit to Vauxhall, or to the theatre, are superior pleasures, giving and communicating social delight. The good health enjoyed by that portion of the city’s population which is not confined to labours directly prejudicial to being, shews that the violence of country exercise is not essential to good health. Men live to as great an age in London as in the remotest villages of the country. I would not be thought to disparage the beauties of nature; on the contrary, I think they are very delightful in their way; but

——“ the loveliest prospects may be seen  
Till half their beauties fade.”

We cannot look at a green field for ever, and I always feel in a state of widowhood when I am long among them. I am isolated, and become melancholy and dull; nor do I recover until I find myself again on

“ The sweet shady side of Pall Mall;”

or watching “ the full tide of human existence ” rolling its triple current

at Charing Cross. If we must see trees, we have them in the parks, and our rooms are filled with exotic plants, to which both "Perse and Ind" have contributed their share. London, excellent as it is, cannot give every thing, we cannot have town and country too; but we have almanacks to inform us how the year passes on, and, if we do not choose to consult these,

" Successive cries the season's change prepare,  
And mark the monthly progress of the year:—  
Hark! how the streets with treble voices ring,  
To sell the bounteous product of the spring."

In the country, it is true, a man may be intellectually busy. Having first stored his mind in London, he may go into the country and rest quiet till he has digested like a gorged serpent, what he has swallowed; but cannot he do this as well in London? The seclusion of a chamber in the Temple, or a back room up two pair of stairs in a peaceable street, has the advantage of a vicinity to life and bustle, and to the lively scenes of fashion, without going fifty miles to relax among them. There are hermits in London, who, for twenty years together, have scarcely looked out of their front doors, and have had little reason to complain of interruption.

The charities of life are no where exhibited to such perfection as in London; there they go hand in hand with the refinements of luxury. There is more good done in London in the space of a year, and done, too, from praiseworthy motives, than in all the rest of the kingdom besides in double that space of time. While the country housewife is doling out "farthings to the poor," the town lady is giving away pounds, and that, too, where the value of money is most sensibly experienced. Close living and hoarding are the bane of benevolence: the prodigal is always charitable, the miser cruel: generosity is most ripe where all is on the largest scale, and the mind accustomed to contemplate things of magnitude scorns to be little only in its measures of beneficence. Thus great good is done in London with far less effort than accompanies the microcosmic charities of the country.

To the disciple of literature, London is the great focus of enjoyment. The student may, as before observed, go into the country to digest what he has taken of intellectual food, but he can enjoy the feast no where but there. Men and books in all possible variety may be there contemplated, and that knowledge acquired, which alone leads to literary excellence. The greatest men the schools have sent forth were unknown to the public until they had unlearned much of what they had learned in them, discarded the stiffness of pedantic rules, and caught, almost by intuition, that knowledge which London and its society affords, re-modelling also their opinions before they could attain celebrity. Many who were only thought dunces at Oxford or Cambridge, or were scarcely noted for parts there, have been drawn forth by the inspiring effect of London, and attained immortal eminence. Thus London has matriculated all in her more liberal circle, and without her genial power many a man, now great, would have remained "unknowing and unknown." Her institutions, libraries, lectures, museums, her booksellers' shops and rendezvous of talented men, are advantages which the country cannot afford, and must ever confer upon

her, the pre-eminence in the eyes of literary men. In the country, except among the better class of persons, the ignorance of the people respecting all that they do not see, and even some part of what they do, is surprising. In London, every class is comparatively wise. Burke said, that one of the best speakers and plain sensible men he had ever heard was a journeyman carpenter, at a debating society which he had himself attended in London.

A man is more independent in London than he can ever be in the country. He may utter his opinions in the public coffee-room without fearing the revenge of the parson, the attorney, or the exciseman—those tyrants of the village,—in case he presume to oppose their *dicta* in matters of religion or politics. In London, people mind their own affairs, and are liberal and tolerant towards such as differ from them in opinion—the sure sign of superior mental cultivation. Scandal is not propagated there, as it is in the country, for the actions and conduct of next-door-neighbours raise little curiosity. London is adapted to all pursuits, and every man finds his own followed up to a pitch of excellence of which he had little idea till he witnessed it. The politician may there study politics, and observe the *vox populi* of the most discriminating multitude in the world; the merchant find himself in the first of commercial cities; the lover of the drama in the best field for dramatic excellence: the man of pleasure in the best scene of enjoyment; the philosopher on the spot where every subject for observation is congregated, upon which he may meditate undisturbed; and the philanthropist at the place of all others where there is the widest field for the exercise of his benevolence. Can all these things be said of the country? Shades of Johnson and of De Staël! names not easily forgotten, how wisely ye preferred the advantages of city life! The “literary colossus” has left testimonies to his conviction of the superiority of London not easily overturned. Hail to thee, mighty city of Cockaigne! they who impudently jeer thee, whether the insidious fry of northern libellers, or the ill-judging race who assert the superiority over thee of sprung hedge-rows, green-mantled pools, mud cottages made for poverty and love, cawing rookeries, village Cinderellas, flail-swinging Corydons, unsophisticate Delias, pickle-making aunts,

“Demurest of the tabby kind,”

foxhunting ‘squires, rural parsons “much bemused in beer,” and the whole race of thy traducers—may they, one and all, be condemned to slumber for ever in the rust of dulness, and die fattened in the sties which they have erected for themselves in the “bliss” of their own “ignorance!” Whilst thy empire, dark-brown Augusta, shall extend on every hand, and over thousands of additional population. Highgate and Hampstead, Greenwich and Deptford, shall ere long be domiciliated with thee; and even Richmond Hill be within thy circuit, on which thou mayst erect thy capitol, so that the city of the seven hills can no more be said to have outshone thee in extent than in freshness of glory!

V.

## THE DINNER.

THUS to his mate Sir Richard spoke<sup>21</sup>  
 "The House is up; from London smoke  
 All fly, the Park grows thinner;  
 The friends, who fed us, will condemn  
 Our backward board, we must feed them:  
 My dear, let's give a dinner."

"Agreed," his lady cries, "and first  
 Put down Sir George and Lady Hurst."  
 "Done! now I name—the Gatties!"  
 "My dear, they're rather stupid."—"Stuff!  
 We dine with them, and that's enough:  
 Besides I like their paties."

"Who next?"—"Sir James and Lady Dunn."  
 "Oh no!"—"Why not?"—"They'll burn their son,  
 That regular tormentor,  
 A couple, with one child, are sure  
 To bring three fools outside their door,  
 Where'er abroad they venture."

"Who next?"—"John Yates."—"What! M.P. Yates,  
 Who o'er the bottle, stale debates  
 Drags forth ten times a minute?"  
 "He's like the rest. whoever fails,  
 Out of St. Stephen's school tells tales  
 He'd quake to utter in it"

"Well, have him if you will!"—"The Grants"  
 "My dear, remember, at your aunt's  
 I view'd them with abhorrence"  
 "Why so?"—"Why, since they've come from Lisle,  
 (Which they call *Lect*) they bore our isle  
 With Brussels, Tours, and Florence"

"Where could you meet them?"—"At the Nore."  
 "Who next?"—"The Lanes." "We want two more,—  
 Lieutenant General Dizzy."  
 "He's deaf" "But then he'll bring Tom White."  
 "True! ask them both: the boy's a bite,  
 We'll place him next to Lizzy."

'Tis seven—the Hursts, the Dunns, Jack Yates,  
 The Grants assemble: dinner waits:  
 In march the Lanes, the Gatties,  
 Objections, taunts, rebukes are fled,  
 Hate, scorn, and ridicule lie dead  
 As so many Donatties.

Yates carves the turkey, Lane the lamb,  
 Sir George the fowls, Sir James the ham,  
 "Dunn with the beef is busy,"  
 His helpmate pats her darling boy,  
 And, to complete a mother's joy,  
 Tom White sits next to Lizzy.

All trot their hobbies round the room ;  
 They talk of routs, retrenchments, Hume,  
 The bard who won't lie fallow,  
 The Turks, the statue in the Park,  
 Which both the Grants, at once, remark  
 Jump'd down from Mount Cavallo.

They talk of dances, operas, dress,  
 They nod, they smile, they acquiesce,  
 None pout ; all seem delighted :  
 Heavens ! can this be the self-same set,  
 So courteously received, when met ;  
 So taunted, when invited ?

So have I seen, at Drury-Lane,  
 A play rehearsed : the Thespian train  
 In arms ; the bard astounded ;  
 Scenes cut, parts shifted ; songs displaced ;  
 Jokes mangled ; characters effaced,  
 " Confusion worse confounded."

But, on the night, with scuffling hearts,  
 The warring tribe their several parts  
 Enact with due decorum.  
 Such is the gulph that intervenes  
 'Twixt those who get behind the scenes,  
 And those who sit before 'em !

TO ZEPHYR.

FROM DON ESTIVAN MANUEL DE VILLAGAS.

SWEET inmate of the verdant wood,  
 Of flowery April aye the friend,  
 Thou who with Love canst fire the blood,  
 Zephyr ! attend.

Oh ! didst thou know my heart's dismay  
 When floated on thy breast my sigh !  
 Listen ! and to my false nymph say—  
 Say, that I die.

To Phillis once my grief was dear,  
 My sorrows once would Phillis mourn ;  
 She loved me once, but now I fear—  
 I fear her scorn.

So may the gods propitious prove,  
 The Heavens with kindly ardour glow,  
 And free the earth, where'er you rove,  
 From chilling snow !

Ne'er may thy airy flight be bound  
 By those dark clouds that morning brings,  
 Ne'er may the hail-storm rudely wound  
 Thy balmy wings !

A Z.

## JOURNAL OF A TOURIST.—NO. IV.

———O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi  
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!

LET every man, even if his imagination be "duller than the fat weed that rots itself at ease on Lethe's bank," rest contented with its creations, and not attempt to compare them with the realities which they anticipated; for he may be well assured that in the great majority of instances he will be bitterly disappointed. The tamest embodying of fancy generally surpasses the most brilliant matter-of-fact; and to have all one's rich but indefinite ideas dissipated by the rude assault of ocular demonstration, is like being awakened out of a delicious dream by the dustman's bell. He is a wise man who saves all the expense of travelling; performs the grand tour in his easy chair; sets his mind in motion instead of his limbs; and conjures before him, by an instantaneous process of his mind, all those celebrated towns, ruins, and landscapes, which tourists expend so much time and trouble in exploring, and, after all, never behold in half so magnificent or picturesque a point of view, as the fire-side visionary, whose eyes have never wandered from the poker or the rug. According to the old adage of "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*," the less a man knows, the more magnificent are his ideas; and let him repose upon this imaginary grandeur, for there is poetical authority for declaring, that where "ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."....The reader may well think me timid, but I really feel seriously alarmed at the daily increase of my information, for every step forward seems to be the demolition of some delightful conception; and every new sight seen by the bodily eye, destroys in a moment some beautiful vision on which the mind's eye had feasted for years. Such has been the effect of my visit to-day to the Hermitage of Jean Jacques Rousseau, in the woods of Montmorency. O what picturesque, what romantic associations did I connect with this spot! A hermitage in the midst of woods is abstractedly scenic and *piquant* to the fancy; but when I recollected the glowing and pastoral beauties with which this morbid enthusiast had invested it in his Confessions—when I called to mind that he had here composed some of his most touching effusions, and had attributed their fervour to the inspiration of these syrian and sequestered haunts, my imagination was disposed to run riot in the luxuriance of its rural shadowings. I had determined, however, that the Hermitage itself was a kind of Swiss cottage, somewhat like those in the gardens of the little Trianon, the trellis-work of whose latticed windows was nearly hidden by clusters of roses, jessamin, and honeysuckle; while acacias, mountain ash, laburnum, and other flowering trees gracefully threw their varicoloured foliage over the roof, contrasting finely with the gigantic boughs and impenetrable shade of the forest in which the whole was embowered. Alas! this inauspicious day was but a tissue of disappointments. After toiling up the hill of Montmorency, I looked around me, and if its valley be in reality, what it is generally stated to be,—one of the most picturesque and romantic spots in France, I can only say, so much the worse for France. I agree with the Parisian, who pronounced that the view from Richmond Hill would be no great matter, if you took away the wood and water, for here they

are both wanting, and the prospect is precisely as he states—no great matter.—The town itself is small and shabby, and would be little known but from its vicinity to the Hermitage, and the influx of pilgrims to visit it, for whose accommodation a large and well-appointed establishment of donkies is in perpetual readiness. Not choosing to avail ourselves of this conveyance, we walked along a winding road, which led to the point of attraction, and here we did encounter the prettiest and most pastoral scene imaginable. A sudden dip of the path left some high and broken ground on our left, thickly planted with the finest walnut-trees we had yet seen. The sound of music induced us to climb this ascent, and upon the summit, under the shade of outspreading boughs, was a group of peasant girls dancing quadrilles, all attired alike in their Sunday costume, (for it was the Sabbath-day,) consisting of crimson cotton gowns, black aprons, and elegantly-worked caps; while the band had converted a grassy bank into an orchestra, and the parents, seated on benches, or reclining upon the ground, encircled the whole assemblage. Nothing could be more melodramatic than the dresses, scenery, dancing, and *tout-ensemble* of this picturesque little company; and yet nothing could be more unaffected, simple, and modest, than the air of the performers. It seemed a spontaneous effusion of tranquil enjoyment, and was rendered doubly attractive to us, whatever it might be to the parties concerned, by the absence of men, who in this country are in woeful discordance with all pastoral associations. Unwillingly quitting this primitive scene, we bent our steps to the Hermitage, which we found to be a common-place, square, vulgar house, in the court-yard of which stood a carriage, no very hermit-like appendage. Passing through some shabby rooms, we were ushered into the far-famed garden, a small, formal, square enclosure, surrounded by walls, in one corner of which was a poor bust of Jean Jacques, with some lines by his quondam patroness; in another was a bust of Gretry, the musician, who tenanted the house after Rousseau; and at the extremity was a miserable miniature attempt at rusticity, consisting of a cork-screw walk, a gutter with a large stone or two, meant to imitate a cascade and rock, and that indispensable article in all French gardening, a little basin with a *jet d'eau*. “O what a falling off was here!”—Disappointed and dejected I left this paltry cabbage-garden, resolved to plunge, for consolation, into the woods of Montmorency; but these have long since gone to warm *ragouts* and *fricandeaus* for the epicures of Paris, and nothing now exists but some mathematical rows of poplars, and straggling plantations of young trees and underwood. Yet this dry chalky valley, glaring with white houses, this forest of twigs and young poplars, this cockney hermitage, worthy of Mile End or Homerton, the Parisians consider as the *beau idéal* of all that is wild, sylvan, and romantic; proudly adducing them as irrefragable proofs of the superiority of their own environs, whenever a Londoner ventures to say a word in behalf of Richmond Hill.

Almost every eminence in the vicinity of Paris capable of affording a view, has been seized by some monarch or mistress for the construction of a chateau; and if Voltaire and other leading writers of the French have fixed their Augustan æra of literature in the reign of Louis Quatorze, and decried all deviation from this standard of per-



fection as barbarous, it is not to be expected that succeeding builders of palaces should depart from the established system of gardening practised by Le Notre under that *grand monarque*, and so happily illustrated in the quincunxes, stars, terraces, parterres, clipped allies, and verdant sculpture of Versailles. The ostentatious, formal and artificial style of that age has not only extended itself by means of the Academy to the literature of France, but has stamped itself upon the taste of the country, and left a legible impress upon the national character. Magnificence and extent in some degree redeemed the original;—its successors have only meanness and poverty superadded to the reproach of servile imitation, and this is the character of nearly all the gardens and grounds in the immediate vicinity of the capital. Circumstances have conspired to perpetuate the parsimony of nature. The practice of cutting down all the trees of a certain age for fuel is utterly destructive of any thing like scenery. The hoary monarchs of the forest which impart a character of grandeur to the glades they overshadow, and awaken correspondent emotions in the spectator by carrying his thoughts into the past and the future, are strangers to these purlieus; but there is no lack of slim, sickly shoots,—plantations of underwood, and forests of sticks disposed in rows, with rectilinear avenues. With the exception of the trees that line the roads, and those forming the Boulevards, I have not yet seen one of any apparent age; nor even among these have I encountered a single noble or majestic specimen.

There is nothing fantastical in supposing some general analogy to exist between the features of a country and the character of its inhabitants. Unconversant with the physical beauties of nature, the French know not how to appreciate her moral charms; and as they supply her niggardliness in the one instance by a *jet d'eau* and an evergreen maze, so they substitute for the other, rigid declamation, pedantic rules, and elaborate art. Who can wonder at La Harpe's declaration, that pastoral poetry is more in discredit among them than any other species of composition? or at the Abbé de Lalle's regretting that the "false delicacy and unfortunate prejudices" of his countrymen should have proscribed the style suited to such writings? Who can be amazed that they are not only blind to that fervent, impassioned, and enthusiastic drama which draws its inspiration from the deep fountains of Nature, but that from the time of Voltaire they have ever flouted it with derision and contempt? Is it not consistent that they should exalt the classical, meaning by that term the productions of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, over the romantic, as exemplified in the works of such bunglers as Shakspeare? Can we wonder, in fine, that they should utterly fail in gardening, and in all those works of art the perfection of which requires an intense feeling of nature, or taste for simplicity; while they are the inventors of cocked-hats, hoops, and hair-powder; unrivalled in *byouterie*, and all the littlenesses of art; peerless in dancing, as far as perfection consists in deviating from all natural attitudes, and paramount in cookery, which necessarily implies a similar departure from every thing primitive and simple.

The demolition of the wood of Boulogne is eagerly ascribed to the English, who were quartered in it at the second occupation of Paris;

but the assertion is only true to a very limited extent. It has been cut down half a dozen times, and its principal destruction was effected by the French themselves, for the purpose of forming palisades at the period alluded to. Have they not, moreover, in the very heart of this classical metropolis fountains of the Elephant, of the Naiad, of Bacchus, and of the Devil; Barriers of Battle, Mount Parnassus, and Hell; a Hospital of Scipio, a Pantheon, Odeon, Gymnasium, Olympic Circus, a Cosmographic Saloon, besides Turkish Gardens, gardens of the Delta, and Tivoli? Not only have they triumphal Arches and Columns, but a single Coffee-House of a thousand Columns, which is at the same time a low shabby room with a fine lady in the bar, and a few pillars against the walls. May not the traveller who pays attention to their gaudy signs, encounter in the single street of St. Honoré, the Guardian Angel, the Symbol of Peace, the Palm of Victory, the Triumph of Trajan, the Blush of Amora, and the Pharos of Leander?—Even the Christian names of the rabble are pagan and poetical. The writer being in want of a maid-servant received applications from a Zoe, a Rosalie, an Adrienne, two Augustines, one Anastasie, and one Adèle; the latter of whom, by way of summing up her qualifications, declared that she was of a disposition altogether sweet and amiable; knew how to touch the piano a little, and could sing songs for the amusement of children. The French of all ranks, and under all circumstances, are just as fond of grandiloquence and altisonant phrases as they were in the time of Sterne. Boileau's maxim that "one would rather tolerate, generally speaking, a low or common thought, expressed in noble words, than a noble thought expressed in mean language," has not been lost upon them; for it was exactly adapted to the pride of a people who could more easily obtain the command of a thousand sounding words than of a single fine idea.

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THE KISS.

IMITATED FROM D'ALIBRETT.

*Baise, baise moy tout à l'heure.*

FROM Phillis I received a kiss,  
And quite transported with the bliss,  
"Kiss me, oh kiss me!" still I cried;  
When thus the laughing fair replied:  
"What! is your memory so bad,  
That you forget the kiss you've had—  
The very moment it was taken,  
Ere the warm blush my cheek's forsaken?"  
"No," I rejoined, "you reason wrong;  
If for another kiss I long,  
'Tis that my memory so steady,  
Still dwells on that I've had already."

M.

SATIRISTS OF WOMEN.—CHANCES OF FEMALE HAPPINESS.

"But what so pure which envious tongues will spare?  
Some wicked wits have libelled all the fair."

POPE.

"On me when dunces are satiric,  
I take it for a panegyric."

SWIFT.

• ANACREON, being asked why he addressed all his hymns to women and none to the gods, answered,—“Because women are my deities;” and the ladies were, no doubt, mightily indebted to him and similar voluptuaries who set them up in their houses, as certain barbarous nations did their Larcs and Lemures, for playthings and ornaments, to be deified when their owners were in good luck and good humour, and vilipended and trodden under foot in every access of passion or reverse of fortune. Little flattering as is such praise, it is still observable that the ancient writers seldom abused the sex “in good set terms,” or carried their vituperation beyond the excusable limits of railery and a joke. Socrates vented only witticisms against Xantippe: Xenarchus, the comic poet, in noticing that none but the male grasshoppers sing, exclaims, “How happy are they in having dumb wives!” and Eubulus, another old Grecian jester, after mentioning the atrocities of Medea, Clytemnestra, and Phædra, says it is but fair that he should proceed to enumerate the virtuous heroines, when he suddenly stops short, wickedly pretending that he cannot recollect a single one. Among the Romans we know that Juvenal dedicated his sixth Satire to the abuse of the fair sex, but his worst charge only accuses them of being as bad as the men; and if we are to infer that the licentiousness of his own life was at all equal to the grossness of his language, we may safely presume that his female acquaintance were not among the most favourable specimens of the race. The unnatural state of Monachism has been the bitter fountain whence has flowed most of the still more unnatural abuse of women; the dark ages have supplied all the great luminaries of Misogyny, who have ransacked their imaginations to supply reasons for perverted religion, and excuses for violated humanity. Valerius’s letters to Rufinus, the golden book of Theophrastus, and Saint Jerome’s Exhortations to Celibacy, have furnished all authors, from the Romance of the Rose downwards, with materials for this unmanly warfare,—so narrow is the basis on which are grounded all the sorry jests, shallow arguments, and pitiful scandals of ribalds and lampooners; and so easy is it to obtain a reputation for that species of wit, which, as Johnson says of scriptural parody, “a good man detests for its immorality, and a clever one despises for its facility.”

Chaucer’s Wife of Bath, Merchant’s Tale, &c. all borrowed from the above-mentioned sources, were little more than good-humoured though gross caricatures; Boileau, whose tenth Satire is a more bitter denunciation, should have recollected, that he was naturally as well as professionally compelled to celibacy, and might have consulted his friend Fontenelle upon the Fable of the Fox and the Grapes: it was perhaps, to be expected that the melancholy Dr. Young, who undervalued hu-

man nature and happiness, should have levelled his shafts against the masterpiece of one and the dispenser of the other—Woman!—but what shall we say to the contemporary satirists, Pope and Swift, each of whom, after trifling with and inveigling the affections of two accomplished ladies, who sacrificed every thing to the promotion of their happiness, slunk back from marriage, or, if married, were not only mean and cowardly enough to conceal it, but ungrateful enough to publish heartless libels against the whole sex? Let this be always recollected when any one ventures the hacknied quotations from Pope,—“Every woman is at heart a rake”—“Most women have no characters at all”—“The love of pleasure and the love of sway:” with other citations equally just and novel. As to Swift, he can luckily be seldom quoted in decent company; yet even he could confess that the grossness and degeneracy of conversation observable in his time were mainly attributable to the exclusion of women from society. Conscious that this self-spotting calumny is somewhat like spitting against the wind, later writers have generally had the good sense to avoid putting themselves in the way of its recoil; and if a living author delight to vent his spleen against the sex in general, and his wife in particular, he may plead in his defence that which I believe might be adduced by all similar libellers—

“Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,  
They never pardon who commit the wrong.”

Nor be it forgotten that such men may be only exemplifying the fable of the Painter and the Lion, for it is easier to traduce fifty women than practise one virtue.

‘Women want the ways  
To praise their deeds, but men want deeds to praise.’

I do not merely admire women as the most beautiful objects of creation, or love them as the sole sources of happiness, but I reverence them as the redeeming glories of humanity, the sanctuaries of the virtues, the pledges and antepast of those perfect qualities of the head and heart, combined with attractive external charms, which, by their union, almost exalt them into the angelic character. Taxation and luxury, and struggles for existence, have made us such a cold, selfish, plodding nation, that we should be base indeed, were it not for the disinterestedness and enthusiasm of our females, whose romance even is necessary to qualify the painful reality of our existence. And yet, from the first moment when I began to reflect, I have always thanked God that I was not born a woman, deeming them the bestowers rather than enjoyers of happiness—the flower-crowned victims offered up to the human lord of the Creation.

Passing over the early period of her life, which, however, is one of perpetual restraint and unvaried subjection to the most self-denying forms and observances, we will suppose a female to have attained a fitting age for that great and paramount end of her being—marriage. Men have a thousand objects in life—the professions, glory, ambition, the arts, authorship, advancement, and money-getting, in all their ramifications, each sufficient to absorb their minds and supply substitutes

in case of primary failure; but if a woman succeed not in the one sole hope of her hazardous career, she is utterly lost to all the purposes of exertion or happiness, the past has been all thrown away, and the future presents nothing but cheerless desolation. Love is only a luxury to men, but it may be termed a necessary to women, both by the constitution of society and the decrees of nature, for she has endowed them with superior susceptibility and overflowing affections, which, if they be not provided with a vent, perpetually corrode and gnaw the heart. And what are her feelings and chances in this fearful lottery? A constant sense of degradation, in being compelled to make her whole life a game, a manœuvre, a speculation; while she is haunted with the fear and shame of ultimate failure. And how alarmingly must the number of these involuntary nuns increase with the yearly augmenting distress of taxed, and luxurious, and expensive England, where the moral restraint of Malthus, while it inflicts no privations upon the man, condemns the female to an utter blighting of the soul, aggravated, perhaps, by dependency or want. Blistered by the tongue that can ridicule, and paralysed the hand that can libel those victims of an artificial and unnatural system who have been unfeelingly taunted as Old Maids. Well could I excuse them, if, in the bitterness of sickened hope and the idleness of unjoyous solitude, they were even prone to exercise a vigilant censorship over the peccadilloes of their more fortunate rivals; but I repel the charge, and can safely affirm that some of the most amiable, kind-hearted, liberal women I have ever known were in this calumniated class.

One chance of "single blessedness" is still reserved for these Celibates. Their affections, unclaimed upon earth, sometimes seek a recipient in the skies;—responding to the manifestations of divine love which they see on every side of them, they draw down religious lightning direct from Heaven, while men seek conductors, which only guide it towards the earth. The devotion of the former, as it is founded upon feeling, may be uninquiring and have a tendency to enthusiasm, but it will be cheerful and happy, because emanating from the heart; the latter approach this subject with their heads—a process which not unfrequently makes them sceptics, or bigots, or hypocrites.

But let us suppose the happier case of a young woman, who, from her beauty or fortune, is sure to receive offers—that is to say, who will attract fools or sharpers, and be taken as a necessary appendage of her face or her purse. Even here, how little selection is allowed to her:—she may reject one, perhaps two, but if the third be merely free from positive objections, prudence urges his acceptance, relations second prudence, and she marries a man because he affords her no good excuse for hating him. The Circassians of Europe have little more choice than their namesakes of Asia. "The happy pair" begin by committing a great mistake—they withdraw themselves from the world to spend the honeymoon together; familiarity produces its usual effects, they see too much of one another at first, and the results are exhaustion and *ennui*. She who marries an Idler, who will hang upon her society till he is wearied; and then seek recreation elsewhere, has not so many chances of happiness, as the woman whose husband is compelled to tear himself from her company for his duties, and gladly returns to it for his enjoyments.

A man's love generally diminishes after marriage, while a woman's increases; both of which results might have been anticipated, for that appetite, either of person or purse, which the Bridegroom too often dignifies with the name of love, disappears with enjoyment; while the Bride, whose affections were perhaps little interested at first, finds them imperceptibly kindled by a sense of duty, by the consciousness of her dependence, and the gratifications and novelty which her total change of life invariably presents at the outset. Awakening from this trance, she has leisure to discover that she has made over to her lord and master, strictly and truly so designated, not only all her present possessions, but all her future expectations, all that she may even earn by her talents:—she has not become his servant, for servants, if ill used, may depart, and try to better themselves elsewhere, but his serf, his slave, his white negro, whom, according to Judge Buller, (himself a married man) he may correct with a stick of the same thickness as his thumb, whatever may be its dimensions. We hear of rosy fetters, the silken chains of love, the soft yoke of Hymen—but who is to bear the soul-grinding bondage of dislike, contempt, hatred? How is a woman to avoid these feelings if she be maltreated and insulted; and how is she to redress her wrongs? The laws, made by the men, and therefore flagrantly in their own favour, provide no remedy: if she use her sole weapon, the tongue, she is proclaimed a scold, a shrew, and reminded of the ducking-stool; if she make his own house uncomfortable to her husband, every body's else is open to him; he may violate his marriage vow, and is still a marvellous proper gentleman; he may associate with profligates, and his friends exclaim—"Poor man! he has been driven to this by a bad wife!" If the deserted and injured woman meantime seek relief from her sorrows in the most innocent recreation, Spite, with its Argus eyes, keeps watch upon her door, and Calumny dogs her footsteps, hussing at her with its thousand tongues, and spitting out lies and poison from every one. Let no man choose me for umpire in a conjugal dispute. I need not ask who is the delinquent—my heart has decided against him by anticipation.

Such, I shall be told, is the result of uncongenial unions; but it is a mistake to suppose that men seek congeniality in their wives. In friends who are to share their sports and pursuits; to accompany them in shooting, hunting, fishing; to talk politics or religion over a bottle; they naturally select similarity of tastes; but women are to do nothing of all this, they are chosen for their domestic duties, and as these are perfectly distinct from the man's, he looks out for contrast rather than uniformity. Hence the male horror of Bluestockings, the sneer with which every blockhead exclaims—"Our wives read Milton and our daughters plays!" the alacrity with which he assumes that such *learned ladies* must necessarily "make sloppy tea, and wear their shoes down at heel;" and the convincing self-applause with which he quotes the trite epigram—

"Though Artemisia talks by fits  
Of councils, fathers, classics, wits,  
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke," &c.

Let us imagine, not a patient stock-fish, like Griselda, but an accomplished woman, "paired, not matched," with "a sullen silent sot,

had established itself in Ireland in the reign of Charles the Second, he thought it incumbent upon him to live upon a scale of expenditure more consistent with Irish notions of dignity than with English maxims of economy and good sense. He was a man of refined manners, and of polished if not prudential habits. His son Charles imbibed from him an ardent love of literature, and had an opportunity, from his familiar intercourse with the best company in the kingdom, to acquire those graces of manner which render him a model of elegance in private life, and which, in the discharge of professional business, impart such a dignified suavity to his demeanour as to charm the senses before the understanding is addressed. His mother was the sister of Major-General Sir John Doyle, and is said to have been a highly cultivated woman. Mr. Bushe received his education in the University of Dublin, and, I may add, in the Historical Society which was established by the students for the cultivation of eloquence and of the arts which are connected with it. Although it derived its appellation from the study of history, to which it was nominally dedicated, the political situation of the country speedily directed its pursuits to the acquisition of the faculty of public speech; through which every man of talent expected to rise into eminence, at a period when oratory was the great staple commodity in the intellectual market. This institution rose of its own accord out of the spontaneous ambition of the students of the University. So far from assisting its growth, the fellows of the college employed every expedient to repress it. Their own monastic habits made them look with distaste upon an establishment whose pursuits were so widely at variance with their own tastes; and they were as much at a loss to discover the use of oratory, as the professor at Louvain to find out the benefit of Greek. They uniformly endeavoured to counteract the society, upon a variety of pretences; but their chief motive of opposition appears to have arisen from the liberality of the sentiments which were inculcated in the discussions which took place at the weekly meetings of the institution. They observed that toleration had become a prevalent doctrine in the college: this they justly attributed to that diffusion of truth which of necessity attends its investigation; and saw that the genius of Orangism, which had so long found a secure asylum within their cloisters, had been disturbed in the place of its favourite abode. In the true spirit of monks (and however they may differ in the forms of their faith, in their habits, and in the practical results in which their principles are illustrated and embodied, the monks of all religions are inveterately the same,) the Superiors of the University took the society under their baneful protection. They attempted to lug it to death in their rugged and hirsute embrace. The students, however, soon became aware of the real objects of their interference, and were compelled, in order to preserve the institution from the consequences of so impure a connexion, to recede from the University, and hold their meetings beyond its walls. This was a step inconsistent with the discipline which ought to be maintained in every establishment for the education of youth; but any violation of propriety which it involved, may justly be laid to the charge of the superiors of the college, by whom it was provoked.

Mr. Bushe had been recently called to the Bar, but had not yet devoted himself to its severer studies with the strenuous assiduity

## SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR.—NO. II.

## MR. BUSHE.

I SELECTED Mr. Plunket for the subject of my first sketch of the leading members of the Irish Bar. The great reputation which he enjoys in this country, as well as the high station which he occupies in Ireland, give him a pre-eminent interest in the curiosity of the public. The name of Charles Kendal Bushe is not so extensively known beyond the immediate field in which his talents (which are of the first order) have been displayed. But in Ireland it is almost uniformly associated with that of Plunket, by those who decant upon the comparative merits of their most distinguished advocates. The latter is better fitted to the transactions of ordinary business, and, in a profession which is generally conversant with the details of common life, exhibits a dexterity and astuteness which render him the most practical and therefore the ablest man at the Bar. He is always upon a level with his subject, and puts forth his faculties, as if they were as subservient as his limbs to the dominion of his will, in the most precise and minute adaptation to the purposes for which they may happen to be required. The self-control which his mind possesses in so high and rare a degree, (and it is more difficult, perhaps, to men of true genius to descend from their native elevation, than to persons of inferior endowments to raise their faculties to the height of a "great argument,") has given him an almost undisputed mastery in the discussion of those topics which constitute the habitual business of the Bar. His hearers are not conscious that he is in reality exercising his great powers while he addresses them in the plainest speech and apparently in the most homely way. But an acute observer would discover that his reasonings upon the most vulgar topic were the perfection of art, and that under the guise of simplicity, he concealed the most insidious sophistry, and subtleties the most acute. This seeming ingenuousness is the consummation of forensic ability; and however it is to be estimated in a moral point of view, there can be no doubt that at the Bar it is of incalculable use. Mr. Plunket is the chief sophist, and for that reason the most useful disputant in his profession; and it must be confessed that the deliberations of a court of justice do not call so much for the display of eloquence as for the ingenious exercise of the powers of disputation. I am far from thinking Mr. Bushe deficient in refinement and dexterity; on the contrary, he would be conspicuous for those qualities unless when he is placed in comparison with the great arch-hypocrite of the bar. But who could be his rival in that innocent simulation which constitutes the highest merit of a modern lawyer? The ingenuity of Bushe is too apparent. His angling is light and delicate; but the fly is too highly coloured, and the hook glitters in the sun. In the higher departments of oratory he is, perhaps, equal and occasionally superior to Mr. Plunket, for the power and energy of his incomparable manner; but in the discharge of common business in a common way, he holds a second, though not exceedingly distant place.

Mr. Bushe is the son of a clergyman of the established church, who resided at Kilmurry, in the county of Kilkenny, in the midst of the most elegant and most accomplished society in Ireland. He was in the enjoyment of a lucrative living, and being of an ancient family, which



had established itself in Ireland in the reign of Charles the Second, he thought it incumbent upon him to live upon a scale of expenditure more consistent with Irish notions of dignity than with English maxims of economy and good sense. He was a man of refined manners, and of polished if not prudential habits. His son Charles imbibed from him an ardent love of literature, and had an opportunity, from his familiar intercourse with the best company in the kingdom, to acquire those graces of manner which render him a model of elegance in private life, and which, in the discharge of professional business, impart such a dignified suavity to his demeanour as to charm the senses before the understanding is addressed. His mother was the sister of Major-General Sir John Doyle, and is said to have been a highly cultivated woman. Mr. Bushe received his education in the University of Dublin, and, I may add, in the Historical Society which was established by the students for the cultivation of eloquence and of the arts which are connected with it. Although it derived its appellation from the study of history, to which it was nominally dedicated, the political situation of the country speedily directed its pursuits to the acquisition of the faculty of public speech; through which every man of talent expected to rise into eminence, at a period when oratory was the great staple commodity in the intellectual market. This institution rose of its own accord out of the spontaneous ambition of the students of the University. So far from assisting its growth, the fellows of the college employed every expedient to repress it. Their own monastic habits made them look with distaste upon an establishment whose pursuits were so widely at variance with their own tastes; and they were as much at a loss to discover the use of oratory, as the professor at Louvan to find out the benefit of Greek. They uniformly endeavoured to counteract the society, upon a variety of pretences; but their chief motive of opposition appears to have arisen from the liberality of the sentiments which were inculcated in the discussions which took place at the weekly meetings of the institution. They observed that toleration had become a prevalent doctrine in the college: this they justly attributed to that diffusion of truth which of necessity attends its investigation; and saw that the genius of Orangism, which had so long found a secure asylum within their cloisters, had been disturbed in the place of its favourite abode. In the true spirit of monks (and however they may differ in the forms of their faith, in their habits, and in the practical results in which their principles are illustrated and embodied, the monks of all religions are inveterately the same,) the Superiors of the University took the society under their baneful protection. They attempted to lug it to death in their rugged and hirsute embrace. The students, however, soon became aware of the real objects of their interference, and were compelled, in order to preserve the institution from the consequences of so impure a connexion, to recede from the University, and hold their meetings beyond its walls. This was a step inconsistent with the discipline which ought to be maintained in every establishment for the education of youth; but any violation of propriety which it involved, may justly be laid to the charge of the superiors of the college, by whom it was provoked.

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which is necessary for success in so laborious a profession. But the fame which he had acquired in the society itself, induced its rebellious members to apply to him to pronounce a speech at the close of the first session which was held beyond the precincts of the college, for the purpose of giving the dignity and importance to their proceedings which they expected to derive from the sanction of his distinguished name. Mr. Bushe acceded to the request, and pronounced a very eloquent oration, which Mr. Phillips has, I observe, inserted in his collection of *Specimens of Irish Oratory*. It is remarkable for purity and simplicity of style, and for an argumentative tone, which in so young a man, who had hitherto exercised himself upon topics which invited a puerile declamation, and the discussion of which was a mere mockery of debate, afforded grounds for anticipating that peculiar excellence which he afterwards attained. A few metaphors are interspersed, but they are not of the ordinary class of Irish illustration; and what was unavoidable in an assembly composed of insurgent students, an hyperbole is occasionally to be found in the course of this very judicious speech. But, taken, as a whole, it bears the character of the mature production of a vigorous mind, rather than of the prolixion of a juvenile rhetorician. This circumstance is a little remarkable. The passion for figurative decoration was at this time at its height in Ireland. The walls of the Parliament House resounded with dithyrambics, in which, at the same time, truth and nature were too frequently sacrificed to effect. The intellect of the country was in its infancy, and although it exhibited signs of athletic vigour, it was pleased with the gorgious baubles which were held out for its entertainment. It is therefore somewhat singular that while a taste of this kind enjoyed so wide and almost universal a prevalence, Mr. Bushe should, at so early a period of his professional life, have manifested a sense of its imperfections, and have traced out for himself a course so different from that which had been pursued by men whose genius had invested their vices with so much alluring splendour. This circumstance is partly, perhaps, to be attributed to the strong instinct of propriety which was born with his mind, and, in some degree, to his having passed a considerable time out of Ireland, where he became conversant with models of a purer, if not of a nobler eloquence, than that which was cultivated in the sister kingdom. He lived in France for some years amongst men of letters; and although the revolution had subverted, in a great degree, the principles of literature as well as of government, yet enough of relish for classical beauty and simplicity had survived, amongst men who had received the advantages of education, to furnish him with the opportunity, of which he so advantageously availed himself, of cultivating a better style of expression than he would, in all probability, have adopted had he permanently resided in Ireland. It may appear strange that I should partly attribute the eminence in oratory to which Mr. Bushe has attained, to the Historical Society, after having stated that he deviated so widely from the tone of elocution which prevailed in that establishment, and in which, if there was little of childishness, there was much of boyhood. But, with all its imperfections, it must be recollected that such an institution afforded an opportunity for the practice of the art of public speaking, which is as much, perhaps, the result of practical acquisition, as it is of natural endow-

ment. A false ambition of ornament might prevail in its assemblies, and admiration might be won by verbose extravagance and boisterous inanity; but a man of genius must still have turned such an institution to account. He must have thrown out a vast quantity of ore which time and circumstance would afterwards separate and refine. His faculties must have been put into action, and he must have learned the art, as well as tasted the delight, of stirring the hearts and exalting the minds of a large concourse of men. The *physique* of oratory too, if I may use the expression, must have been acquired. A just sense of the value of gesture and intonation results from the practice of public speaking; and the appreciation of their importance is necessary to their attainment. It is for these reasons that I am inclined to refer a portion of the prosperity which has accompanied Mr. Bushe through his profession, to an institution, the suppression of which, under the provostship of Doctor Elington, has been a source of great regret to every person who had the interests of literature at heart. His successor, Doctor Kyle, has followed the steps of his worthy prototype. The consequences which both of them had anticipated have already taken place, and the University, which a few years ago was conspicuous for liberality in political sentiment, has a second time become a sink of low faction, and the reservoir in which Orangism has deposited its vilest filth. It was at one period expected that Doctor Magee would have been appointed provost; and his repeated declarations, and even remonstrances in its favour, were confidently regarded as affording a security that he would re-establish a society to which, as well as his distinguished contemporaries, he had acknowledged himself to be deeply indebted. But, unfortunately for the interests of the college and of the country, that eminent divine has not had an opportunity of accomplishing his desires, and of restoring an institution in which polite literature was cultivated to such an extent as to compensate for its deplorable neglect in the regular course of the University.

The reputation which Mr. Bushe had acquired among his fellow-students, attended him to his profession; and in a very short period he rose into the public notice, as an advocate of distinguished abilities. It was indeed impossible that he should remain in obscurity. His genius was not of such a character as to stand in need of a great subject for its display. The most trivial business furnished him with an occasion to produce a striking effect. There are some men who require a lofty theme for the manifestation of their powers. Their minds demand the stimulus of high passion, and are slow and sluggish unless awakened by the excitement which great interests afford. This is peculiarly the case with Mr. Burrowes, who upon a noble topic is one of the ablest advocates at the Irish bar, but who seems oppressed by the very levity of a petty subject, and sinks under its inanity. He is in every respect the opposite of Mr. Bushe, who could not open his lips, or raise his hand, without immediately exciting and almost captivating the attention of every man around him. There is a peculiar mellowness and deep sweetness in his voice, the lower tones of which might almost without hazard of exaggeration be compared to the most delicate notes of an organ, when touched with a fine but solemn hand. It is a voice full of manly melody. There is no touch of effeminacy about it. It possesses abundance as well as harmony, and is not more

remarkable for its sweetness than in its sonorous depth. His attitude and gesture are the perfection of "easy art"—every movement of his body appears to be swayed and informed by a dignified and natural grace. His countenance is of the finest order of fine faces, and contains an expression of magnanimous frankness, that in the enforcement of any cause which he undertakes to advocate, invests him with such a semblance of sincerity as to lend to his assertion of fact, or to his vindication of good principle, an irresistible force. It was not wonderful that he should have advanced with extreme rapidity in his profession, seconded as he was by such high advantages. It was speedily perceived that he possessed an almost commanding influence with the jury; and he was in consequence employed in every case of magnitude which called for the exertion of such eminent faculties as he manifested upon every occasion in which his powers were put into requisition. Talents of so distinguished a kind could not fail to raise him into political consequence, as well as to insure his professional success. The chief object of every young man of abilities at the Bar was to obtain a seat in parliament. It secured him the applause of his country if he devoted himself to her interests; or if he enlisted himself under the gilded banners of the minister, place, pension, and authority, were the certain remunerations of the profligate services which his talents enabled him to bestow upon a government, which had reduced corruption into system, and was well aware that it was only by the debasement of her legislature that Ireland could be kept under its controul. The mind of Mr. Bushe was of too noble a cast to lend itself to purposes so uncongenial to a free and lofty spirit; and he preferred the freedom of his country and the retributive consciousness of the approbation of his own heart, to the ignominious distinctions with which the administration would have been glad to reward the detection of what he owed to Ireland and to himself. Accordingly we find, that Mr. Bushe threw all the energy of his youth into opposition to a measure which he considered fatal to that greatness which Nature appeared to have intended that his country should attain; and to the last he stood among the band of patriots who offered a generous but unavailing resistance to a legislative Union with Great Britain. However as an Englishman I may rejoice in an event, which, if followed by Roman Catholic Emancipation, will ultimately abolish all national antipathy, and give a permanent consolidation to the empire; it cannot be fairly questioned that every native of Ireland ought to have felt that her existence as a country was at stake, and that, in place of making those advances in power, wealth, and civilization, to which her natural advantages would have inevitably led, she must of necessity sustain a declension as rapid as her progress towards improvement had previously been, and sink into the provincial inferiority to which she is now reduced. Thus conviction, the justice of which has been so well exemplified by the event, prevailed through Ireland; and it required all the seductions which the minister could employ, to produce the sentence of self-annihilation, which he at last succeeded in persuading a servile legislature to pronounce. To the honour of the Irish Bar, the great majority of its members were faithful to the national cause; and Curran, Plunket, Ponsonby, Saurin, Barrowes, and Bushe, accomplished all that eloquence and patriotism could effect, in opposition to the

mercenaries, who had sold the dignity of their profession, as well as the independence of their country, in exchange for that ignoble station, to which by their slimy profligacies they were enabled to crawl up. Bushe was the youngest of these able and honest men; but he was among the most conspicuous of them all. In answer to what was urged in favour of the Union, grounded upon the necessity of employing corrupt means to govern the country as long as there were two independent legislatures, and in ridicule of the improvement which it was alleged that the Irish Parliament would derive from its union with that of England, he said, "The pure and incorruptible virtue of the ministers cannot bear the prospect of such corruption, and that they may not see it, they plunge into the midst of it. They are Platonists in politics; the gross sensualities of the connexion disgust them, but the pure and spiritual indulgences of the union delight them. I own I always suspect this furious virtue: the morals of prudery are always problematical. When I see this pliable patriotism declaiming with surly indignation to-day, and cringing with supple adulation to-morrow—in the morning Diogenes growling in his tub, and in the evening Aristippus fawning in the antichamber, I always suspect that there is something more than meets the eye. I would ask some one of those enlarged and liberal politicians, does he think that the simple executive government which is to be left in Ireland, will be an improvement upon our situation, and whether he knows of no method to reform the parliament, except by annihilating it? The noble Lord (Castlereagh) may instruct him by retracing the speculations of his youthful days, and supply him with some of those plans of reform which it would not have cost him half so much trouble to carry as the extinction of parliament. But what is to be the transfiguration which is to glorify it, and how is this corruptible to put on incorruption? It is sentenced to death. In Ireland it is to suffer the death of a felon, but its resurrection in Westminster, in the midst of angel purity and immaculate innocence, is, it seems, to compensate for the suspension of its political life. But have these high priests of the new dispensation revealed the truth to us, as to this paradise of Westminster? Do they know the British Parliament who thus speak? Do they think there is no borough patronage or borough representation? Do they suppose there are no placemen? Do they conceive it a poof of Bethesda, in which our impurities are to be cleansed? Do they forget that this immaculate parliament, more than twenty years ago, declared by a solemn vote that the influence of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished? Do they forget that the present prime minister declared eighteen years ago, that unless that assembly was radically reformed, the empire was lost? Do they know that it has never been reformed since? and do they think that one hundred Irish transplantations will reform it? Have they ever considered that there ministerial influence predominates so effectually, that the opposition has seceded in despair? Have they ever visited this exhibition of pure representation? Have they ever looked at Mr. Pitt governing that assembly by his nod, and scarcely concealing his own actual despotism with the forms of the constitution?"

In this strenuous resistance which was offered by the respectable portion of the Irish Bar to the measure which deprived Ireland of the advantages of a local legislature, a consciousness of deep personal in-

terest must have been mingled with their public virtue ; for, it was not difficult to foresee that the profession from which the government was compelled to make the selection of its parliamentary advocates, and to which the country looked for its ablest support, must sustain a fatal injury, from the deprivation of the opportunities of venality upon one hand, and of profitable patriotism upon the other. The House of Commons was the field to which almost every lawyer of abilities directed his hopes of eminence rather than to the courts of law ; and it must be acknowledged, that with that field the career to high fame is closed upon the profession. Money may now be made in equal abundance by laborious ability, (and indeed the quantity of talent and of industry at the Irish Bar demand in every individual who aims at important success a combination of both) ; but no very valuable reputation can be obtained. Perhaps in the estimate of black-letter erudition the change is not to be deplored : and unquestionably the knowledge of law (for a few years ago the majority of barristers in full practice were ignorant of its elementary principles) has considerably increased, and English habits of business and of diligence are gradually beginning to appear. But the elevated objects of ambition, worthy of great faculties and of great minds, were withdrawn for ever. Mr. Bushe must have repined at the prospect. He would naturally have sought for mines of gold amidst the heights of fame, and he was now reduced to the necessity of digging for it in an obscure and dreary level. It is well known that Mr. Plunket had at the time entertained the intention of going to the English Bar, in consequence of the exportation of the legislature ; but the cautious timidity of his advisers induced him to abandon the idea. I am not aware whether Mr. Bushe had ever proposed to himself an abandonment of a country, from which true genius must have been tempted to become an absentee. But it is likely that his pecuniary circumstances, which in consequence of his spontaneous generosity in paying off his father's debts (his own sense of duty had rendered them debts of honour in his mind) were at this period extremely contracted, must have prevented him from engaging in so adventurous an enterprise. To him individually, however, if the Union was accompanied with many evils, it was also attended with countervailing benefits. Had the Irish Parliament been permitted to exist, Mr. Bushe would, in all probability, have continued in opposition to the government, upon questions to which much importance would have been annexed. Catholic emancipation, which is now not only innocent, but in the mind of almost every enlightened man has become indispensable, would have been regarded as pregnant with danger to the state. Mr. Bushe, I am satisfied, could never have brought himself to resist what his own instincts must have taught him to be due to that justice which he would have considered as paramount to expediency. Many obstacles would have stood in the way of a sincere reconciliation with the government, and he could not afford to play the part of Fabricius. Whether the arguments which Lord Castlereagh knew so well how to apply, and before which, in the estimate of the House of Commons, all the eloquence of Grattan was reduced into a magnificent evaporation, would have prevailed upon Mr. Bushe, as they did with the majority of the Irish members, it is unnecessary to conjecture ; but unquestionably had not the Union passed, he must have abandoned his

political opinions before he could have been raised to office. When, however, that measure was carried, a compromise became easy, and was not, in my opinion, dishonourable. Accordingly, although he had opposed the government on the measure which they had set at heart, their just sense of his talents induced them to offer him the place of Solicitor-General, to which he was promoted in thirteen years after he had been called to the Bar. That office he has since held, and rendered the most important services to the minister, without perhaps, at the same time, ever having been guilty of any direct dereliction of his former opinions. He was placed indeed in rather an embarrassing condition; for his associate, or rather his superintendent in office, Mr. Saurin, was conspicuous for his hatred to the Roman Catholic cause, of which Mr. Bushe had been, and still professed himself, the earnest friend. This antipathy to the Roman Catholics formed the leading, I may say the only feature, in the political character of Saurin, who had simplified the theory of Government in Ireland, by almost making its perfection consist in the oppression of a majority of its people. Bushe, on the other hand, had often declared, that he considered the general degradation of so large a class of the community as incompatible with national felicity. This difference of opinion is said to have produced a want of cordiality between the two servants of the crown: Bushe, however, with all his liberality of feeling (and I have no doubt that his professions were entirely sincere), was of infinitely more use to the government than Saurin could possibly have been, when the suppression of the Roman Catholic board was resolved upon. The latter upon the trial of the delegates exhibited a sombre virulence, which was calculated to excite wonder rather than conviction. Its gloomy animosity was without a ray of eloquence. But the Solicitor-General produced a very different effect. He stood before the jury as the advocate of the Catholic cause, to suppress the Roman Catholic board. The members of that body had been designated as miscreants by Mr. Saurin (that learned gentleman appears to be averse to any circumlocutory form of phrase);—the Solicitor-General called them his friends. With a consummate wile he professed himself the champion of the people, and put forth all his ardour in insisting upon the necessity of concession to six millions of men. To the utterance of these sentiments, which astonished Mr. Saurin, he annexed the full power of his wonderful delivery. His countenance became inflamed; his voice assumed all the varieties of its most impassioned intonation; and his person was informed and almost elevated by the consciousness of the noble thoughts which he was enforcing, for the purpose of investing the very fallacies which he intended to inculcate with the splendid semblances of truth. After having wrought his hearers to a species of enthusiasm, and alarmed the Attorney-General by declaring, with an attitude almost as noble as the sentiment which it was intended to set off, that he would throw the constitution to his Catholic countrymen as widely open as his own breast, he suddenly turned back, and after one of those pauses, the effect of which can be felt by those only who have been present upon such occasions, in the name of those very principles of justice which he had so powerfully laid down, he implored the jury to suppress an institution in the country, which he asserted to be the greatest obstacle to the success of that measure, for the attainment of which it had been ostensibly established.

The eloquence of Mr. Bushe, assisted by "certain contrivances behind the scenes, to which government is, in Dublin, occasionally obliged to resort, produced the intended effect. I doubt not that a jury so properly compounded (the panel of which, if not suggested, was at least revised) would have given a verdict for the crown, although Mr. Bushe had never addressed them. But the government stood in need of something more than a mere verdict. It was necessary to give plausibility to their proceedings, and they found it in the oratory of this distinguished advocate. Is it not a little surprising that Mr. Bushe should, in despite of the vigour of his exertions against the Catholic board, and their success, have still retained his popularity? It would be natural that such services as he conferred upon the ministry, which appeared so much at variance with the interests, and in which he acted a part so diametrically in opposition to the passions of the people, should have generated a feeling of antipathy against him. But the event was otherwise. He had previously ingratiated himself so much in the general liking, and so liberal an allowance was made for the urgency of the circumstances in which he was placed, that he retained the favour not only of the better classes among the Roman Catholics, but did not lose the partialities of the populace itself. At all events, the benefits he rendered to the government were most meritorious, and gave him the strongest claims upon their gratitude.

Another remarkable instance occurred not very long ago, of the value of such a man to the Irish administration, and it is the more deserving of mention, as it is connected with circumstances which have excited no inconsiderable interest in the House of Commons, and brought Mr. Plunket and his rival into an immediate and honourable competition. I allude to the case of the Chief Baron O'Grady, when he set up a claim to nominate to the office of clerk of the pleas in the Court of Exchequer in Ireland. The prize for which the learned Judge was adventuring was a great one, and well worth the daring experiment for which he exposed himself to the permanent indignation of the government. The salary of the office was to be counted by thousands, and the Chief Baron thought that it would be as conducive to the public interests, and as consistent with the pure administration of justice, that he should appoint one of his own family to fill the vacancy which had occurred, as that the local ministry of Ireland should make the appointment. The matter was brought before parliament; and much was said, though I think unjustly, upon the ambitious capidity of his pretensions. The right of nomination was made the subject of legal proceedings by the Crown, and the Attorney-General, Mr. Saurin, thought proper to controvert the claims of the Chief Baron in the shape of a *Quo warranto*, which was considered a harsh and vexatious course by the friends of the learned Judge, in order to ascertain the naked question of right. The latter secured Mr. Plunket as his advocate. He had been his early friend, and had contributed, it was said, to raise him to the place of Solicitor when he was himself appointed to that of Attorney-General, and had lived with him upon terms of the most familiar intercourse. It was stated, but I cannot answer for the truth of the general report, that he sent him a fee of three hundred pounds, which Mr. Plunket returned, but which the Chief Baron's knowledge of human nature (and no man is more deeply read in it) insisted upon his accepting—partly perhaps because he did not wish to be encumbered with an



unremunerated obligation, and no doubt because he was convinced, as every lawyer is by his professional experience, that the greatest talents stand in need of a pecuniary excitation, and that the emotions of friendship must be stimulated by that sense of duty which is imposed by the actual perception of gold. I am sure that Mr. Plunket would have strained his mind to the utmost pitch, without this additional incentive, upon behalf of his learned friend; but still the Chief Baron exhibited his accustomed sagacity, in insisting upon the payment of a fee. This was a great cause. The best talents at the Bar were arrayed upon both sides. The issue was one of the highest importance, and to which the legislature looked forward with anxiety. The character of one of the chief judges of the land was in some degree at stake, as well as the claims which he had so enterprisingly advanced; and every circumstance conspired to impart an interest to the proceedings, which does not frequently arise. Mr. Saurin stated the case for the crown with his usual solemnity and deliberation, and with first accuracy and simplicity which render him so valuable an advocate in a court of equity. He was followed by Mr. Plunket. One is apt to think that "an ancient grudge," or at least a rivalry, akin to it, must have subsisted between them. Saurin had succeeded to the office of Attorney-General upon the resignation of Mr. Plunket, when, as it was understood at the time, he relinquished his place at the express desire of the Grenville party. He could not but feel some emotions of regret analogous to the corrosions of jealousy, when he saw the golden harvest which he might have reaped, accumulating for fifteen years in the granary of another. It is also likely that he entered warmly into the feelings of his client, and thought that an unfair mode of proceeding had been adopted in his regard. But from whatever cause or motive it might have arisen, he exhibited in his reply that fierce spirit of sarcasm which he has not yet fully displayed in the House of Commons, though it is one of the principal ingredients in his eloquence. His metaphors are generally sneers, and his flowers of speech are the acorn in full blow. He did not omit the opportunity of falling upon his political antagonist, in whom he left many a scar, which, though half-healed, are visible to the present day. His oration was as much a satire as an argument, and exhibited in their perfection the various attributes of his mind. The impression which he left upon the Court was deep, but that which was made upon the mind of Mr. Saurin was more lasting. Plunket protested that he meant him no offence; but Saurin felt a poignant resentment at what he considered an affront, and, until very recently, all interchange of ordinary salutation ceased between them. Bushe, as Solicitor-General, had to reply, and he felt the importance of the occasion, and the magnitude of the task; but he also felt the inspiring consciousness of his equality to its discharge. Plunket was his intimate friend, and they both admired and esteemed each other. The competition between Saurin and Plunket was that of power, while that between Plunket and Bushe was the more exalted and generous rivalry of mind. But the latter was sensible that, holding an important office under the Crown, and being bound to assert its rights, and to protect and vindicate his colleague, it was necessary that he should use little forbearance in his retaliation. His oratorical ambition, too, was in all probability powerfully excited by the sentiment of emulation, and he accordingly exerted all the resources

of his intellect in the contest. His speech was a masterpiece; and in the general opinion, in those parts of it which principally consisted of declamatory vituperation, he won the palm from his competitor. He was pure, lofty, dignified, and generously impassioned. If his reasoning was not so subtle and condensed, it was more guileless and persuasive, and his delivery far more impressive and of a higher and more commanding tone. A very accurate and cold-blooded observer would have perceived, perhaps, in the speech of Mr. Plunket a deeper current of thought and a more vigorous and comprehensive intellect: but the great proportion of a large assembly would have preferred the eloquence of Bushe. The true value of it cannot be justly estimated by any particular quotations, as the chief merit of all his speeches consists in the unity and proportion of the whole, rather than the beauty and perfection of the details.

The great reputation obtained by Mr. Plunket in the House of Commons, and which has given him a sway so much more important, and a station so much more valuable than any professional elevation, no matter how exalted, can bestow, must have often excited in the mind of Mr. Bushe, as well as in his admirers, a feeling of regret that he did not offer himself as a candidate for a seat in the Imperial parliament. It has frequently been a subject of disquisition, whether he would not have been equal to the most eloquent of the Irish members—perhaps the ablest man in the whole House;—and he has been repeatedly urged, both by Government and his own immediate friends, to make the experiment. A certain spirit of prudence, which in a person so endowed borders on timidity, and the apprehension that his business at the Bar might be affected by the necessity of attending the House of Commons, induced him to resist all the precarious allurements of fame held out by a prospect which he justly, perhaps, considered less golden than bright. Upon a recent occasion, however, he was upon the point of engaging in this new career—the only one, perhaps, which can be regarded as worthy of his abilities. Upon the death of Mr. Grattan, which produced a vacancy in the representation of Dublin, he was solicited to stand for that city. There can be little doubt that even the Orangemen of the Corporation, wedded as they are with such inveterate tenacity to opinions so different from the political sentiments of Mr. Bushe, would, from a feeling of national pride, in which with a somewhat singular inconsistency they occasionally indulge, have united with the Roman Catholics in his support, and that he would have been returned without a contest. But the ambition of Mr. Bushe yielded to the reverence which he cherished for the memory of the illustrious person whom he was solicited to succeed, and accordingly he declined putting himself into competition with the son of Henry Grattan. This noble sacrifice at the grave of his departed friend was an unavailing one: the worthy corporators of Dublin selected a person in every respect well qualified to represent both their principles and understandings, and the mantle of the great patriot dropped from the chariot of his fame upon the shoulders of Master Ellis.

It is the opinion of all those who have had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Bushe, that he would have made a very great figure in the English House of Commons; and for the purpose of enabling those who have not heard him to form an estimate of the likelihood of his success in that assembly, and of the frame and character of his eloquence, a ge-

neral delineation of this accomplished advocate may not be inappropriate. The first circumstance which offers itself to the mind of any man who recalls the recollection of Bushe, in order to furnish a description of his rhetorical attributes, is his delivery. In bringing the remembrance of other speakers of eminence to my contemplation, their several faculties and endowments present themselves in a different order, according to the proportions of excellence to each other which they respectively bear. In thinking, for example, of Mr. Fox, the torrent of his vehement and overwhelming logic is first before me . . . if I should pass to his celebrated antagonist, I repose upon the majesty of his amplification. The wit of Sheridan, the blazing imagination and the fantastic drollery of Curran, the forensic and simple vigour of Erskine, and the rapid, versatile, and incessant intensity of Plunket—are the first associations which connect themselves with their respective names. But there is no one peculiar faculty of mind which suggests itself in the first instance as the characteristic of Mr. Bushe, and which presses into the van of his qualifications as a public speaker. The corporeal image of the man himself is brought at once into the memory. I do not think of any one distinguishing attribute in the shape of a single intellectual abstraction—it is a picture that I have before me.

There is a certain rhetorical heroism in the expression of his countenance, when enlightened and inflamed, which I have not witnessed in the faces of other men. The phrase may, perhaps, appear too extravagant and Irish; but those who have his physiognomy in their recollection will not think that the word is inapplicable. The complexion is too sanguineous and ruddy, but has no murkiness or impurity in its flush: it is indicative of great fulness, but at the same time of great vigour of temperament. The forehead is more lofty than expansive, and suggests itself to be the residence of an elevated rather than of a comprehensive mind. It is *not* so much “the dome of thought” as “the palace of the soul.” It has none of the deep furrows and intellectual indentures which are observable in the forehead of Plunket, but is smooth, polished, and marble. The eyes are large, globular, and blue; extremely animated with idea, but without any of that diffusive irradiation which belongs to the expression of genius. They are filled with a serene light, but have not much brilliancy or fire. The mind within them seems, however, to be all activity and life, and to combine a singular mixture of intensity and deliberation. The nose is lightly arched, and with sufficient breadth of the nostrils (which physiognomists consider as a type of eloquence) to furnish the associations of daring and of power, and terminates with a delicacy and chiseled elegance of proportion, in which it is easy to discover the polished irony and refined satire in which he is accustomed to indulge. But the mouth is the most remarkable feature in his countenance: it is endowed with the greatest variety of sentiment, and contains a rare assemblage of oratorical qualities. It is characteristic of force, firmness, and precision, and is at once affable and commanding, proud and kind, tender and impassioned, accurate and vehement, generous and sarcastic, and is capable of the most conciliating softness and the most impetuous ire. \*Yet there is something artificial about it from a lurking consciousness of its own expression. Its smile is the great instrument of its effects, but appears to be too systematic; yet it is susceptible of the nicest gradations: it merely flashes and disappears, or, in practised obedience to

the will, streams over the whole countenance in a broad and permanent illumination : at one moment it just passes over the lips, and dies at the instant of its birth ; and at another bursts out in an exuberant and overflowing joyousness, and seems caught in the fulness of its hilarity from the face of *Comus* himself. But it is to satirize that it is principally and most effectually applied. It is the glitter of the poisoned sneer that is levelled at the heart. The man who is gifted with these powers of physiognomy is, naturally enough, almost too prodigal of their use : and a person who watched Mr. Bushe would perceive that he frequently employed the abundant resources of his countenance instead of the riches of his mind. With him, indeed, a look is often sufficient for all purposes : it

Conveys a libel in a frown,  
And winks a reputation down.

There is a gentleman at the Irish Bar, Mr. Henry Deane Grady, one of whose eyes he has himself designated as “ his jury eye ;” and, indeed, from his frequent application of its ludicrous qualifications, which the learned gentleman often substitutes in the place of argument, even where argument might be obviously employed, has acquired a sort of professional distortion, of which he appears to be somewhat singularly proud. Mr. Bushe does not, it is true, rely so much upon this species of ocular logic ; but even he, with all his good taste, carries it to an extreme. It never amounts to the buffoonery of the old school of Irish barristers, who were addicted to a strange compound of tragedy and farce ; but still it is vicious from its excess.

The port and attitude of Mr. Bushe are as well suited to the purposes of impressiveness as his countenance and its expression. His form, indeed, is rather too corpulent and heavy, and if it were not concealed in a great degree by his gown, would be considered ungainly and inelegant. His stature is not above the middle size ; but his chest is wide and expansive, and lends to his figure an aspect of sedateness and strength. In describing the ablest of his infernal senate, Milton has particularly mentioned the breadth of his “ *Atlantic shoulders*.” The same circumstance is specified by Homer in his picture of Ulysses ; and however many speakers of eminence have overcome the disadvantages of a weak and slender configuration, it cannot be doubted that we associate with dignity and wisdom an accompaniment of massiveness and power. His gesture is of the first order. It is finished and rounded with that perfect care, which the orators of antiquity bestowed upon the external graces of eloquence, and is an illustration of the justice of the observation made by the master of them all, that action was not only the chief ingredient, but almost the exclusive constituent of excellence in his miraculous art. There is unquestionably much of that native elegance about it, which is to the body what fancy and imagination are to the mind, and which no efforts of the most laborious diligence can acquire. But the heightening and additions of deep study are apparent. The most minute particulars are attended to. So far indeed has an observance of effect been carried, that in serious obedience to the ironical precept of the satirist, he wears a large gold ring, which is frequently and ostentatiously displayed upon his weighty and commanding hand. But it is the voice of this fine speaker, which contains the master-spell of his perfections. I have already men-

tioned its extraordinary attributes, and indeed it must be actually heard in order to form any appreciation of its effects.

It must be acknowledged by the admirers of Mr. Bushe that his delivery constitutes his chief merit as an advocate, for his other powers, however considerable, do not keep pace with it. His style and diction are remarkably perspicuous and clear, but are deficient in depth. He has a remarkable facility in the use of simple and unelaborated expression, and every word drops of its own accord into that part of the sentence to which it most properly belongs. The most accurate ear could not easily detect a single harshness, or one inharmonious concurrence of sounds in the course of his longest and least premeditated speech. But at the same time, there is some want of power in his phrasology, which is not either very original or picturesque. He indulges little in his imagination, from a dread, perhaps, of falling into those errors to which his countrymen are so prone, by adventuring upon the heights, which overhang them. But I am at the same time inclined to suspect that nature has not conferred that faculty in great excellence upon him; an occasional flash gleams for a moment over his thoughts, but it is less the lightning of the imagination than the warm exhalation of a serene and meteoric fancy. Curran, with all his imperfections, would frequently redeem the obscurity of his language by a single expression, that threw a wide and piercing illumination far around him, and left a track of splendour upon the memory of his audience which was slow to pass away; but, if Bushe has avoided the defects into which the ambition and enthusiasm of Curran were accustomed to hurry him, he has not approached him in richness of diction, or in that elevation of thought, to which that great speaker had the power of raising his hearers with himself. He was often "led astray," but it was "by light from Heaven." On the other hand, the more level and subdued cast of thinking and of phrase which have been adopted by Mr. Bushe, are better suited to cases of daily occurrence; and I own that I should prefer him for my advocate in any transaction which required the art of exposition, and the elucidating quality which is so important in the conduct of ordinary affairs. He has the power of simplifying in the highest degree. He evolves with a surprising facility the most intricate facts from the most embarrassing complication, and reduces in a moment a chaotic heap of incongruous materials into symmetry and order. In what is called "the narration" in discourses upon rhetoric, his talent is of the first rank. He clarifies and methodises every topic upon which he dwells, and makes the obscurest subject perspicuous and transparent to the dullest mind.

His wit is perfectly gentlemanlike and pure. It is not so vehement and sarcastic as that of Plunket, nor does it grope for pearls, like the imagination of Curran, in the midst of foulness and ordure. It is full of smooth mockery and playfulness, and dallies with its victim with a sort of feline elegance and grace. But its gripe is not the less deadly for its procrastination. His wit has more of the qualities of raillery than of imagination. He does not accumulate grotesque images together, or surprise by the distance of the objects between which he discovers an analogy. He has nothing of that spirit of whim which pervaded the oratory of Curran, and made his mind appear at moments like a transmigration of Hogarth. Were a grossly ludicrous similitude to offer itself to him, he would at once discard it as incompatible with

that chastised and subjugated ridicule in which alone he permits himself to indulge. But from this circumstance he draws a considerable advantage. The mirth of Curran was so broad, and the convulsion of laughter, which by his personations (for his delivery often bordered upon a theatrical audacity) he never failed, whenever he thought proper, to produce, disqualified his auditors and himself for the more sober investigation of truth. His transitions, therefore, were frequently too abrupt; and with all his mastery over his art, and that Protean quality by which he passed with an astonishing and almost divine facility into every different modification of style and thought, a just gradation from the extravagance of merriment to the depth of pathetic emotion could not always be preserved. Bushe, on the other hand, never finds it difficult to recover himself. Whenever he deviates from that sobriety which becomes the discussions of a court of justice, he retraces his steps and returns to seriousness again, not only with perfect ease, but without even leaving a perception of the change. His manner is admirably chequered, and the various topics which he employs, enter into each other by such gentle and delicate degrees, that all the parts of his speech bear a just relation, and are as well proportioned as the several limbs of a fine statue to the general composition of the whole. This unity, which in all the acts rests upon the same sound principles, is one of the chief merits of Mr. Bushe as a public speaker.

There is a fine natural vein of generous sentiment running through his oratory. It has often been said that true eloquence could not exist in the absence of good moral qualities. In opposition to this maxim of ethical criticism, the example of some highly gifted but vicious men has been appealed to; but it must be remembered, in the first place, that most of those whose deviations from good conduct are considered to afford a practical refutation of this tenet (which was laid down by the greatest orator of antiquity) were not engaged in the discussion of private concerns, in which, generally speaking, an appeal to moral feeling is of most frequent occurrence; and in the next place, there can be little doubt, that although a series of vicious indulgences may have adulterated their natures, they must have been endowed with a large portion of generous instinct. However their moral vision might have been gradually obscured, they could not have been born blind to that sacred light which they knew how to describe so well. Nay more: I will venture to affirm, that, in their moments of oratorical enthusiasm, they must have been virtuous men. As the best amongst us fall into occasional error, so in the spirit of lenity to that human nature to which we ourselves belong, we should cherish the hope that there are few indeed so bad, as not in imagination at least to relapse at intervals to better sentiment and a nobler cast of thought. However the fountains of the heart may have been dried and parched up, enough must at least remain to shew that there had been a living spring within them. At all events there can be no eloquence without such an imitation of virtue, as to look as beautiful as the original from which the copy is made. Mr. Bushe, I confidently believe, bears the image stamped upon his breast, and has only to feel there, in order to give utterance to those sentiments which give a moral dignity and elevation to his speeches. His whole life, at least, is in keeping with his oratory; and any one who heard him would be justly satisfied that he had been listening to a high-minded, amiable, and honourable man. The following extract from

one of his best speeches will illustrate the quality to which I have alluded, as well as furnish a favourable example of the general tone of his eloquence. He is describing the forgiveness of a husband ; and, as this article has already exceeded the bounds which I had prescribed to myself, I shall conclude with it. "It requires obdurate and habitual vice and practised depravity to overbear the natural workings of the human heart : this unfortunate woman had not strength farther to resist. She had been seduced, she had been depraved, her soul was burdened with a guilty secret ; but she was young in crime and true to nature. She could no longer bear the load of her own conscience—she was overpowered by the generosity of an injured husband, more keen than any reproaches—she was incapacitated from any further dissimulation ; she flung herself at his feet. 'I am unworthy,' she exclaimed, 'of such tenderness and such goodness—it is too late—the villain has ruined me and dishonoured you : I am guilty.'—Gentlemen, I told you I should confine myself to facts ; I have scarcely made an observation. I will not affront my client's case, nor your feelings, nor my own, by common-placing upon the topic of the plaintiff's sufferings. You are Christians, men : your hearts must describe for me ; I cannot—I affect not humility in saying that I cannot ; no advocate can—as I told you, your hearts must be the advocates. Conceive this unhappy nobleman in the bloom of life, surrounded with every comfort, exalted by high honours and distinctions, enjoying great property, the proud proprietor, a few hours before, of what he thought an innocent and an amiable woman, the happy father of children whom he loved, and loved the more as the children of a wife whom he adored—precipitated in one hour into an abyss of misery which no language can represent, loathing his rank, despising his wealth, cursing the youth and health that promised nothing but the protraction of a wretched existence, looking round upon every worldly object with disgust and despair, and finding in this complicated woe no principle of consolation, except the consciousness of not having deserved it. Snote to the earth, this unhappy man forgot not his character :—he raised the guilty and lost penitent from his feet : he left her punishment to her conscience and to Heaven ; her pardon he reserved to himself : the tenderness and generosity of his nature prompted him to instant mercy—he forgave her—he prayed to God to forgive her ; he told her that she should be restored to the protection of her father, that until then her secret should be preserved and her feelings respected, and that her fall from honour should be as easy as it might ; but there was a forgiveness for which she supplicated, and which he sternly refused : he refused that forgiveness which implies the meanness of the person who dispenses it, and which renders the clemency valueless because it makes the man despicable : he refused to take back to his arms the tainted and faithless woman who had betrayed him : he refused to expose himself to the scorn of the world and his own contempt :—he submitted to misery ; he could not brook dishonour."

*Note.*—Since the above article was written, Mr. Bushe has been raised to the office of Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in consequence of the *resignation* of Mr. Downes, who has at last proved himself possessed of the Christian virtue which Mr. Bushe used to say was the only one he wanted.

## \* COUNTRY LIFE IN ENGLAND.

A Letter from Mons. le Vicomte de I. — to Mons. C. de V —, in Paris.

From the French MS.

It has been often remarked by travellers, that nothing is known of the English till they are seen in their true element, (as their James I. used to call it,) *in the country*—in those mansions, parks, gardens, parsonages, and cottages, which give the beautiful surface of their isle, and announce at once the independence, and the affluence, and the taste of its inhabitants. You may imagine, therefore, that I joyfully availed myself of an opportunity which offered of observing their country life, by accepting an invitation from Sir C — — B — — (whom you remember at Paris) to pass a week at his seat in the county of E — —, about seven leagues from London. The family is among the most respectable and ancient of the English gentry;—a class of admirable worth and most important influence in the country. We have nothing corresponding to them exactly; well would it be for France if we had. They are the connecting link between the high aristocracy and the mere commoner—their root deeply embedded in the healthy soil of the people—their branches shading and ornamenting proudly the higher institutions of the country, and often affording protection and *appui* to the throne itself. They are not poor and proud barons and marquises, with barren titles, pensions from the civil list, and privileges enjoyed at the expense of trade and of husbandry; but independent *gentlemen*, unpaid and active magistrates, diligent members of parliament, zealous promoters of county and local interests, hunters without oppression, friends of the poor, patrons of the church. The ancestors of my friend Sir C. B. have represented their county in Parliament twenty-five times within two hundred years; and the present head of the family only lately retired, from a desire of repose, and because he left his seat to a firm friend of his own principles. The family mansion stands at one end of a noble park, full of fine timber, planted by his great grandfather. The park is contiguous to the old and venerable forests of E — — and H — —, whose oaks are as ancient as the Conqueror, and of which my friend Sir C. is one of the Verderors, or keepers. The forests of England were, like those of France, originally places of regal pastime, set apart by royal Nimrods many centuries ago, with tyrannical disregard of the property and rights of the tenants of the soil. But as the free spirit of the boasted *English Common Law* has prevailed over the arbitrary customs of the Forest Codes—as property has become more valuable, and secured by laws better ascertained—as wolves and bears have been extirpated, and even stags and foxes are less in vogue than formerly, the royal authority over the forests, has become little more than nominal; the real guardianship of them has fallen into the hands of the neighbouring *Seigneurs* and *Squires*, who, either by permission of the Crown or by continued encroachments on its prerogatives, have acquired the whole benefit and property in the few rights of forest which are still existing. In the forest of E — — the Verderors (keepers of the *vert*—*greensward*) are even elected by the freeholders of the district, in the same manner as Justices of the peace formerly were, and as Members of Parliament now are, or ought to be, according to — — and — —.



In fact, the oppressive pageantry of the Royal Hunt has long been disused in England—George III. used to follow his stag-hounds like a plain country-squire—and the King of England could not shew his magnificent brother of W——g, when in this country, a single spot where he could trample on his peasant's harvest, and drive boars over his vineyards, in the true style of the German potentate. Their chief purpose being thus at an end, the forests have decreased in extent and grandeur much more rapidly than ours in France; where, to say nothing of other causes, the *Grand Veneur* and master of the royal hunt still hold a splendid rank among the ancient ornaments of the monarchy. If you were not such a fervent admirer of the *vieille cour* and all its systems, you might agree with me that a free English forest is all the pleasanter and the more lovely from the absence of all associations of barbarous slavery and oppressive ferocity in its green glades and lovely wildernesses. Oppression has, in fact, no more place in these sylvan retirements than in the umbrageous wilds of wooded America, where man walks abroad in all that unfettered energy of spirit to which your friend, M. de C——, might reconcile even you by his eloquence. But enough of politics, whether *du droit*, or *du gauche*, or *du ——*.

I found on my arrival the family of the park, and the neighbouring gentlemen, busy in discussing and preparing for a sort of *fête champêtre* under their venerable forest oaks. The young ladies and young men were in a bustle, inviting friends, ordering music, planning arrangements, appointing a patroness or queen of the day, and joyfully anticipating this rendezvous of rural festivity. The idea pleased me much: it was national and appropriate, and the execution was in every way worthy of it. The custom, I learnt, was annual, having been established only a few years. The zeal and energy, and good humour with which every one took a part in the preparatory operations, were highly amusing. One lady made flowers and bouquets—another learnt hunting-airs to play on the guitar—grave members of parliament and clergymen were riding about ordering a band, selecting a spot for the *fête*, writing to London for a celebrated French-horn player, arranging a programme of the proceedings, and settling the contributions of viands, fruits, wines, &c. which each family should contribute. At about one o'clock on the day appointed, the family coaches of the neighbouring squires, filled with laughing and happy young girls, and prudent mothers, and chaperones, might be seen moving towards the happy spot—a lovely and shady glade at the foot of a bold hill in the thick of the forest. This hill commanded a prospect of unrivalled beauty, down the course of the broad and glittering Thames, and over the green and distant hills of Surrey and Kent. We have no such prospect in France; none so varied, so green, so cultivated, and so refreshing. This forest is equally unlike any of ours. Fontainebleau is more imposing, more magnificent, and more *triste*. St. Germain is dulness and monotony itself to this varied and *vivant* greenwood, where the deer trip merrily through the thickets, disturbed by no royal *piqueurs*, where the paths wind beautifully in artless labyrinths, and every variety of bower and thicket invites the wanderer with its natural and luxuriant freshness. The trees, however, are not to be compared to the stately grandeur of our oaks and beeches at Fontainebleau; and the pines of the Jura are wanting. The party met on the brow of the hill; and after enjoying

the prospect, the gentlemen handed the ladies down the green slope to the valley below, with that *arrangement* and decorum which accompany even pleasures in England. Proceeding down the thicket, a vast long table appeared through the trees, tastefully spread with cold viands of great delicacy and variety, fruits, flowers, wine, plate, china, glittering like a feast in a pantomime, with all the abundance of Ceres' and Pomona's gifts. A few *dames* and *cazaliers* who had arrived early, were already scattered about in gay summer dresses under the trees. A tent was pitched to the left for the kitchen; a kettle was boiling on two sticks à l'*Egyptienne*, the smoke curling up among the green boughs. The chariots and coaches were drawn up at a little distance. A piano-forte stood near the table, and Signor P—— with his French-horn blew a welcome as the party arrived. The lady patroness—*la presidente*—a young and pretty wife of one of the neighbouring gentlemen, took her seat: her spouse headed the table. The King was drunk with three times three, and acclamations of English loyalty made the greenwood ring. The whole scene was a picture for Hobbins, Micris, or our *Le Sueur*—except that the last would have found no aquiline-nosed monarch to sinper amorously at the rural goddesses. The gay and various-coloured dresses, the graceful figures and smiling faces, the glittering table, the groups of rural spectators, the liveried servants, the smoking fire, the tent, and the leafy canopy waving its embowering shades over all, gave the whole the air of a fairy dream. It was Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* realized, without his *gallinatus* and monsters—*Titania* without her ass—*Oberon* and his queen in high good-humour, and revelling with a full court in light and innocent festivity. The dinner or collation was excellent—by no means, though rustic, like the feast of *Baucis*—

Le linge orné de fleurs fut couvert pour tous mets  
D'un peu de lait, de fruits, et des dous de Cères.

About forty persons sat down. The wines were admirable; and the fruits almost equal to those of the Boulevards. Except the circumstance of the viands being cold, no ingredient of an excellent English dinner was wanting. Indeed the only fault perhaps was, that there was too much of *recherche* and preparation, which gave some idea of ceremony; but in England dinner, you know, is never an affair of *chance*. Not that the English are greater *gourmands* than we are: the contrary, I believe, is the fact; but it is a part of the domestic sociability and union of their habits to make every meal a rendezvous for the scattered members of the family—and this gives a certain air of ceremony and preparation to all meals. Breakfast, I find, is also an affair of form in a large country-house of the genuine English stamp. Round the hissing urn assemble all the fresh and gay morning faces of the household; the pleasures of the preceding evening, or the plans of the present day, are discussed and arranged over smoking vases of tea and delicate parallelograms of toast. In some modern great houses it is indeed the fashion for *Milord* to drink his coffee in his library, and *Miladi* sips chocolate in her boudoir; while the young ladies loll over a novel with their green tea by their bed-sides.

"Belinda still her downy pillow prest,  
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest."

Visitors in the house are thus left to themselves till noon or dinner-time. You walk in the morning into a dreary deserted breakfast-room—the old hounds and parlour-dogs being the only inmates of the family who are stirring to give you a welcome. One visitor rings the bell for breakfast at one hour, another at another. This is adopted a good deal from us French. It is more convenient for those who have business or studies to attend to, and it suits well that morbid class of persons who like their own solitary thoughts, and also professed wits, who, being expected to play a brilliant part at the dinner-table, like to refresh their spirits, and gather up their *bon-mots* and anecdotes for the exhibition of the coming evening. But it is less comfortable, less sociable, less hospitable than the genuine old English breakfast; and though, as you know, I am *Parisien de fond en comble*, I yet like the English best when they are most national and least French. *Mais voilà un episode!*

Dinner being concluded, some of the ladies joined with Signor P.'s horn in making a pleasing concert, while a few country-dances were executed with all the lightness and grace of the "moonlight elves" and fays who may be supposed to revel in these green shades. As the evening came on, an invitation was given by Lady B. to adjourn to the Park. This was readily accepted by the majority of the party. Coaches, chariots, and tilburies were instantly filled with fair forms and gallant cavaliers, and the cavalcade moved to the park. The carpet in the *grand salon* was presently removed, the tables, couches, and ottomans displaced, and quadrilles commenced with all the energy which English damsels, you know, display in all their movements. Both young men and maidens are now, you know, accomplished dancers quite à la *Parisienne*—thanks to some of our *artistes* who came over in the train of King Quadrille. It is surprising how well the undulations of our elegant dance suit the stately forms of these fine *Anglaises*: *elles sont les vraies Dianas de la danse*. They dance with sentiment and poetry—not like *figurantes du Grand Opera*. They have not the natural lightness and exquisite coquetry of our demoiselles—but they have a capacity which seizes every thing, and lays hold of the *spirit* of every accomplishment: they learn to dance, as they learn to ride, to play, to sing, to speak Italian—by rule and principle,—and they are mistresses of the dance as they are of languages, *au fond*, and with a completeness and finish which is unequalled. In short, they mix up this mechanical accomplishment with the sentiment and intellect which pervade their characters. Besides, Englishwomen and Englishmen, to be happy and agreeable in society, must have *un but*—they must have *quelque chose à faire*—they are awkward *faineants*, and cannot talk eloquently about nothing. A quadrille, a waltz, a book, a game at cards, are necessary to exclude *ennui*. Leave them entirely to their own resources, and nine societies out of ten would (or ought to) acknowledge they were dreadfully *ennuié*—bored (as their phrase is). I hardly know a *coterie* of English with whom one could enjoy those delightful promenades of indolence and mirth which we used to enjoy with Madame la Comtesse de C—, Mons. de A—n, Madame de L—, and the Marquis de V—e, in the Bosquets of St. Cloud and Trianon—when we drove down in *calèches* or rode on horseback, the carriage stocked with a few peaches and *gateaux*—nothing to do—nothing new to see—every flower and avenue known by heart to us all; no books, no wits, no

lions, and, what is more singular, no *haisons*; but our unadorned selves in high spirits, with a quick and keen enjoyment of conversation; fine eyes full of pleasure, without either sentiment or triumph—*enjouement* without aim; and gaiety without effort. But the English require *getting up* to be happy; they must be stimulated by something which rouses some feeling or some talent: they are such people of mind and of sentiment, that they know no enjoyment unless *interested* by something: they know nothing of the spontaneous sparkling pleasure of spirits which bound *only* because nothing depresses them; they must have a reason to be *gay*;—we require a reason to be sad. *En un mot, ils savent jouir, mais ils ne savent pas s'amuser.* “*Mais plus de metaphysique,*” you exclaim. We kept up waltzes and quadrilles with great spirit and *determination* till near midnight, when the party separated, and the carriages soon drove away. I went to my room, and enjoyed a lovely moon streaming over the basin in the park, and pouring its masses of pale light through the *shades* of the shrubbery. You see I am turned quite a *Celadon* among these nymphs. You will tell me, “Never again say the English are not *gay*,” after such a day as you describe.” “No; they are *happy*—never *gay*,” *lequel des deux vaut mieux, c'est à vous à décider.* I am delighted with this rural life;

Flore, Echo, les Zephyrs et leurs molles haleines,  
Le verd tapis des prés, et l'argent des fontaines—

not the less agreeable, by the way, for being *à sept lieues de la capitale*. I will write again when I have any thing to describe, and nothing to do.

#### THE ROSE-BUD.

From the German of Goethe.

A ROSE, that bloom'd the road-side by,  
Caught a young vagrant's wanton eye;  
The child was gay, the morn was clear,  
The child would see the rose-bud near:

He saw the blooming flower.  
My little rose, my rose-bud dear!  
My rose that blooms the road-side near!

The child exclaim'd, “My hands shall dare,  
Thee, rose, from off thy stem to tear;”  
The rose replied, “If I have need,  
My thorns shall make thy fingers bleed—  
Thy rash design give o'er.”

My little rose, my rose-bud dear!  
My rose that blooms the road-side near!

Regardless of its thorny spray,  
The child would tear the rose away;  
The rose bewail'd with sob and sigh,  
But all in vain, no help was nigh  
To quell the urchin's power.

My little rose, my rose-bud dear!  
My rose that bloom'd the road-side near!

## LETTERS ON A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

## NO. VI.

Ev'n here where Alpine solitudes extend,  
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend.

GOLDSMITH.

As we drove towards Aarbeig on the road to Berne, every successive object presented a change of character from the villages and people of Neuchâtel and the Pays de Vaud. It was evident we had quitted the *Pays Romant* (French Switzerland), and were now in the heart of the German canton of Berne. The appearance, stature, costume, and looks of the people, presented a marked difference: the men were taller, squarer, more strongly built, with an air of true German sedateness and taciturnity; the women large portly dames, with their fair hair parted across the forehead, (I cannot say the "aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor,") large lace grasshopper wings to their caps, a black velvet bodice, short stuff petticoats, thick ancles, and silver buckles on their shoes. Such is a Bernese beauty (for they are reckoned some of the finest women in Switzerland)—a sort of rustic queen—a peasant-woman of Rubens—with a clumsy kind of dignity, and a sort of ponderous grace which is not very *piquant* or attractive, at the same time that it is impossible to deny her the merit of good shape, fair complexion, and arms and legs which render her a most serviceable helpmate to her husband in all agricultural employment. The country around us was, in general, of the richest pasture, the verdure of which I never saw equalled, except in England. Indeed, the neatness of the fields, the carefully compacted inclosures and hedges, the chequering of wood here and there interspersed, gave the country more resemblance to our own than any district I ever saw on the continent. Had the broad barrier of the Jura behind us, and the glittering snow-tops of the Alps peeping out from the clouds before us, been removed, the home-scene immediately about us might easily have been taken for a scene in the county of Hertford or of Berks. The resemblance would be put to flight, indeed, in a moment by the appearance of one of the aforesaid Amaryllises with a pitchfork on her shoulder, driving home a load of sheaves drawn by a pair of little fawn-coloured cows, obeying with docile steps the shrill voice of their mistress. We crossed twice the rapid Aar, which waters this green and fertile country, and arrived at the white, elegant, and picturesque town of Berne towards evening.

Berne is beyond comparison the finest and best-built town in Switzerland, with a peculiarity of character and situation which render it unlike any place with which I am acquainted. It stands on a narrow high peninsular ridge almost surrounded by the Aar, over which there is a handsome stone bridge at the lower extremity of the town. This ridge slopes down with great rapidity to the river—in some places its sides are nearly perpendicular, in others covered with garden and vineyard; and the houses of the town look down immediately on the river and green meadows at 200 feet below. The width of the town from the river to the river is no where more than a quarter of a mile, and its length about a mile. On all sides are noble terraced-walks overhanging the Aar, and commanding the loveliest prospects of the pastures, woods, and mountains around: the most delightful of these walks is on a terrace above

the river in the churchyard of the cathedral, where the Bernese are fond of lounging under the shade of some fine avenues of horse-chestnuts. The river flows rapidly immediately below the terrace, and is formed into a fine murmuring cascade by a mill-dam below. A fine expanse of the richest meadow, studded with white peasants' houses, *chateaux*, and farms, stretches for some miles near the river; while a fine slope of pasture mountain, half covered with a fir forest, rises beyond, closing the rich home landscape. A green, fresh pastoral beauty characterises this near scene. It is more like Arcadia than any picture one's fancy can suggest; but, lovely as it is, a far sublimer and more lovely sight opens on the eye when the clouds break away, and beyond this verdant foreground the Bernese Alps in all their grandeur rise towering into the heavens, and glittering with a resplendent whiteness. The grandeur of landscape can hardly go beyond this view. Every near object glads the eye and soothes the feelings with an aspect of rural plenty and peace and independence; while the hoary majestic fangs of these distant "palaces of nature" give a nobler and more elevated tone to the feeling which the scene inspires—

All that expands the spirit, yet appals,  
Gather around these summits.

The interior of the town is neat, regular, and cleanly beyond example for a town of the same size and antiquity. It is built entirely of white stone, and well paved. The main street, which runs the length of the town, is divided in the middle by an antique arch and gateway of an early date, erected by Berchtold, Duke of Zähringen, the founder of the town. Over this gateway is a very curious ancient clock of singular mechanism, and one of the earliest specimens of the art. All the houses in Berne are built towards the street on arcades which occupy the place of the ground-floor, so that the foot pavement is entirely under cover—a great convenience to foot passengers. This gives a uniform and somewhat quiet and lifeless character to the streets, the shops being kept out of view, and the throng of passers concealed under the arcades. Berne has in all respects a truly aristocratic appearance. The approaches to the town are by admirable roads between avenues of limes and chestnuts. The gates and entrances are striking—the public buildings, particularly the hospital, the mint, and the cathedral, are imposing masses of stone architecture—fountains and gushing streams are distributed in all quarters of the town—the noble terraces, fine ramparts, with deer and bears running loose in the ditches, the arms of the ambassadors on their mansions, and the absence of all the dirt and noisy confusion of commerce, of which there is not a shadow at Berne, give a character of patrician elegance and dignity to this metropolis of a pastoral and agricultural country. Patricians and peasants are alone to be seen at Berne. The Bernese have the credit of possessing a spirit quite in keeping with this aristocratic air of their town. They pride themselves much upon their venerable families which have furnished distinguished statesmen and warriors to Switzerland from the earliest periods of the Helvetic league to the present day. Some of the families who now take lead in the council, and who frequently fill the office of Avoyer or president of the republic, have filled the same offices, cultivated the same estates, and dwelt in the same *chateaux*, almost since the days of William Tell. Some branches of these ancient families, which are often very numerous, are not in

affluent circumstances; but few condescend to resort to commerce; preferring, in the true chivalrous spirit of their ancestors, the profession of arms, and entering into foreign military service rather than degrade their hereditary rank by mercenary occupations. There is something noble and respectable in this sort of feeling which induces men to submit to personal privations and sacrifices from what they conceive a point of honour to their families and themselves. Aristocracy at Berne is, in fact, the stern ancient warrior's feeling, full of pride and patriotism, but in no way sullied by pomp or fastidious luxury, or frittered away by foppery and fashion.

The simplicity of life in all ranks is most remarkable. All the town, from the Avoyer downwards, dine from twelve to two. No carriages or equipages, or laced liveries, are to be seen. Except one of the Spanish Minister, I never saw a coach in the streets of Berne. The first dignitaries and nobles are to be seen driving themselves in a humble *char-à-banc* with one horse. The "*Persicos apparatus*" of the table are not attempted, and a man servant is a rarity even in the best houses. Society was described to us by the Bernese themselves (for we were at Berne in the heat of summer, when "*the season*" was quite at an end) as rather of a stiff old-fashioned character. The *coteries* are divided strictly according to ages—the old, the middle-aged, and the young, form entirely distinct parties, and rarely mingle together. Till a certain age, a young lady or gentleman belongs to the youthful squadron—at a precise period they quit this and enter into the next division. At the *casino* to which we were introduced, the same regulation prevails—there is the young men's room, and the elderly gentlemen's room—they can by no means read the papers or play billiards in the same apartment. Various other etiquettes of the same sort prevail in the best society. If a husband and wife go to the same party, they cannot possibly go together; the wives go about an hour beforehand, and then the husbands appear. Swiss society does not appear, in general, to afford very brilliant resources of conversation, or the graces of court breeding; but, when you stand in a circle of Swiss gentlemen, their plain and simple manners and appearance vouch for the manly strength and virtues of their character: you feel that you are among honest men and gentlemen in feelings and in birth. Their conversation is that of agricultural gentlemen—the patricians of a pastoral state: the vintage, the crops, the barometer, the foreign news, are discussed with unpretending good sense; then a rubber at whist is resorted to; and waltzing is the never-failing resource of the young people.

Politics are naturally enough rather a sore subject at Berne; the wounds of the Revolution were too deep, and are still too fresh, not to smart on touching. At Berne these are naturally felt with peculiar acuteness. In one day the glory and pride of three centuries were tarnished. On the 5th of March, 1798, Berne was entered by French troops. This stern oligarchy, which had been the fulcrum and shield of the Swiss Confederation for centuries, preserving neutrality and peace to Switzerland, and ruling its subjects with a paternal and tranquil authority, was broken and overthrown with insult. Its treasure, to the immense amount of fifteen millions of francs, was pillaged; its venerable dignitaries insulted—its brave defenders slaughtered—its arsenal, with 40,000 stand of arms, plundered—and even the antique armour of the

warlike forefathers of the state carried off by a rapacious soldiery. It is now, indeed, restored to peace and to much of its ancient condition; but its treasure, accumulated by the frugality and honesty of its rulers for centuries, has been squandered by the French armies—its armoury is despoiled—it has lost two of its fairest provinces, the Pays de Vaud and Argovie—the charm of long unbroken peace and security is dispelled; and what is, perhaps, as disagreeable as all to the upper ranks, the frame of its venerable institutions has been shaken, and their pure aristocracy compelled to endure a coalition with some democratic elements. Before the Revolution the eligibility to all offices was vested in 236 ancient families, among whom about seventy, in fact, monopolized all honour and consequence—for honour and consequence were every thing—their emolument was little more than nominal. Their Excellencies the Members of the Sovereign Council had none at all, and the President of the State (the *Avoyer*) had about 400*l.* per ann.—and this with fifteen millions of francs in the public treasury! Since the Revolution, the door has been opened to a considerable number of families of the upper peasantry, who are now eligible to public offices, but in such a number as still to leave a decided preponderance among the old aristocratic families. Taxes were absolutely unknown in Berne before the Revolution, thanks to peace and frugality: they are now very trifling in amount. The hospitals are admirably administered. Beggars are unknown: every individual has a claim on some commune or parish for support; and if ever peasants appeared well-fed, substantial, proud, and opulent, certainly it is the peasantry of Berne.

The old government of Berne, according to the general confession of friends and foes, afforded one of the most remarkable instances in history of a long course of spotless integrity, and wise and temperate administration. The people, it is true, had no influence in it; the oligarchy of old families were absolute rulers. But for five centuries the people had lived prosperous, powerful, and happy, without a single tax, with little either of poverty or crime, with justice open to all, a public granary full of corn provided for emergencies, and a treasury overflowing with money, for which there was absolutely no use in a state where the rulers were unpaid. The best representative government that ever existed never secured so long and plentiful a result of happiness to a people as had been produced by this absolute oligarchy. It is no proof of the advantage of such a form of government in the abstract—but it is a proof of the honour, benevolence, and patriotism of the Swiss aristocracy, which will in all history redound to their glory. Nor is the fact to be considered as imputing blame to the advocates of some kind of change. Even had the French not introduced their own principles as usual at the point of their bayonets, the people were, perhaps, fairly entitled to demand some innovations suited to the spirit of the times and their own increased lights and knowledge. They began to see, that, without a single important grievance to complain of, they held their freedom and prosperity only at the pleasure of the Sovereign Council: they had no securities but their rulers' integrity and conscience. They began to theorize as well as their neighbours, and in theory they had neither rights, nor freedom, nor security of any kind. They cannot be blamed for having urged a claim to some guarantee of the permanence of those blessings of good government which they had enjoyed for cen-



tures. The means by which their object was effected were, indeed, bitter and galling to Switzerland; but French ambition and avarice, and the imprudent zeal of some Swiss reformers, must take the blame of these excesses. Notwithstanding the successful defence of their liberty and neutrality for three centuries against ordinary attacks, it is, perhaps, doubtful whether Switzerland, even had she been firm, united, and undivided by French principles and views of reform, could have withstood the overbearing torrent of an invasion by Republican France. Her reformers and revolutionists certainly did not allow her the trial, and gave France assistance; but they were the dupes of that which duped some of the greatest and wisest men in Europe—the peridious hypocrisy and profligate ambition of the agents of the French Revolution.

D.

## SONG.

## THE DEVIL AND THE NUNS.

THERE once was a convent of beautiful Nuns,  
Sing heigh, and their looks were so holy,  
That the pointing and scorn of those pale pretty ones  
Made the Devil himself melancholy.  
Like a minstrel he once clamber'd up to their wall,  
And of love at their grate he sung lowly;  
But they soon put a stop to his sweet madrigal,  
And they tumbled him back rowley-powley.  
Ho, ho! quoth the Devil, but I will not flinch,  
And his way he by hook or by crook made,  
Till at last he contrived, in the guise of a wench,  
To be hired in their house for a cook-maid.  
Grammercy, sweet maids, could ye ever believe  
Ye should meet with a snare so bewitching,  
As that he who had offer'd the apple to Eve  
Was to cook apple-pies in your kitchen?  
To his stews and his fries went the father of lies,  
And he pamper'd his pretty despisers,  
Till they grew by degrees, from pale meek devotees,  
Into bouncing and brave gormandizers.  
Such laughing and roistering soon made the cloister ring,  
You could scarcely distinguish them from boys;  
Lord knows how their diet had set them a-riot,  
But they romp'd like a parcel of tomboys.  
And I wish, merry Fair, that your tricks had stopp'd there,  
But the Devil slipt under their patties  
Torn leaves, as by chance, from old books of romance,  
About ladies that kiss'd through the lattice.  
Like tinder each poor little heart caught the spark,  
And began with love-fancies to palter;  
Singing rapturous songs from the dawn to the dark,  
But alas! 'twas not songs of the Psalter.  
When their Confessor scolded, they pull'd both his ears;  
'Then O-ho, quoth the Devil (and droily  
Put his tongue in his cheek) I forgive you, my dears,  
For your tumbling me back rowley-powley.

C.

ON THE GAME OF CHESS IN EUROPE DURING THE  
THIRTEENTH CENTURY.\*

§ V. *The Roc.*

THE name of this piece is also derived from the East; the Arabians called it رخ *Rúch*, and the Jews רוק *Rúk* or *Rok*, both words signifying a *Camel* or *Dromedary*. I shall not dwell longer on this piece, as its movement on the board has never varied, since the introduction of the Game into Europe.†

§ IV. *The Pawn.*

The Eastern name given to to this piece was بيدت *Beidlak*, a word which signifies in the Turkish language a *foot-soldier*: the Jews called it רגל *Ragal*. The Pawn has never undergone any variation in its powers of moving and other prerogatives, and, therefore it will be

\* Continued from page 130.

† In Aben Ezra's little Poem on Chess, already quoted, the moves of the רוק or *Rok* are thus clearly explained;

והרוק והלוח מישור בדרכו  
ובשדה עלי רחבו וארפו  
ודרכי עקשים לא יבקש  
נתיבו מבלי פתל ועקש

Rue recta incedit in via sua,  
In campo per latitudinem et longitudinem ejus;  
Et vias obliquas non querit,  
Semita ejus non est torta nec perversa

The elegant treatise on Chess of Rabbi Aben Jachia, is still more explanatory on the movement of the *Rok* at this game.

ולפני הרוקים מהלכם וכשר יש דרך ישר תנועה אחת  
לארבעתם לא יסובו בלכתם כל-הדרך אשר לפניו ילך  
כל-אחד אם בלח וגבר ואין דובר אלו דבר רק אם  
אחד מן הישרים ועבדי המלך יעמוד לפניהם אין פה  
להם לעבור עליהם לא מהמונם ולא מהמהם מגבול אשר  
עדן ילך כל-אחד מלבדו:

i. e. Et coram Richis iter ipsorum directum est nam via eorum est recta. Et uniusmodi motio est quatuor illis: non enim circumvenit in incessu suo, sed in omni via quæ est aut se, incedit unusquisque ipsorum, si per virtutem suam valet; et nemo dicit ei quicquam. Tantummodo si aliquis ex Principibus aut servis Regis steterit coram eis, tunc non est us potestas transcendendi per illos (ne quidem per tumultum suum nec per strepitum suum) à termino ad quem hactenus processerat quilibet eorum solus.—The move of this Piece is thus described in *M.S. Bill. Reg.* 12 E. xxi.:

Rochus qui cernit prope ut longe ut sternit,  
Nec est in bello quisque velocior illo;  
Si nihil obstiterit hostes tunc undique querit,  
Hic tamen obliquis pareet cunctis inimicis.

“ Rochus est justiciarius perambulans totam terram directè cum linea; itaque nec obliquè capiat corruptis muneribus, sed omnia justè corrigat nulli parcens, &c.”  
*Moralitas Innocentii Papæ.*

needless to enter into a description of them here; but the reader is requested to refer to the note below.\*

Having thus described the powers of the various pieces, we next

\* Mr Twiss, in his entertaining work on Chess, describes the wood engravings inserted in an ancient Italian edition of *Jacobus de Casolis* (the treatise printed by Caxton, in 1474); after mentioning the King, Queen, and Bishops, &c. he comes to the Pawns: "The first Pawn which stands before the King's Rook is a husbandman, with his bill in his right hand, and in the left a wand, to guide his oxen and flocks, and a pruning-knife at his girdle. The second Pawn placed before the King's Knight, is a smith with a hammer in one hand, and a trowel in the other, clothed in a seaman's jacket. The King's Bishop's Pawn, is a man with a pair of shears in one hand, a knife in the other, an inkstand hanging at his button, and a pen stuck behind his right ear. The King's Pawn has a pair of scales in his right hand, in his left a measuring wand, and a purse of money hanging at his waistband. The Queen's Pawn is a man seated in an armed chair, with a book in one hand, and in the other a vial; various chirurgical instruments are stuck in his girdle. This personage represents a physician, who to be perfect, as the book of *Jacobus de Casolis* says, ought to be a grammarian, logician, rhetorician, astrologer, arithmetician, geometrician, and musician. The Queen's Bishop's Pawn is a man standing at his own door, with a glass of wine in one hand, a loaf of bread in the other, and a bunch of keys at his girdle; representing an innkeeper. The Queen's Knight's Pawn, with two large keys in one hand, a pair of compasses in the other, and an open purse at his waist. The eighth and last Pawn, is a man with his hair dishevelled, ragged clothes, four dice in his right hand, a crust of bread in his left, and a letter-pouch suspended from his shoulders."—*Vol. I. pp. 43, 44.*—Caxton, in his edition of this very early writer on Chess, gives the following names to the eight Pawns just described:—

Labourers and tiling of the erthe  
 Smythis and other werkes in yron and metall  
 Drapers and makers of cloth and notaries  
 Marchantes and chaungers  
 Physicians and chirurgiens, and apotecaries  
 Taverners and hostlers  
 Gardes of the cities and tollers and customers  
 Ribauldes players at dyse and the messagers.

I have already commented on the absurdity of our ancestors in compelling the Pawn to change his sex, and from a soldier turn into a woman, and marry the King in reward of his valor; but it appears that his promotion to the dignity of *Ferz* or *Ferce*, was a very ancient prerogative of this piece. The poem of *La Vieille*, before cited, says:—

Et quand le Peon fait sa trache.  
 Si qu'il est au bout de l'Estache.  
 Lors de Fierge fait tout l'office.  
 Et est de pareil exercice.

The Poem on Chess among the *Bodleian MSS.* also says,

Cum Pedester usque summam . venerit ad Tabulam.  
 Nomen ejus tunc mutetur . appelletur Fercia.  
 Ejus interim Reginæ . gratiam obtineat.

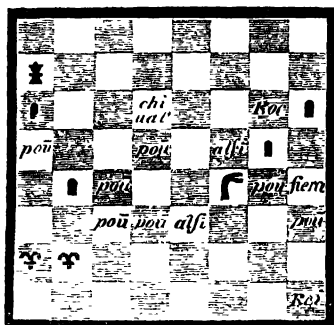
An ancient Poem on this game, quoted by Dr. Hyde, likewise states that the Pawn

Tendit in obliquum cum fallere vult inimicum,  
 Si valet extremum tabulæ perstringere demum.  
 Tunc augmentatur tunc Fercia jure vocatur.

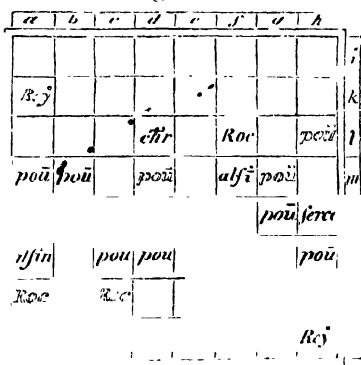
The Pawn is thus described in the "*Morabitas Innocenti*:"—"Pedinus vero pauperculus est qui incedendo semper vadit directè in sua simplicitate, sed quum capere vult obliquat. Si homo semper quando in sua consistat paupertate, directè venit; sed cum querit aliquod temporale vel honores consequi, statum mendaciis, perjuriis, favoribus et adulationibus obliquat, quousque ad gradum superiorem scaccarii mundi perveniat, sed tunc de *pawn* fit *ferz* et per 3 puncta pertransit," &c.—*Bull. Reg. 12 E. xxi. MS.*

come to inquire into the state of the Game itself during the 13th century; in the prosecution of which inquiry many interesting situations in Chess will be given, and various specimens of scientific play adduced to prove that the knowledge of Chess at that early period was neither contemptible nor superficial. Prior to my entering into this part of the Essay, I will here present the reader with a specimen of one position taken from the Cotton MS. and the MS. in the King's library, as it will show the manner in which the Games are set down in those MSS., and the different methods also adopted by the writers to explain the moves of the Diagrams;—as the Game is unimportant, it is considered unnecessary to explain it by modern terms:

MS. Cott. Cleop. B. ix. 1.



Bibl. Regia, 13 A. xviii.



Li reis neir . tret premirement.  
 Sinun . tost eust sun iugement.  
 Del vn des alfins eschek dirra.  
 Mes li vermeil aler porra.  
 En langle . mes si il iert ale.  
 Tost serreit del roc mate.  
 E sil delez langle veit.  
 Li roc sempre li muneraz plait.  
 En sun le boro eschek li dirra.  
 E delez le chiualer le valera.  
 Al tierz trait en la garde del chiualer.  
 Li dirra li roc . eschek plenir.  
 Si ke li estuuera le chiu' al prendre.  
 Mes al quart tret uoldra descendre.  
 Li roc . en la garde de sun poun.  
 E fra le rei aler ouille il v nun.  
 Entre le poun e le neir alfin.  
 Ki enkiu li ert m'lt mal reisu.  
 E al q'nt treit lencuntera.  
 Li neir poun . e munter le fra.  
 Al sime . li suit le roc al dos.  
 Al setime nel serra auer repos.  
 A iuz le vet en la garde escheekier.  
 Del alfin quil trait premir.  
 Al v'time ne se uolt celer.  
 La fierce le fet al bord aler.  
 Al neofime viet auant le cornuz.  
 Si li mostre ses corns aguz.  
 Si compainz comenca la medlee.  
 J cist cornu come la menee.

Meschef fet hom penser.

28. Meschef fet hom pe'er ceo guy  
 ad nou'.  
 E nest muerlie . il ad enchesou'.  
 Le neyr rey si li ne vst pe'se de bon  
 defe'siou'.  
 Vnkes ne vst eschape de mat la c'fu-  
 siou'.  
 Mes cy ad il pe'se ke le mat eschapera.  
 E a le tret neofime laltre matera.  
 Ou le auin . a o p'mes eschec dirra.  
 Si le rey vet en langle del Roc mat  
 serra.  
 Pur ceo le rey coue't en . b j . aler.  
 Pays eschec ou Roc deuez nu'cier.  
 En . c j . le tierce eschee'. ou mesmes  
 le roc seyt.  
 Issi ke a force lech'r prendre deyt.  
 Le quarte eschec en . c l . ou mesmo  
 le roc frey'.  
 Ou le pou' . d o . le q'nte &schec dirrez.  
 Le sime eschec & setime ou le Roc  
 serra.  
 Le v'time ou le force . puy le alfin  
 matera.

There was no species of game more generally known during the 13th and 14th centuries, than that in which one player agreed to mate the other in a given number of moves in the middle of the chessboard: from the frequency of this game, players gave it the appellation of *guy cotidian*, and the old writers on Chess preface the instructions they give on this *Ludus quotidianus*, by remarking that,

Ceste guy du't ore N. dirou'.  
Guy cotidian si'appellou'.  
E' pur ceo ke il est si comou'.  
Guy cotidian si ad anou'.

Chaucer, in the first Dream or Book of the Duchesse, makes express mention of this Mate in the middle of the board, or, as he terms it, a

— Mate in the mid point of the chekere;  
and I shall insert the passage at length without apology.

My boldnesse is turned to shame,  
For false fortune hath played a game  
At the chesse with me——  
By our Lord I will thee say,  
At the Chesse with me she gan to play,  
With her false draughtes full divers  
She stale on me, and take my fers,  
And when I sawe my fers away,  
Alas I couthe no longer play,  
But said farewell storet ywis,  
And farewell all that ever there is:  
Therewith fortune said, cheke here,  
And mate in the mid point of the chekere,  
With a paunc errant, alas,  
Full craftier to play she was  
Than Athalus that made the game  
First of the Chesse, so was is name:  
But god wolde I had ones or twice,  
I coude, and know the icaperdis,  
That coude the greke Pythagores,  
I shulde haue plaide the bet at ches,  
And kept my fers the bet thereby.  
For this I say yet more thereto,  
Was I be God, and might have do  
My will, when she my fers caught,  
I wolde have drawe the same draught.

It is evident from these lines that Chaucer was but little skilled in the game of Chess, or he would not have suffered his antagonist to have won the game by so very common a species of Check-mate. This is more than probable from the following lines taken from the same poem:

Now of late this other night  
Upon my bed I sate upright,  
And hadt one reach me a booke,  
A Romaunce, and I me toke  
To rede, and dride the night away:  
For methought it better play,  
Than either at Chesse or Tables,  
And in this booke were writen fables.

None but those conscious of the inferiority of their skill at Chess would prefer an idle book of fables to the entertainment arising from so interesting and scientific a pastime as Chess. A few examples of this species of Mate may be considered curious,

FIRST SITUATION.

<i>White.</i> Rex at adv. Q. B. 3rd sq. Roc at Q. B. square. Two Ferces at adv. K. B. 3rd and 4th squares.	<i>Black.</i> Rex at his Q. R. square.
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White agrees to mate the Black at the seventh move in the middle of the board.

- |  |                                  |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 1. Roc gives check.                      | Rex to Q. Kt. square.            |
| 2. Rex to adv. Q. Kt. 3rd square.        | Rex to Q. <sup>P</sup> . square. |
| 3. Roc to adv. Q. R. sq. checking.       | Rex to Q. 2nd square.            |
| 4. Roc to adv. K. R. square.             | Rex to Q. 3rd square.            |
| 5. Roc to adv. K. R. 2nd sq. *           | Rex to Q. 4th sq.                |
| 6. Roc to its K. R. 4th sq.              | Rex to Q. 3rd square.            |
| 7. Roc to Q. 4th sq. giving check-mate.* |                                  |

SECOND SITUATION.

<i>White.</i> Rex at adv. Q. B. 3rd square. Roc at Q. B. square. Ferce at adv. K. B. 3rd square. Chivalier at adv. K. Kt. 4th square.	<i>Black.</i> Rex at Q. R. square.
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THIRD SITUATION.

<i>White.</i> Rex at adv. Q. B. 3rd square. Roc at Q. B. square. Two Chivaliers at adv. K. Kt. 3rd and 4th squares.	<i>Black.</i> Rex at Q. R. square.
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FOURTH SITUATION.

<i>White.</i> Rex at adv. Q. B. 3rd square. Roc at K. sq. Roc at Q. B. sq.	<i>Black.</i> Rex at Q. R. square.
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Besides these, there are several other Games wherein the Mate is effected in the middle of the board; some possess considerable beauty, and exhibit a superiority of play little to be expected at so early a period. One specimen I will give, called by the writer *bien troue*, and who thus describes it:

Ceste guý si ad nou' bien t'ue.  
E si est il sutils & de gran't bealte.  
Kar al sime tret matera sou' adu'ser.  
A force en mylu del leschecker.  
E bien fut troue & bien fust fet. &c. &c.

SITUATION.

<i>White.</i> Rex at Q. B. 2nd square. Roc at K. R. 3rd sq. Alfyn at adv. K. B. sq. Chival. at adv. K. B. 4th sq. *	<i>Black.</i> Rex at adv. Q. R. square.
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White to mate the Black in the middle of the board by force in six moves.

- |                            |                               |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Chiv. to Q. 4th square. | Rex to adv. Q. R. 2nd square. |
| 2. Roc to K. R. sq.        | Rex to adv. Q. R. 3rd sq.     |

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\* I am compelled to make use of the modern method of setting down positions in chess, as the too frequent repetition of the old names of the pieces would sound harshly, and possibly create obscurity, where it is wished to be very clear and intelligible.

- |   |                            |
|---|----------------------------|
| 3. Roc to Q. R. sq. checking.                       | Rey to adv. Q. Kt. 4th sq. |
| 4. Rey to Q. 3rd sq.                                | Rey to his Q. B. 4th sq.   |
| 5. Roc to Q. Kt. sq.                                | Rey to Q. 4th sq.          |
| 6. Roc to adv. Q. Kt. 4th sq. and gives check-mate. |                            |

Another kind of game, similar to the above, was that called "*Li Meruelous*:"—whether the Mate will now be considered marvellous is rather problematical; it was evidently thought so during the thirteenth century, for the writer says,

*Li meruelous ceo guy ad non'.*  
*Kar meruelouse apert le mateysou'.*

## FIRST SITUATION.

*White.*

- Rey at adv. Q. B. 4th square.  
 Roc at adv. K. Kt. 3rd sq.  
 1. Ferce at adv. K. B. 3rd sq.  
 2. Ferce at adv. K. B. 4th sq.  
 3. Ferce at adv. K. Kt. 4th sq.  
 Two Pouns at adv. K. 3rd and 4th squares.

*Black.*

Rey at his B. square.

White to mate the Black at the *fifth* move in the middle of the board.

- |   |                                    |
|---|------------------------------------|
| 1. 2. Ferce to his K. 4th square.           | Rey to his square.                 |
| 2. 1. Ferce to adv. K. 2d sq.               | Rey takes the Ferce.               |
| 3. Roc to adv. K. Kt. sq.                   | Rey is compelled to take the Poun. |
| 4. Roc to adv. K. Kt. 2d sq.                | Rey takes the Poun.                |
| 5. Roc to adv. K. 2d sq. giving check-mate. |                                    |

## SECOND SITUATION.

*White.*

- Rey at adv. Q. 3d square.  
 Roc at adv. Q. 2nd sq.  
 1. Ferce at adv. K. Kt. 3rd sq.  
 2. Ferce at adv. K. Kt. 4th sq.  
 Two Pouns at adv. K. B. 3rd and 4th squares.

*Black.*

Rey to his square.

White to check-mate Black at the fourth move in the middle of the board.

- |   |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| 1. 1. Ferce to adv. K. B. 2nd square, checking. | Rey to B. square.    |
| 2. Roc to adv. Q. sq. checking.                 | Rey takes the Ferce. |
| 3. Ferce to adv. K. R. 3rd sq.                  | Rey takes the Poun.  |
| 4. Roc to adv. K. B. sq. and gives check-mate.  |                      |

"*Le guy de couenant*" was the name of the next species of play most generally used, and was so called from a covenant or agreement entered into between the players, that the one should not take, nor the other be permitted to move, a particular piece. There are several of these games in Chess MSS.; but, as they possess very little (if any) merit, I shall pass them by unnoticed. There is also a game of covenant, called "*couenant fet ley*," which is no otherwise remarkable than from its being mentioned in the Romance of *Sir Tristram* under the appellation of *the long Assise*. In this game the whole of the chess-men are placed on the board, and on the black agreeing to move none of his men, the white engages to mate him at the *eleventh* move: as it affords, however, no specimen of good play, it is needless to dwell longer on it.

## A SUMMER'S DAY AT OXFORD.

I INVITE the reader to pass a summer's day with me, in exploring a few of the beauties of the most beautiful city in Europe—beautiful on all accounts—actual as well as fanciful—natural as well as artificial—immediate and present, as well as remote and associate. But it would ask a volume even to glance at all these beauties; and I can reckon on but a few pages. I must, therefore, in this our first walk together, notice but a few; and these merely external ones: and if my companion, the reader, relishes these, and my manner of bringing them before him (or rather of bringing *him* before *them*), he may command my future services as a cicerone; for, to point out to others the good, of whatever kind, with which I have long been familiar, is almost as pleasant to me as it was to discover it for myself.

We will, if the reader pleases, contrive to reach Oxford rather late over-night; and after having received the civil greetings of kind Mrs. Peake, at the Mitre, and taken an egg and a glass of cold sherry negus in her snug coffee-room, will retire to our comfortable nests, and, rising from them in the morning, (not long after the lark leaves his,) will sally forth, and never look behind us till we reach the little elevation on the Henley road, to the east of the city. How delicious is this prime of the morning! It is to a summer's day what the spring is to the year, or childhood to human life. The dew hangs, like a blessing, on the glittering leaves; and the mists are rising from the grass, like the smoke of an acceptable sacrifice, steaming up to the heavens. Hark to those heifers cropping the crisp herbage. I know of no sound more purely pastoral: it is as refreshing to an ear sick of the talk of towns, as a draught of ice-cold water is to a parched palate. And how sweetly it meets and harmonises with the rich melody that comes down from yonder mounting lack! There are no other sounds stirring;—for the sun has not yet awakened the breezes—the bee is still wrapped in its honey-heavy slumbers, and the "hum of men" is a thing of memory only.

Turn we now to the most beautiful view of its kind in existence. At the extreme left and right, but not extending far into the distance, lie cultivated lands, laid out in small fields surrounded by hedgerows, and undulating into hill and dale in a manner peculiar to English scenery. In the immediate front these fields take the form of a rich plain, through which wind the two roads from London, till they join and lose themselves in the city. And then (at a distance of about half a mile from where we stand) rises the lovely city itself—steeped in the stillness of the morning, and crowned with the beauty of the clouds, that hang suspended above it, leaving an interval of grey sky between. Follow with your eye the road which runs at our right hand, till it reaches the bridge at the entrance of the city. Here rises the solemn and stately tower of Magdalen college—every where a conspicuous ornament in the general view, but here its principal individual feature. Immediately to the right of this tower stands "Maudlin's learned grove;" bearing from this point of view the appearance of a uniform mass of verdure, rising like a living wall, to shut out all the external world, its idle pleasures and senseless cares. Immediately to the left of Maudlin an open space presents itself, confusedly peopled with



spires and towers, which, retiring behind each other, do not satisfy the imagination, but lead it into the heart of the city, as it were through an open portal cut through a wall of trees. The most conspicuous objects in this part of the view are the two sister towers of All Souls, and the knotted pinnacles of the schools. Finally, still farther to the left, and exactly matching to the groves of Maudlin on the right, rises a similar, but more rich and extensive mass of trees; and from the midst of this lofty mass look forth, in a line, six buildings of various construction, all beautiful in their kind, and all totally different from and contrasting with each other. First on the left stands the rich mosque-like tower of Christ's church gateway, and by its side the plain, sober spire of the Cathedral; next comes the light, airy, and elegant spire of All Saints church, which is finely contrasted to the low venerable old knotted pinnacles of Merton, which stand next to it; then rises, in unrivalled loveliness, the sweetest of all spires—that of Saint Mary's church; and by its side, clothed in a solemn gravity, the dome of the Radcliffe Library. To those who are not acquainted with the objects which make up this scene of unparalleled beauty, and who see it for the first time, I should conceive it must bear the semblance of a fairy vision, rather than of a real tangible scene, chiefly raised by human hands—so abstracted and poetical an air does it carry with it. I speak now of this particular portion of the view before us, where the above-mentioned six objects seem to rise out of that solid mass of verdure formed by the magnificent elm grove belonging to Christ church college. To me this part of the view invariably suggests the vision of that enchanted city we read of in fairy lore, which the remorseless ocean had swallowed up; but, touched by the beauty of a few of her spires, pinnacles, and domes, had left *them* uncovered, peering above its green waters. But we must quit this enchanting, if not enchanted scene, or we shall lose the sweet stroll I propose to take before breakfast, through the water-walk of Magdalen. Proceed we, then, to cross the elegant modern bridge over the Cherwell (which we have no time to admire as it deserves); delaying a moment, however, in the centre of it, to notice the charming views formed by the emerald meadows on each side; on the left stretching away into the distance, and bounded at the end by richly-wooded rising ground, and at the sides by the Gardens of a modern mansion, the fine ivy-bound walls of the Botanic garden, &c.; and on the right by a light eminence crowned with an Italian villa, and the stately elms of Maudlin, affording, between their massy stems, glimpses of that almost sacred grove which we are about to explore: the river winding about in graceful negligence through both the scenes, and giving to them a life and motion which nothing else can.

Before passing from this spot, let us not neglect to pay "honour due" to the stately beauty of the front which Maudlin here presents to the public way. Nothing can be more pure, chaste, and noble, in its detail as well as in its general effect. Here she stands, to greet and usher in our first footsteps to this magnificent city—an earnest and foretaste of what we are to meet with as we proceed. Time, you see, has steeped her all over in the warm glow of maturity; but without adding a single touch or hint of decay. The lichens that every where

cling about her are not grey, but yellow—like the sun-freckles on the face of a matronly beauty. As a single whole—an object to be looked at by itself, and at once—I think this tower and front of Maudlin is among the very finest things we shall see; and the view altogether, from this spot, is most rich and enchanting; but of a more *modern* character than any other that we shall meet with here.

To convey, by description, any thing like the effect produced by wandering in what is called the water-walk belonging to Magdalen college (passing into its rich shades, from the city, during the glow of a brilliant summer's day) is more than I shall attempt; but the heart and mind, in whatever state they may have previously been, which are not subdued by it to a condition of calm, contemplative peace, “that passeth all understanding,” may be pitted indeed, for they are past the influence of all external things. This walk is entirely artificial, and is formed round a rich meadow, which is insulated by a branch of the Cherwell; so that its whole course is by the side of a clear stream. On first entering it from the court of the New Buildings, and turning to the left, we find ourselves in an embowered shade, completely closed in by shrubs of various kinds on each side, with the higher forest-trees shooting up from among them at intervals, and forming arch above arch overhead. On the right side of the walk, for some distance, the screen thus formed is almost impervious, except to the broken patches of sunshine which fall on the footpath; but on the left little openings are made, which, as you proceed, afford glimpses into a small park or grove, also belonging to this college, planted with noble elms, and stocked with deer. For some distance this walk winds so continually that you are not able at any point to see before you for twenty yards. Presently, however, the arch above grows somewhat higher, and you arrive at an opening, through which is seen a water-mill at work, the wheel of which is entirely covered and hid by an elegant weeping willow, so as to give the effect of a water-fall. This is an exquisite object, no doubt; but, to say the truth, though the mill is a *real* one, the whole picture (for it looks like one) has rather too much the appearance of a scene on the stage—so prettily has every thing about it been contrived to aid and mingle with the general effect. At this point the river makes an angle, and the walk, following it, takes the form of a straight line for a considerable distance; so that, on turning the angle, you look along a low and apparently interminable arch of green; the footway being a firm red gravel, fringed on each side with smooth-shaven turf. This, though very pretty as a variety, is not my favourite part of the walk. Proceed we therefore at once to the end of this vista, and, turning another angle, we shall find ourselves in a part of the walk that suddenly widens, and affords a passage through a double line of lofty elms, the interstices between which are, on the left, filled up with shrubs, but on the right they are open, offering a rich view of different parts of all the buildings belonging to this magnificent endowment: tower, chapel, hall, all “bosomed high in tufted trees.” At proper intervals of the walk there are seats. At the end next the public road there is a fine view of the bridge and the open country; and to complete the effect of the whole, beautiful cattle of different kinds (they almost seem to have been *selected* for their beauty) are constantly feeding in the meadow round which the walk runs.

Undoubtedly this walk is the completest thing of the kind that can be seen. The care as well as taste bestowed in bringing its different points to their present perfection, and in keeping them in that state, is admirable; there is not an object shewn that had been better concealed, nor one concealed that might have been exposed with advantage to the general or particular effect; and we quit this delightful spot with no other regret than that of parting from it. To those who seek, in scenes like this, for any associations but those which Nature supplies them, it may be mentioned that this walk was once among the favourite haunts of Addison, the most amiable of writers, and Collins, the most poetical of poets.

Immediately opposite to us, on entering the High street from Magdalen College, stands the rich rusticated gateway of the Botanic Garden; the handsomest erection of the kind in Oxford. We have not time to enter it now; and indeed it offers no particular objects of attraction within; but the vista through it, as seen from the little outer court, is exceedingly sweet and inviting, and together with the gateway itself, forms a picture perfect of its kind. An elegant larch stands on each side the gateway, and a broad venerable yew hedge runs up on each side the walk. These, together with a beautiful pink acacia, some noble old Portugal laurels, and other shrubs, and a lofty poplar spiring up above the whole at the extreme end, complete the scene.

We now find ourselves in what may, upon the whole, be considered as the finest street in Europe, both as regards its particular objects of attraction, and its general effect. The great street at Antwerp is the only one of the kind that can compare with it. Let us walk on as far as the bend, which commences just as we reach the front of Queen's College, and then look round us.

Here is a sight not to be paralleled at the present day; and I firmly believe not to have been much surpassed in ancient times. On the left rises the extensive front of University College; venerable from its aspect, but more so from its associations: for it may, probably, be considered as the eldest daughter of *Alma mater*. Opposite to, and finely contrasting with this, is the equally extensive, but entirely modern, front of Queen's, with its rusticated wings, enriched with statues and sculptures, and its solid plain screen joining these to an elegant central gateway, surmounted by an open cupola containing a statue of Queen Caroline. A little farther westward stands the simple embattled front of All Souls; and immediately beyond this the exceedingly rich and elaborate front of St. Mary's church, with its projecting portico, supported by twisted columns, like those in Raphael's cartoon of the Beautiful Gate—its parapet of knotted pinnacles—and its exquisite airy spire, rising out of a cluster of smaller ones, like a lovely young mother with her children round her knees. Immediately beyond St. Mary's, on the same side, stands the sister church of All Saints; the elegant modern spire of which can alone be seen from this point of view. All the buildings I have now described are seen at one view, from a particular point in the High street, looking westward; and from the same point, looking in an opposite direction, are seen the Queen-like Tower of Magdalen rising from behind the elms in the front of Magdalen Hall—the Bridge, &c.

&c. ; the whole forming a scene of stately and impressive beauty not to be conceived of without seeing it, and not to be surpassed. Let us now return to our inn to breakfast, after having thus completed, I hope not uninterestingly, the first portion of our summer's day.

There are few things pleasanter, upon occasion, than the *regular confusion* of a well-frequented inn, in a populous country town. It keeps speculation perpetually alive. \* In such a scene the mind can never flag, and can never recoil upon itself. A melancholy man should live in the coffee-room of a country inn, whose windows look to the high street. It is a place exorcised of all bad spirits, except licensed ones: and as these only come, unlike Glendower's, when they are called for, we have no right to complain even of them. Here, while discussing our substantial meal (for breakfast is too slight a name for it) of fresh eggs, ham, water-cresses, and coffee—(ever while you live take coffee at an inn, and tea at home; but seek not to know the *why?* lest I should lack an answer;)—here, while looking out upon the smart shops, the nicely-paved streets, and the trim damsels that are pacing them, mixed here and there with the students in their half gallant, half scholar-like attire, let us endeavour to forget, for a time, the splendid scene we have just been contemplating; otherwise we shall not be duly prepared and fitted to appreciate that which is to come: for we have, as yet, had but a slight taste of the architectural as well as picturesque riches of this magnificent spot.

Having forgotten, then, for a moment, if we can, the rich and varied scene just presented to us, let us now look at one altogether different, but still more complete in its kind, and still more impressively beautiful—beautiful to a degree that is nothing less than affecting. Quitting the High street through the gate of All Souls, we find ourselves in the outer quadrangle of that college. Here we will only notice the gorgeous painted and gilded sundial, which looks down upon us from the front of the chapel; and which, in the midst of the grey antiquity that surrounds it, looks like a richly jewelled diadem glittering on the forehead of a faded and wrinkled beauty. Passing for a moment out of this square through a low portal on the right, we reach a small inner court, the sweetest of its kind in Oxford—braided all over one side with ivy, from the ground to the summit of the walls—festooned from window to window by various parasite plants, clinging by their tendrils and hanging their gorgeously-tinted leaves up to the very chimney tops;—and below, the star of the jasmin, shining not unheeded, however mild its light. Returning reluctantly from this sweet spot, we pass through another portal into the inner quadrangle. It is to view the unrivalled *coup-d'œil* from the centre of this court that we are here.

Notwithstanding the amazing number of buildings forming this University, we are never tired of looking at them, on account of their infinite variety of form and character. But I fear any thing like a detailed description of many of them would very soon have this effect. Still, however, I cannot resist the temptation of endeavouring to convey some notion, however indistinct, of the scene which presents itself from the centre of this court; because there is unquestionably nothing of the kind so beautiful in existence. Standing, then, in the centre of the western side of this court, with its emerald carpet of turf spread out

at our feet, we see before us two lofty towers, flanked by ranges of building which occupy the rest of that side of the square. These towers, though entirely differing from all others in Oxford, are of the most chaste and exquisite beauty. They are square, and consist of three compartments, diminishing in size, as they rise above each other; the lower compartment surmounted at the corners by knotted pinnacles, and each finished by a pierced parapet. Between the lower compartment of these towers is the stately entrance to the Common Room; and the ranges of buildings which flank the towers, and complete the side of the square, are supported by rich graduated buttresses, each terminating in a knotted pinnacle rising considerably above the roof. On the opposite side to this runs a plain but elegant colonnade, in the centre of which is a handsomely worked iron gateway, surmounted by a low turret, richly ornamented, and taking the form of an imperial crown. The remaining sides of the court consist of uniform ranges of building, pierced by exquisitely-formed pointed windows, and supported at intervals by graduated buttresses, which are, like those on the eastern side, terminated by rich knotted pinnacles.

Thus far of the court, or quadrangle, which consists of buildings forming part of the college itself; and even this may be considered as superior in beauty to any other in Oxford. But, as if to complete and perfect the scene, and render it quite unrivalled, it takes in a view of several of the finest single objects belonging to the University, which seem to look down upon it in silent admiration, as if willingly admitting its claims. At the left corner of the square looking from the sister towers, rises the sweet spire of St. Mary's Church, and by its side, like a younger sister, that of All Saints. Immediately to the right of the turretted gateway stands the bold and majestic dome of the Radcliffe Library; a little beyond the right hand corner come clustering up the venerable pinnacles of the Schools; and still farther to the right rise a few lofty poplars, that seem to wave their green tops as if to keep a living watch and ward over the ineffable beauty of the scene beneath them. Except the foregoing, and the clouds and sky, not a single object of any kind whatever can be seen from any part of this spot.

It was my intention, in this our first walk, to have described, in addition to the foregoing scenes, the splendid one which presents itself from Radcliffe Square; also the Christ Church Meadows and Elm Walk, the evening scene on the Isis, &c.; but I find that I have already transgressed my limits; I must therefore defer, till a future occasion, the pleasure of accompanying the reader to the spots just named. In the mean time, if I were able (which I am not) to convey an adequate notion of the sensations these objects excite in me I should not attempt to do so in this place, because my purpose is, not to explain what I feel, but to induce or excite others to feel for themselves. To this end, those who cannot visit these scenes in fact, I would convey thither in fancy; and those who can visit them I would persuade to do so forthwith: promising them, as I confidently may, that if they explore *En-ropé*, they will find, in its way, nothing to be compared with the University of Oxford.

## PETER PINDARIC.

*The Collegian and the Porter.*

AT Trin. Coll. Cam.—which means, in proper spelling,

Trinity College, Cambridge,—there resided

One Harry Dashington—a youth excelling

In all the learning commonly prov'd

For those who choose that classic station

For finishing their education —

That is—he understood computing

The odds at any race or match ;

Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting ;

Could kick up rows—knock down the watch —

Play truant and the rake at random—

Drink—the crivins—and drive a tandem

Remonstrance, meek, and mystication,

So far from working reformation,

Seem'd but to make his lips a greater

Till he was warn'd that next offence

Would have this certain consequence —

Expulsion from his Alma Mater

One need not be a necromancer

To guess that, with so wild a wight,

The next offence occur'd next night

When our Incumbent came rolling

Home — the midnight chimes were tolling,

And ring the College bell.—No answer —

The second peal was vain—the third

Made the street echo its alarm ;

When to his great delight he heard

The sordid Janitor, old Ben,

Rousing and growling in his den. —

“ Who 's there ?—I s'pose you, Harry Dashington ”

“ 'Tis I, my worthy Ben—'tis Harry ”

“ Ay, so I thought— and there you Harry ”

“ 'Tis past the hour—the gates are closed

You know my orders—I shall lose

My place if I undo the door.” —

“ And I ?—(young Hopetful interposed)

“ Shall be expell'd if you refuse,

So prythee”—Ben began to snore.—

“ I'm wet,” cried Harry, “ to the skin,

“ Hip ! hallo ! Ben !—don't be a nunny,

Beneath the gate I've thrust a guinea,

So tumble out and let me in.”

“ Grub !” growl'd the greedy old curmudgeon

Half overjoy'd and half in dudgeon,

“ Now you may pass ; but make no fuss,

On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate.” —

“ Look on the stones, old Cerberus,”

Cried Harry as he pass'd the gate,

“ I've dropp'd a shilling—take the light,

You'll find it just outside—good night.”



Behold the porter in his shirt,  
 Cursing the rain which never stopp'd,  
 Groping and raking in the dirt,  
 And all without success; but that  
 Is hardly to be wonder'd at,  
 Because no shilling had been dropp'd;  
 So he gave o'er the search, at last,  
 Regain'd the door, and found it fast!—

With sundry oaths and growls and groans,  
 He rang once—twice—and thrice; and then,  
 Mingled with giggling heard the tones  
 Of Harry minicking old Ben.—

“Who's there?—” ’Tis really a disgrace  
 To ring so loud—I’ve lock’d the gate—  
 I know my duty—’Tis too late—  
 You wouldn’t have me lose my place.”—

“Psha! Mr. Dashington: remember,  
 This is the middle of November.  
 I’m stripp’d;—’tis raining cats and dogs.”  
 “Hush, hush!” quoth Hal; “I’m fast asleep;”  
 And then he snored as loud and deep  
 As a whole company of hogs.  
 “But, harkye, Ben, I’ll grant admittance  
 At the same rate I paid myself.”  
 “Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,”  
 Replied the avaricious elf.

“No: all, or none—a full acquittance;—  
 The terms, I know, are somewhat high;  
 But you have fix’d the price, not I—  
 I won’t take less;—I can’t afford it.”  
 So, finding all his haggling vain,  
 Ben with an oath and groan of pain  
 Drew out the guinea, and restored it.

“Surely you’ll give me,” growl’d th’ outwitted  
 Porter, when again admitted,  
 “Something, now you’ve done your joking,  
 For all this trouble, time, and soaking.”  
 “Oh, surely—surely,” Harry said;  
 “Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,  
 And you’re half drown’d, and quite undress’d,  
 I’ll give you—leave to go to bed.”

## MODERN PILGRIMAGES.

## NO. VI. COPPET.

THE Duc de Broglie was at Coppet when I visited it, which forbade all attempts at seeing the interior. It mattered little. Nothing can be more contemptible than the pedantry which boards up the petty memorials of genius, and boasts a pen, a chair, or a chamber, as the sole substantial relics of a great mind. Familiar objects of domestic association may recall the memory of a friend of our parents, or children; but genius cannot be viewed by such means. Its relation towards us is not of that individual kind;—it is above either our friendship or tenderness. Nor should we intrude upon the privacy of its sons, living or dead. Besides, this curiosity baffles itself; it is like becoming valet to a hero for the sake of admiring him more closely; by which both hero and self-respect are lost. We English, not famed for being over-civil to the living, are in this way extremely impertinent towards the dead. We care as little for coffin or sarcophagus, as for tower and bastion, and seem determined to get at the inside of every thing. From Robert Bruce to Tom Paine, no bones can rest for us. A French Emperor cannot have handled a pen which we will not purchase, nor can a poet leave an arm-chair that we will not be seated in. It is strange, too, that we, who are the most incredulous pilgrims in the world, on the score of sacred relics, should be the most credulous as to those of literature and genius. “*You are very Catholic in every thing but religion*,” observed a French gentleman, with whom I visited Chillon; “you believe in this ring to which Bonnevard was chained; but if he had been a saint or a martyr, you would have laughed outright.”\*

As memorials of passion, of feeling, or misfortune, domestic relics are of powerful effect, for in such our interest is personal; or when they have belonged to the worldly great, for here the contrast speaks a mighty moral. Those who have beheld the humble cloak and bonnet still preserved in a chamber at Claremont, must have experienced the force of both these associations. But to link the memory of intellect with such petty objects, or to think we do homage to genius by such puerile curiosity, is the very bathos of sentiment.

In spite of all these arguments, it would have afforded us some satisfaction to have seen the salon, or the boudoir of Corinne. Beautiful as were the shores of Coppet, and the Leman that stretches beneath, it was impossible to link with them the spirit of De Staël;—of her who despised all the beauties of mountain and lake, and preferred the filthiest street in Paris to the solitude of her Swiss home, so far as even to number the days passed there among her *Dix Années d'Exil*. I was at first much at a loss to conceive how such a want could be in a mind constituted like hers; but a few weeks' tour in Switzerland having given me a complete surfeit of the picturesque, I came more easily to understand apathy towards rural beauty in one brought up between the Jura and the Alps. That this, in her, proceeded less from any defect

\* The ring which they show at Chillon, as that to which Bonnevard was chained, is evidently an imposture. It is much too small to have served such a purpose; the mortar about the stone is comparatively fresh; and it has been placed away from the light to avoid detection.



than from satiety, is evident from an observation of Madame Necker de Saussure, that her cousin's long dormant taste for natural beauty was awakened on her visit to Italy, and became conspicuous in her subsequent compositions. The mansion alone, however, (no very remarkable object, marked on the roof 1722,) was sufficient to recall, and add a zest before untasted to the thousand anecdotes of which it is the scene. I thought of it as the Hall of Odin, resounding with boisterous but good-humoured argument—as the social resort of our own Gibbon, and many an intellectual brother—as the scene of filial and paternal affection—and, above all, as the retirement of a virtuous minister. The garden-walk beneath its range of poplars recalled the frequent conversations between father and daughter, which the latter describes as having taken place there;—where the aged statesman, in the still infantine simplicity of his heart, expressed, in tears, his confidence, “that the French would yet do him justice ere he died.”

Madame de Stael was of that noble order of beings, for whom it is impossible to be selfish. Endowed, like all minds of genius, with a reflective and egotistic habit of thought, her feelings were too strong to allow themselves to be absorbed in so narrow a space. The circumstances of her life, too, conduced to such an end—but in vain. Early and disproportionately married, and on that account, as well as perhaps from want of personal attractions, deprived of the only true solace of high-wrought minds, she transferred to her parent the sum of her baffled affections, and spent in paternal love the ardour which might have been more naturally and more happily placed. I cannot look upon her devotion to her father, extreme even to the ridiculous, in any other light than as one of those amiable deceptions which passionate minds so often practise upon themselves, exemplifying the true, but by no means, as it is supposed, libertine maxim of Marmontel. *Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.* It was like the

“Nympholepsy of some fond despair,”

a cheat to occupy and keep alive the warm impulses of the heart. Happy are those who, like De Stael, can find such substitutes to keep the mind from preying upon itself. Literature too is a solace, but literature embitters, as much as it sweetens. It is but a medium that heightens pain as well as pleasure, and even poetry itself is too unsubstantial to answer and satisfy the cravings of the passionate spirit. De Stael did wisely: she gave up her whole soul to politics towards the latter part of her life; and this more from chance than design. Her interest in her father's fame first drove her to it: her love of social pre-eminence and her consequent rivalry with Bonaparte fixed her in it; and at length, like her filial feelings in early years, it came to absorb every other consideration.

As a politician, Madame de Stael is looked down upon by some, in part deservedly: she had too much of the woman and the idealist for such pursuits. Nevertheless her influence has been great. Her writings have matured and ameliorated that, of which Rousseau sowed the seeds. Through them, there is a feeling and a soul in politics, extending even to the most opposite parties, which before was not at all; and but for her, what had been produced by Rousseau would have died away. After him a new order of things sprang up, to which his manual

is inapplicable. De Staël revived and regenerated the sacred spirit, and the tongues and pens of Europe breathe fresh from her school :

"The philosophic progress of the human race," says she, "ought to be marked by four different eras—the heroic ages, which gave birth to civilization ; patriotism, which was the glory of antiquity ; chivalry, which was the old warlike religion of Europe ; and the love of liberty, whose era commences towards the epoch of the Reformation."—*De l'Allemagne*.

The expansiveness of her soul is evident in the object of all her writings. None of them narrow, none of them ever private. She preached an eternal crusade against selfishness—against selfishness of affection in her early works, and against selfishness of political principle in her later. Her very epigrams tended to some great and national end. Of the many that assailed her, she took not the least notice, with the great exception of her arch-enemy Napoleon, whom still she attacks more as the public despot than the private foe. In his misfortunes she was generous, and did not conceal her interest ; nor was he backward, upon his return, in expressing his gratitude for such unlooked for commiseration.

But our judgment of De Staël is not to be taken either from her politics or criticism, both of which for the most part she borrowed from the society around her, mingling with them, however, the poetical leaven of her own imagination. The "Considerations" afford an example, in how poetical a dress the principles of political party may be exhibited ; and the "Allemagne" another, how a very superficial share of knowledge on a given subject may be redeemed by the force of hazardous eloquence. Even the critical judgments of Corinne are not a little unworthy of the poetess, crowned in the Capitol. It is by her woman's genius she must be estimated—by her feeling, her ardour of conception and expression—her curious knowledge of the human heart—in fine, by her poetry, for, after all, the best poetry the French have, is their prose.

"I feel myself a poet," says Corinne, "not only when a happy choice of rhymes or of syllables, or a happy combination of images, strikes my auditors, but when my soul becomes elevated,—when it feels the most sovereign disdain for selfishness or baseness ;—in short, when a noble action is more easy to me. It is then that my verses grow sublime. I am a poet, whilst I admire, whilst I despise, whilst I hate, not from personal motives, but for the dignity of the human race," &c.

If this be the definition of a poet, De Staël needed not to put into execution her intentional epic of *Cœur de Lion*. Her claims to the laurel, like Rousseau's, were independent of rhyme.

To us, English, who have fortunately kept these two departments of literature more distinct, and who have visited with a condemnation perhaps too severe any attempts at blending them together, such an union is not agreeable. With the languor of prose we have the affected point and brilliancy of poetry ; there is neither the ease of one, nor the pleasant rhyme and regular harmony of the other. Hence the works of Madame de Staël, though delightful reading for a few pages, are wearisome to peruse for any length of time uninterruptedly. Her style is too epigrammatic for a continuance, and, like strong liquors, in order to be enjoyed, requires time or dilution. This most likely was

owing to her love of talking in preference to writing. Her thoughts flowed for the tongue rather than the pen,—they are too ambitious for the solitary reader, and seem to require a brilliant saloon with an assembly of elegant and quick-sensed auditors to give them due reception and applause. As to the purity and correctness of her style, we leave the consideration to those verbal hypercritics, that swarm in Italy and France, who think their literary lives well spent in preserving the purity of national diction, without adding a single new idea to national thought. If the writings of Madame de Staël be not French, as some have asserted, all to be said is, that they are something far superior. An entertaining and acute writer, Mr. Simond, has discussed this censure in his late "*Voyage en Suisse*," on the occasion of his visiting Coppet :

"J'entends dire que le style de Madame De Staël n'est pas Français : en serait-on surpris ? Rousseau aussi avait le style réfugié. Notre langue et notre littérature, usées comme la vieille monnaie, ne présenteront bientôt plus qu'une surface polie, d'où l'empreinte aura totalement disparu. Toute originalité en est bannie aussi complètement que la nature l'est de nos jardins ; et le style légitime, en compartimens et tirés au cordeau comme nos parterres, ne saurait s'écarter de l'allée droite et de la plate-bande : ainsi entravés de règles et chargés de fers, que nous nous sommes forgés, on nous voit réduits, que l'on me passe le paradoxe, à chercher l'originalité en traduction. N'est il pas étrange que le même peuple qui, depuis trente ans, se joue des formes établies et des précédens en matière de lois et de gouvernement, n'est jamais osé faire, en littérature, un seul pas sans y être autorisé par l'usage, et veuille toujours soumettre la génie à cette légitimité, dont il fait si peu de cas en politique."

"There are a thousand anecdotes," continues Simond, "related concerning this celebrated woman during her youth, of her natural *maladresse*, and of the many errors into which she was led by her short sight, confiding temper, and energy of affection." Indeed, there is scarcely any one of whom so many interesting anecdotes are told : she has herself preserved a great number, all displaying her character in the most amiable light, yet without the least tincture of vanity or affectation displayed in the relation. She is, perhaps, the only author who has written volumes upon herself without being ever egotistic. The "*Dix Années d'Exil*" is one of the most amusing books any where to be met with on this account. It is the only work she has left, written with the most perfect ease. It contains the primal idea of almost every striking thought in her more laboured work of the "*Considerations* ;" and also presents a full picture of her mind, even to its most secret foibles. There is even a little personal vanity allowed to manifest itself in it, which never escaped in her other compositions. Her views of foreign countries, manners, character, and society, are much more just in this little sketch than either in the *Italie*, or *Allemagne*. They are the first impressions—but the first impressions of one experienced in such things. And the force and justice of every remark confirm me in an old opinion I entertained concerning books of travels, &c.—that they should be written hot, quick, while new perceptions were fresh, but that this should be not on the first visit but the second. In her *Italie* and *Allemagne*, scenic description is either totally overlooked, or else laboriously and ambitiously worked up ; whereas in *Russia*, *Norway*, and those parts of *Europe*, which she de-

scribes carelessly at the moment of first beholding them, the pictures are spirited and vivid as the life. It is impossible to forget her account of her Russian journey,—the interminable roads, scarce varied even by the *triste bouleau*, or melancholy birch; the rapid courier, bouncing on his wooden seat, the only fellow-voyager to be met with; the wooden huts and palaces intermingled; and, above all, the fêtes given her at St. Petersburg, where “the wind of the North whistled through the flowers of the South:”—these are pictures not to be equalled by the eloquence of her “*Corinne*.”

At length she arrived in England, and thence witnessed the most sudden overthrow that ever continent was subjected to by fortune. Her perplexity in these times of change and crisis; her ignorance what to expect, or even what to hope, is in some instances amusing. A very comical part of her character is her continual struggle to be patriotic, which she thought a duty, and the direct opposition to all such feelings into which she was every now and then led by her love of truth and ardour of expression. Most of her eloquent panegyrics upon England, Italy, and Germany, are cut short in their highest flight from some qualm arising from this cause. In the midst of her enthusiastic praise, she recollects that a reserve is due to her chosen country, France, and thus she winds up a brilliant paragraph with a lame and unnatural sort of a salvo. This is very evident in the dangerous task she undertook in “*Corinne*,” of placing an English and a French gentleman side by side, and making them act and speak according to their national characters. As for myself, in spite of *Corinne*’s predilection, I think *Nelville* a most stupid mortal, and give my vote for the French hero with all my heart. In the *Germany*, her enthusiasm in favour of the German poets and philosophers often led her into the same quandary: after a long argument, that evidently implies a contempt for all French tragedy, she politely concludes with a reserve in favour of *Racine*. *Madame de Staël* possessed too great a genius to be of any country, and it is pity that she did now know this.

R.

## ITALY.

Lost Italy! what though thy sweetness can cheer  
 The frame in disease, and the spirit in pain;  
 Though thy groves in their greenness all lovely appear,  
 Like the shades of old Eden reviving again;  
 Though thy gales in their range shed a pleasant perfume;  
 Though the cloud of the storm from thy sky hath been driven;  
 Though thy streams through the valleys still lucidly flow,  
 And the flowers that around them spontaneously grow  
 Seem as deep in their tint, and as rich in their bloom,  
 As if newly transplanted from Heaven:—  
 Still Man’s doom’d to droop in thy fields of delight,  
 For the curse of the slave hangeth o’er him;  
 He knows not the worth of one home-born right,  
 And he loves not the country that bore him.  
 Oh, Liberty! give me the rock, were it bare,  
 Oh! leave me the cliff dark and hoary;  
 For the one will be rich, and the other be fair,  
 If thou smilest on their soil in thy glory.

F.

## ALFIERI'S POLITICAL COMEDIES.\*

THE comic irony of the play rests entirely on the mock election of a king of Persia made by a horse; and a most renowned election it is; gravely handed down to us by certain credulous historians, and happily turned by our poet against monarchy. Hence the elector-horse is not the least conspicuous personage in the piece; and, now he is unexpectedly seized with such a cruel disorder, the household of Darius (who, blind mortals! are unable to foresee the glorious issue) are, in the beginning of the third act, filled with mourning and confusion. Darius weeps like a child by the side of the invalid, and has solemnly vowed to Mithras a sacrifice of twelve noble steeds if his favourite is restored to health. A statesman, a warrior, and a free-thinker, to play the infant for a petted brute! to descend to womanish vows and vulgar superstitions!

— “ Ma già, quand’ è il pericolo,  
Tutti allor si ricordano de’ huui.”

“ But when danger is nigh, all men are mindful of Heaven,” observes his wife, the pious, domineering Parisa, who is by no means displeased to see the vaunted philosophy of her husband brought to so low an ebb—a little trait of the female character, which is usually not slow in seizing every new foible of man as a means of more easily ruling him. She has, however, penetrated still deeper into the credulity of Darius where his interest is concerned. She knows that he wears about his person, and highly values, a horoscope, which he obtained when he accompanied Cambyzes into Egypt, and which is thus expressed:—

— “ Dario, in ver grande sarai,  
Si in buon punto a cavallo sahrai,”

“ You shall be a very great man, Darius, if you mount your horse in proper time.” This prediction and the fate of Chesballeno are so closely connected in the mind of Darius, that, were he to lose his horse prematurely, he would give up his expected greatness as lost likewise. Parisa is puzzling her brain to cure the fated steed. She determines to advise with the high priest of Mithras, who, smelling out that the crown is likely to fall to the lot of Darius, clings closer to him than to any of his competitors, and loses no time to settle his priestly bargain. He has demanded a private audience of Parisa, in which he is interrupted by a visit from Pafima, the daughter of Orcanes, who comes to intrude upon the heavy thoughts of his patroness. This visit contributes nothing to forward the plot, and only shews how the usurping Magian was detected. The account of Pafima is quite similar to that which is given by pretended historians; but the poet has improved it into a striking exhibition of the circumstances, both laughable and shocking, upon which the destiny of a whole nation must depend, when it is decided within the walls of a dining-room or bed-chamber, amidst the collision of the petty passions and domestic whims of a single over-powerful family. Then comes the high priest; upon whose *entrée* at the house of Darius, Pafima looks with a jealous and disconcerted eye—this mysterious personage being a frequenter of the mansion of

her father likewise, and by no means sparing of promises to him. On her departure, Colacone, which is the holy man's name, being left alone with Parisa, with all humility tenders his services to Darius. This cringing, double-tongued character is sketched from the life. In a certain country, no sooner did the mitre cease to lord it over the crown, than she helped her rival against the people, that she might glean from the compliance at least a few offals of her former dominion. Colacone discovers to his new patroness that the demagogue Orcanes (another character in which the poet has drawn low ambition, clad in a more fashionable hypocrisy), who scorns all forms of government excepting pure democracy, has secretly endeavoured to add the high priest to his party, that he may dispose the mob to favour his projected sovereignty, and disseminate calumnies against both Megabyzus and Darius, reporting them as outrageous patricians and likely to turn out the worst of tyrants. On the other hand,

“ Ch' io poi di lui le meraviglie spanda,  
Chiedemi, e ch' io già già un secondo Ciro  
Men vada in lui precomizzando, un raro  
Filosofo questone tutto leggi  
È umanità, e popolarità,  
Un giojello.” —

“ He desires that I will distribute wonders respecting himself, and already foretel in him a second Cyrus, a rare upright philosopher, and a jewel framed altogether according to law, humanity, and popularity.” Parisa is agreeably surprised at this unexpected token of friendship from the high priest. Darius had believed him to be hostile to his designs, and now, could he only obtain by his means the sanction of Heaven, the cause were already won. Parisa reminds the holy man of the mutual services they might render to each other ;

— “ Assai l' un l' altro entrambi  
Giovare potete voi ; ” —

and Darius, entering at this moment, is assured by Colacone that he sends fervent and unceasing prayers to Heaven, that Darius may soon, and for ever, be the sole ruler of the state. The Satrap is slow to credit these sudden professions. “ Were I to trust to you to win the crown for me,” says he, “ would you seriously and earnestly assist me, confiding in me for your reward hereafter ? ” “ I can see none more worthy than you to rule over us.” “ Do not be too hasty in praising me,” replies Darius, being neither whimsical nor philosophic enough to despise a crown, nor sufficiently blind in his ambition to lose sight of his human frailty ;

— “ Rimirami qual sono :  
Turbato, e quasi or fuor di me rimirami  
Per un soggetto pueril, risibile,  
Stolido, e tal, ch' io dirtelo arrossisco,  
Eppur negarlo non mi attento, e dimmi  
Poi, ch' io son degno di ottener comando ; ”

“ Behold what I am,” he continues, “ look at me, perplexed and nearly beside myself as I now am, and on such childish, laughable, and silly grounds, that I blush to discover and yet dare not deny them : and now tell me whether I am fit to rule.” But Parisa, who little understands the sort of philosophy which turns against ourselves, frankly

confesses to Colacone that the strong understanding of Darius is quite disordered by the sickness of his horse:—there is here, surely, no ground for a patrician to blush, and still less, as Darius is not doting upon an irrational brute, but upon the high hopes connected with that brute's life. Here the groom enters, quite breathless: Chesballeno is not yet recovered, but very sanguine hopes are entertained from the diviner's interpretation of the stable dream.—What! dare to speak of gipsy predictions under the very nose of the high priest! Colacone himself, however, checks the pious indignation of Darius—in the house of the powerful never trifle with trifles, for great things depend upon them; Ippofilo is allowed to relate the enigmatic answer, which, if properly attended to, is to secure the life of the fated steed with which are so intimately connected the destinies of Darius and of Persia. The oracle says—

“ Cid, ch' egli ha in corpo, annasi con le frogi  
E sarà sano, e tutti ei farà grandi; ”

“ That which the horse has in his body let him smell it with his nostrils, and he will recover his health and raise all of you to greatness.” Darius again loses his patience. “ What riddles! what fooleries!” But the groom unravels the enigma to a tittle, having received the clue to it from his dream. “ What has the horse in his body?” Why, he has the sceptre and diadem of Cyrus, that is notorious: let him smell to the real diadem and sceptre, and he will presently recover: “ And raise all of us to greatness!” adds Parisa, who, like an able stateswoman, has more consideration for the end than the means. All the by-standers are astounded with joy and amazement. “ *What sublime and promising mysteries! The human understanding is too limited to account for them, and nothing remains but to admire and obey!*” The regalia of Cyrus are in the custody of the high priest, who hurries home to produce them; having first forbidden Darius to harbour any more impudently sophistical objections, and recommended him to trust in Heaven. Darius can withstand the temptation no longer, and he now yields unresistingly to the fair promises of his fortune and the ambitious suggestions of his wife.—A loved woman, a priest, a fine horse, and a crown! What an inflexible mortal must he be whose mind could resist all these!

The fourth act opens with the appearance of Gobria on the stage; and, though the persons in this play are rather disputants than actors, and the characters rather sketched than finished, that of Gobria is powerfully drawn. Alfieri has here depicted himself, such as he was in his last years with regard to his opinion of politics and mankind. Gobria is a man of the world and a philosopher, but not a selfish apathist, like many in our days who screen themselves behind the revered name. Gobria has felt, and still feels, strong noble passions, but now, being well acquainted with mankind, he despairs of ever doing any thing that can gratify them. Nevertheless, he has not, from being undeceived, inferred that public virtue is a dream, or that the love of our country is a mere notion—ideas which have been adopted by many undeceived worthies who are well pleased with the vices of their species, as a means of more safely indulging their own, and happy that liberty is so difficult to establish, that they may cast themselves headlong into the pursuits of low ambition through baseness and iniquity.

Gobria is no more to be imposed upon by fair names and fair seemings, though he still scorns to flatter all-powerful villainy, and pays solitary devotion to virtue. He consents with grief to the dominion of the One as the only practicable government for a people debased by long bondage; but he expects no reward for this consent. Of all the seven magnates, he has atchieved the most for the deliverance of Persia; but the only advantage he seeks for himself is not to be subservient to the future king. From the moment Gobria is mentioned in the play, the reader is, with a few masterly touches, fully apprised of his character. Megabyzus went to invite him to the first council of state, his comrades placing much faith in his sense and disinterested character; but Gobria declined interfering. The cause of the state, the welfare of the public, the happiness of the subject, and similar high-sounding words, with which state councils have everlastingly rung, had no effect upon him. Such questions, he knew, were not to be decided by argument; the most powerful or the most cunning is sure to carry them, and then what is to hinder him from styling at his leisure "the state well constituted and the subject most happy?" Gobria, therefore, takes no part in their proceedings. He was in bed when his friend waited upon him. Entreaties and remonstrances were all in vain.

— "Per or (diss' egli)

Non ci vengo; dormire io vo' dell' altro,  
Anzi che ir là spregare il tempo e il fiato  
In dispute sofistiche. Le mai  
Vi combinaste (aggiunse) ch' io nol credo,  
In un parere solo, io ci acconsento  
Gia senz' udirlo; e allor noi saremo quattro,  
Onde poi starci gli altri tre dovranno.  
Ma se in fare i filosofi saccetti  
Dario ed Orsane e tu ve la passaste  
In chiacchiere, e tre voti disparati  
Oì cucinate, io poi verrò dentr' oggi  
E in due parole mi lusingo porvi  
Tosto d'accordo tutti." —

"At present," said he, "I will not come. I had rather sleep than go there and waste both my time and breath in captious debates. If ever you agree in the same opinion (which I am sure you will not), I approve of it from this moment without hearing it, and thus, having obtained four votes, the remaining three potentates must abide by our resolution. But if, to shew off as philosophers and politicians, Orsanes, Darius, and you, spend your time in talking, and give in three different votes, in that case I will come to-day, and hope with two words to make you all of one mind." Having said this and turned himself in his bed, he again tucked up his legs, and, very shortly, gave audible tokens of sleep. Thus all that his friends can obtain from him is good advice. The scene is succeeded by a debate between the four statesmen—as impressive a one as the poet ever conceived. Gobria has the rough and careless manners of a soldier, with the sharp jests of a cynic. He begins with irreverently sneering at his fellow-heroes; each of whom, appearing to refer the whole matter to him, encourages a secret hope of gaining him to his side. But Gobria tells them he will side with them all provided they have a particle of sense in them, for good sense will make them but one. But as a like truism might be urged



in all human disputes, Megabyzus continues staunch to his own opinion and interest, namely, "seven heroes have, with equal wisdom and courage, delivered their country; let it then be equally shared amongst them, and you will have an heptarchy of the worthier few, which will be the cream of all governments. But whilst you are only endeavouring to protect the state from the abuse of power, you relax the nerves of government." Darius cannot hold with this; he is indeed an able advocate for despotism, and we should readily acquiesce in all that he urges in favour of it were it not that he pleads for himself, as is generally the case. "To suppose that more than one person can reign at the same time," says he, "is a mere chimera. Invent as many names for them as you please, call them ephors, consuls, or tribunes, proveditors, presidents, or directors, these seven rulers will soon be divided into two factions. It will be strange if, amongst so many, there are not, at least, a brace of asses and a leash of cravens. These five, driven by the tide of accident, will cling now to one and then to the other of the two more powerful beasts; and lo! your heptarchy already dwindled into a binarchy; the two will strive which shall get the better of the other, and one must needs prevail—and

———— "Ecco l'Uno,  
Che dopo tanti guai sangue e delitti  
Sempre ritorna a galla. A mi par dunque  
Meglio il pigliarselo subito, quest' Uno,  
Pria di farci noi zero."

"Behold the One, after so many woes, crimes, and bloodshed, turns up at last! It is better then to take this One at once, rather than sink ourselves into so much misery." "Right," replies Orcanes, "a king is not an animal that will run in a pack. He is a free solitary beast. It is certainly much better to have one king than seven, but it is best of all to have none." Gobria interrupts him:

———— "Cioè Tutti,  
Dir volevi; e sbagliando hai detto il giusto.  
Tutti è nessuno; ma in tuo cor tu speri,  
E brami, e già ti tieni esserlo tu  
Quel Nessuno de' tutti, e all' ombra starti  
Dell' ingannata, invidiosa, stupida  
Plebe, dico, e non popolo."

"To have All kings, you mean; and by mistake you have spoken right. To have none is to have all, and, in your heart, you hope and trust and already believe yourself to be the chief of that none, and expect to flourish under the shadow of a deceived, envious, and stupid rabble, whom I dare not flatter with the name of 'the people.'" Gobria has well penetrated the designs of his friends: he cannot believe that the powerful will ever contend to make a nation free, or that they will aim at any thing but the privilege of swaying an undivided scepter. "Let us pull off the mask," says he, "you are all of the same mind."

———— "Regnar là Rè vuol Dario;  
E da magnate regnar Megabize  
E vuol regnar da tavernajo Orcane:  
E Gobria vuol (direte voi senz' altro)  
Regnare anch' ei. Da che? Da liber uomo,  
Sovra me stesso, e sotto niun di voi  
E il vi vedrete."

"Darius wishes to reign like a king, Megabyzus like a patrician, and Orcanes like the keeper of a tavern. Gobria too, you will no doubt say, has a wish to reign. Like what? Like a freeman, over myself, and under none of you;—and you shall find it." Orcanes, however, is not satisfied. Stubbornness is an ancient franchise of democratic people. He peremptorily demands of Gobria whether their country was not always miserable under the sway of a Cambyses or a Smerdis.—"Most miserable."—"How then could you prevent another and a worse king from being still more fatal to the public good?" Gobria now, like the weaker in matter and the stronger in experience, shifts his ground, and, passing over the objection, endeavours to convict the orator of imposture. "Did you not, Orcanes," replies he, "marry your daughter, Pafima, to the younger son of Cyrus? Pray tell us, was it the king, or was it his son who wooed her? Or, if neither of them, was it you yourself who brought about the marriage by your court cabals?" Orcanes is struck dumb. The demagogue is at once disarmed of his eloquence. Gobria thus pushes him:

———— "Dimmi tu, Orcane,  
 Tu che il popolo amavi e veneravi,  
 Come facevi dunque a imparentarti  
 Con questi scanna popolo? E le due  
 Satrapie poi sì pingui, che seroccastiti  
 Per mezzo de' pudichi abbracciamenti  
 Della figliuola tua col vero o forse  
 Col falso Smerdi? Or taci: ben tel vedi,  
 Che tu più ch' altri t' eri un mero amiese  
 Da regno, e il sei tuttora, ma non mai  
 Amiese tu da popolo. Via dunque,  
 Non disdegnar tu pure con costoro,  
 Ben tuoi pari, di correre la sorte  
 Di seroccarti lo scettro, ch' è il Papà  
 Di quante fur mai satrapie."

"Tell me, Orcanes, you who ever loved and revered the people, how could you sue to be allied to such oppressors? What of the two splendid satrapies which you gained by the chaste embraces of your daughter with the true, or perhaps the sham Smerdis? Not a word? You may see from this how you were, and still are, a mere tool of power, instead of a shield for the people. Come, then, do not scorn to run with these your friends, indeed your peers, the chance of winning a crown, which of all satrapies is the arch one." By these means Gobria brings it about that an election by lot shall decide the claims of the six competitors, and restore to Persia a *single king*. The fatal consent is given, and the puzzling question respecting the future constitution is about to be settled in the easiest manner. But Orcanes has recovered his presence of mind. When a politician is put to the blush, it is highly proper that he loses no time in correcting such an unstatesmanlike error. He still opposes the motion. "What an useless tenderness you have for these same people," says Darius.

"Ciascun di noi, qual sia che il Rè diventi,  
 Vogliam forse mangiarcelo a bocconi  
 Noi questo popolo, noi? E li darem pane  
 Una tal qual giustizia, e giuochi, e qualche  
 Bastonatina. Che bram' gli più?  
 E ch' altro ebb' egli mai?"

*Gobria.*

S' altro ci sapesse

E bramare e temer, starēmo or noi  
 Qui a consiglio stillando i varj modi  
 Del cavalcarlo?

“ Whichever of us is king, do you think we have a mind to devour your darling people? We will give them bread, and very tolerable justice; and now and then a gentle touch of the lash. What else could they wish for? What else did they ever have?”—Gobria, “ If they ever knew what to wish or to fear besides, should we stand here now beating our brains in council about the different modes of ruling them?”—“ The song of tyrants!” cries Orcanes in a passion, “ you are all playing the wits at the expense of the people, your sovereign; but the people will soon rise and put a check to you.”—“ Not so soon but we may first put a check to you,” reply the others. And then come menaces, and drawing of swords, and a most grand bustle; and the mighty question, like all questions amongst the powerful, is on the point of being decided by blows, when the high priest interposes. Heaven was never called upon in vain by the dramatic poet; though, of all mortals, he alone seems liable to blame for his invocations. As soon as Colacone makes his appearance at the house of Darius, Orcanes is convinced that he is betrayed; and at length withdraws his opposition, forsakes the people, and consents to the restoration of despotism. O popular cause, it was ever thy fate that for three determined foes thou shouldst find but one deceitful friend! But here a new question is started, and a most important one—for it is respecting the mode of election. The king shall be elected by lot; but by what sort of lot? Shall the seven heroes contend for the sceptre of Cyrus at dice, at odd or even, or at blind-man's buff? All these modes of decision, in the mind of the profane Gobria, seem equally adequate to the purpose; but it is the part of the high priest to support the dignity of the crown. As the king-to-be is the beginner of his dynasty, his right of ruling cannot be deduced from Heaven through any long and hidden line of ancestry; instead, therefore, of such a fruitless investigation, let some election of a mystical nature teach the saucy rabble to have due respect to the divine right of the One. Colacone accordingly proposes, in strains more suited to the buskin than to the sock, that

“ Ciascun di voi su la vegnente aurora  
 Fuor di Susa, nel campo ampio di Marte  
 Sovra il pomposo suo destrier di guerra  
 Trovisi armato: ognun per via diversa  
 Giungavi al punto del sorgente sole.  
 Quivi il destrier che col nitrir sonante  
 L'astro del di saluterà primiero,  
 Il suo signore a Rè di Persia cleggi.”

“ All of you shall meet at the dawning of to-morrow, armed and mounted on your proud steeds of war, in the large field of Mars beyond the walls of Susa. Each arriving there by a different road at the rising of the sun, he whose horse shall be the first to hail the day star with his neighing, shall be chosen King of Persia.” This very dignified mode of election is approved by the whole council. Orcanes only remarks that it is something beastly. Gobria prefers it because he has

a dumb horse. All agree to meet at the appointed hour and place, and thus they separate. Darius remains with the high priest, very sensibly considering that all his labour will be lost if the lot does not fall upon himself. But here again comes to his aid the faithful groom, who, having preserved the life of his horse, is to be the means of winning the crown for him. The more mean and ridiculous the *denouement*, the more the satirical purpose of our poet is answered. Ipposilo prostrates himself before Darius as before his sovereign, and ventures to warrant him the crown, upon his life. He has contrived an infallible method of compelling Chesballeno to neigh the first at the meeting; but as he is restrained by caution, becoming state affairs, from disclosing his scheme prematurely, so are we by common decency from mentioning it at all.

The fifth act commences with the dawn of the fated day. Of the three dramatic unities our poet has very rarely infringed upon that of place; that of time he has violated more frequently, but so very skilfully that the spectator can be scarcely aware of it. As in this play, he usually occupies two nights and a day, or, perhaps, a little more; he has never strictly observed any of the unities excepting that of action, which he conceived should attract the whole sensibility and attention of the spectator to a single focus, and stamp his mind with a single impression, lastingly moral because unmixed. Nay, of all the poets who are loyal to the legitimate classical unities, he has been the most anxious for the simplicity of his subjects. He scorns all episodes, theatrical rencontres, and whatever may, in the least, retard the rapid march of his fable, however great their detached effect might be. He has abated but little of his tragic impetus in this comedy. After a very short dialogue of anxious expectation between the women of Darius, the plot is brought to a conclusion. The groom, bestower of the crown of Persia, arrives with the glad tidings that Darius is the king. There was by no means fair play. Darius has over-reached his competitors; but let us remember that there was a crown set upon the cast. He has won the game; but by what means?—This has now become a state secret, and therefore we must conceal it from unlicensed eyes. At last the hero of the drama, the horse Chesballeno, comes upon the stage, rode by his fortunate master. Megabyzus having failed in obtaining the whole as his right, begs hard for some little modicums of grace, for which he condescends to hold the stirrup of the new king. The high priest claims solely for himself the liberty of leading him: Colacone, therefore, holds the bridle. The poet here levels his last satirical shafts at royalty, by making Darius compose his new court. The bare name of a court, which is able of itself to make so many worthies completely happy, is sufficient to rouse the republican feelings of Alfieri. He has breathed them with tears whilst portraying the tragic court in his *Ottavia*, Philip, and Sarcia; and he has vented them with laughter in his description of the comic one in the plays before us. Darius is a wily, but generous statesman:—he is well aware that disappointed rivals must either be flattered or got rid of; and that the seditious many are most easily ruled by gratifying the potent few. He uses no delay in sharing out riches, honours, and power, amongst his favourites, be it even at the cost of creating sinecures. He promises

the high priest, who, during the *interregnum*, has continued so faithful to the widowed crown, that under his reign—

“ Sarai potente, e pingue, e venerato,  
E ascoltato da me”——

“ You shall be powerful, rich, and revered, and listened to by me.”——

“ Long live the legitimate king!” exclaims Colacone; “ this is wisdom! this is piety!” And in dutiful return he assures him——

——“ Io

‘ Sarotti, o Rè, fido stromento e primo  
Di securtà, d’ ubbedienza muta,  
Di terror sacro, e rassegnata pace.”

“ I will be to you, my sovereign, a chief and unfailing instrument of safety, of blind obedience, of sacred terror, and of resigned peace.” On Megabyzus, whose aristocratic notions were not, after all, quite inconsistent with loyalty, and who now so well serves the time, Darius confers, in *usufructu*, a good share of his royal power, creating him a protomagnate of Persia. The diviner Onciro is rewarded for his stable oracle with the office of primè spothsayer, with a salary of a thousand golden Cyruses a-year. But what meed can ever be adequate to the high merits of the inventive groom? He is, indeed, a low-born personage, but that is of little consequence; a well-advised prince seeks and raises genuine desert wherever it is to be found. Six thousand golden Cyruses a-year, together with the protogroomship of the horse, will soon cleanse him from all the savours of the stable, and swell him up to a grandee. Nor is the elector-horse to remain unrewarded. The new courtiers contend with each other in devising the best means of doing him honour. Gobria alone reminds the king, with a Machiavelian jest, that he who bestowed a crown may likewise take it back; and advises him that, now he has received the present, he had best get rid of the donor. But Darius has neither so much regard for his inferiors as to be too apprehensive of their resentment, nor so much contempt for mankind as to agree with Megabyzus, that the horse should sit in council with the Magnates of Persia, and give his opinion with his inspired neighings. The king’s pleasure is, that Chesballeno shall be the founder of an order of knighthood; and that a small likeness of him, engraved upon an oval gold medal shall be suspended from the neck of the worthier few, and inspire them with the sense of their high merit. Gobria takes leave of his friend for ever, now that he is become a king. He comes to sue for nothing.

——“ A me bastava e basta  
Che un Rè non vil qui regni, e ch’io nol vegga.”

“ It is sufficient for me that a king not despicable is to reign,—and far from my sight.” Darius, on the other hand, promises his subjects that he will prove at least to be a king not unlike every other, and he trusts soon to convince them by his actions——

“ Che giacchè in Persia la non può scartarse  
Questa fatal necessità dell’ Uno,  
Nol potea niun cavallo elegger meglio.”

“ That since, in Persia, there is no setting aside the fatal necessity of the One, no horse could have made a better election.” †††

## THE SILENT RIVER : A DRAMATIC SKETCH.\*

*The Interior of CALEB'S Cottage.*

CALEB—RAYLAND.

*Rayland.* Gone hence this half hour, say'st thou? Tell me, friend,  
 Could'st thou not overtake him?—'Tis of moment  
 What I would say.

*Caleb.* He must pass up the river  
 To where his road runs o'er it, for the floods  
 Have left the moor too moist in that direction  
 To be with ease attempted If I make  
 My way across, I shall be soon enough,  
 For he has many windings, and the stream  
 Is strong against him.

*Rayland.* Hasten, then,—your pains  
 Shall not in vain be used. And, lest he feel  
 Unwilling to return (*writing on a leaf of his pocket-book*) deliver  
 this.

MARY (*singing without, in a melancholy tone*)

“So under the wave, and under the wave,  
 Beneath the old willow tree,  
 With the weeds for my pall, in a deep, deep grave,  
 Shall my false love find me.”

*Rayland.* That is a moving voice!

*Caleb.* It is Luke's wife.

'Tis their first parting, and she feels it sorely,  
 Though for so short a time.

*Rayland.* Pray send her here;  
 I'll talk with her till he returns. (*Stands meditating.*)

RAYLAND—MARY.

*Rayland.* So fair!  
 So delicate! Lady (for such I'll call you)  
 I've heard that Luke, the fisherman, did wed  
 Something beyond himself, but 'tis not possible  
 That thou art she!

*Mary.* O, Sir, I thank the Heavens  
 You are as out in this as when you say  
 That Luke did wed beyond him. It was I  
 Who play'd the usurer in that bargain.

*Rayland.* Well—  
 But yet, methinks, more fondly said than truly.  
 Forgive me, pretty friend, nor think I ask  
 Aught without plenteous reason. By what means  
 Hath he maintain'd thee for these many months?

*Mary.* It was but now you named his toilsome trade.

*Rayland.* 'Tis a bleak place to yield subsistence.

*Mary.* Yes;  
 But Luke was labouring for his wife, and then  
 Even the deserts and the floods grew kind.

*Rayland.* (*after a pause.*) You said he ne'er was succour'd at the hands  
 Whence Nature should have wrung as much—I mean  
 His father's?

*Mary.* Sir, I pray you pardon me;  
 I said not so.

*Rayland.* But, ne'ertheless, 'tis true:  
 And thou who art so tender of that father

Wert driven from his mansion destitute.  
 Thou seest that I know much.—Now, then, confess  
 How oft distress hath made him curse that father  
 For much of his forlorn existence, which,  
 With other usage, had not ask'd repentance.

*Mary.* You question strangely, Sir; but since it takes  
 No leave of truth to answer proudly—Never.  
 No babe e'er saw the world, no saint hath left it,  
 With less to answer than my loving Luke.  
 He never mention'd his relentless father  
 Without becoming reverence; and then  
 I've heard him sigh to think how bitterly  
 The mem'ry of an unoffending son,  
 Left from his infancy to all the ills  
 Of unprotected poverty, would hang  
 Upon that father's death-bed. I have said  
 Too much, but 'twas to shield *him* from reproach.

*Rayland.* No; not a jot too much. 'Tis a hard life,  
 Your husband's—and laborious by night  
 As well as day?

*Mary.* Yes, often I have watch'd  
 'Till the grey dawn hath peep'd into my lattice,  
 And found me lonely still.

*Rayland.* But now 'tis summer;  
 And, as I think, his work by night is only  
 For the wild winter-fowl. It must be long  
 Since you watch'd last?

*Mary.* No longer than last night:  
 But, when he went to see a dying friend,  
 And brought back that which smooths his nights hereafter.

*Rayland* (*apart.*) 'Tis even so! Despair hath driven him  
 To gain by rapine what more guiltily  
 I did deny him. Poor, unhappy son!  
 How must thy heart have writhed to do this crime!  
 It is in pity to thyself, not me,  
 That Heaven hath set it down thy first, and chance  
 Directed thee towards a prize, already  
 Meant as an earnest of thy father's love.  
 God, how prophetic thou didst make my conscience!  
 Soon as his trembling hand was on my rein,  
 And I beheld, then for the first sad time,  
 That pallid countenance in its agony,  
 I bound myself, as if the deed were mine,  
 To keep the fearful secret; for I felt  
 I could expect no otherwise to meet him.  
 And here's the faithful mate of all his sorrows  
 Excepting *one*;—one she must never know,  
 To clog the tongue which loves to speak his praise.  
 (*aloud*) Most fair—most worthy of all love and bliss,  
 Say, if Lord Rayland came with penitence  
 To seek the long neglected Luke, and raise  
 The lowly peasant to the peer's proud son,  
 Could'st thou forget thy days of lamentation—  
 Forgive the hand which would not snatch thee from them?

*Mary.* Lord Rayland!

*Rayland*, (*embracing her.*) And thy father.

*Mary* (*sinking at his feet.*) Oh, my lord:

I have pray'd Heaven to let me see you once!  
*Rayland.* Once, and for ever! And I give thee thanks  
 That thou'rt too mild to bow with thy reproach

One who already trembles with remorse.  
 But sort me not with those with whom the wrench  
 Of Nature's links is pastime. Years were gone  
 Before I knew my blood was in the veins  
 Of any but the sons beneath my eye;  
 And then 'twixt justice and thy husband stood  
 A haughty woman, jealous of her own.  
 O'erruled in part, I yet commission'd one,  
 Who proved unworthy of his trust, to make  
 Such poor amends as could by gold be compass'd,  
 For absence of parental countenance.  
 Oh, it was wrong! and I have paid it deeply!  
 It hath brought down misfortune in such weight  
 As might almost be look'd on for atonement.  
 Amongst the rest, my wife is dead, my children  
 Or dead, or worse in disregarded duty.  
 My home is solitary but for thee  
 And him thou lov'st.

*Mary.* And who will over-pay  
 In all a son should be, whatever grief  
 May elsewhere have befallen thee. My lord,  
 You come to bring us wealth, and ne'er can know  
 The half of that son's worth. You should have come  
 In want, in sickness, and in sorrow too:  
 Then you had seen how his elastic arms  
 Had labour'd for your comfort. Then you had felt  
 How much too tender is that manly heart  
 To hoard the memory of suffer'd ill.

*Caleb rushes in in great horror.*

*Rayland.* What is it, man? speak out.

*Mary.* God's mercy, Caleb,  
 Why is your look so dreadful? Nought of *him*?  
 Nought of my husband?

*Rayland.* He is dumb with fear!

*Caleb.* Would I were so for ever!

*Mary.* Thou hast something  
 Of matchless horror to relate! My husband!  
 Oh, quickly speak,—my husband!

*Caleb.* Did you mark  
 No strangeness in his manner when you parted?

*Mary.* No—nothing—yes—Oh, God! I charge thee speak!

*Rayland.* Speak out, I tell thee, peasant! I'm his father.  
 Thou sure canst tell what I can stand to hear.

*Caleb.* I used my utmost speed, but the deep fen  
 Clung to my feet and pluck'd me back, as though  
 It were in leaguer with that most damned whirlpool.

*(They stand motionless.)*

My heart misgave me, whilst I struggled on.  
 I thought of his last look, and labour'd harder,  
 And came within a stone's throw of the bank.  
 The stream has nothing to oppose its course,  
 And glides in deadly silence. Then I heard  
 The name of "Mary," and a plunge, and then  
 A suffocating gasp—I heard no more;  
 But dashing through the rushes which conceal'd  
 The drowning man, beheld a quivering arm  
 Just vanish in the greedy whirlpool's gorge!

*Mary.* But—but—thou say'st—I know—I see thou say'st  
 It was not he—my husband—God! O, God!

*(She falls into the arms of Rayland.)*



*Rayland.* Thou loitering slave ! what need so many words ?  
Thou 'dst have me think it was indeed my son.

*Caleb.* A boat had drifted to the shore—'twas Luke's—  
I leap'd into 't, and shouted loud for help,  
Which, haply, was at hand. Alas, alas !  
None ever rose and none hath e'er been raised,  
Alive or dead, from that dark place ! I left  
My breathless friends lamenting on the bank :—  
Their toil was fruitless.

*Rayland.* Awful, heavy wrath !  
But it is just.—O, my devoted son,  
Sharp misery ne'er wrung a tear from thee  
So burning as the one which thou thyself  
Hast call'd up from thy father's heart !—But how—  
But how canst thou be sure it was my son ?

*Caleb.* I saw him yesterday wrought to a pitch  
Beyond his custom of impatient grief  
'Twas one of many blank successful days,  
And he talk'd madly of his wife and famine.  
I left him late upon the moor—this morn,  
As I return'd from Willow Mead, I found him  
In strange disorder at his cottage door.  
He told me he had slept ; his wife just now  
Assured me that he was not home all night,  
And, when he came, he brought a purse of gold.—  
My Lord, I'm sure you best know how he got it.

*Rayland.* Well, well—thou 'dst not betray him—would'st thou, man ?

*Caleb.* Not I indeed, my Lord. Fear, shame, and anguish,  
At what despair and his necessity  
Had done, no doubt, hath caused this dreadful end.

*Rayland.* (after some ineffectual attempts to speak.) Hast thou a bed to  
lay this innocent on ?

*Caleb.* Within, my lord :—my wife does love her well,  
And will watch by her tenderly.

[*Rayland supports her out slowly and in great agitation. Caleb, having endeavoured to preserve his firmness, throws himself into a chair and bursts into tears.*]

Poor Luke !

*Rayland.* This is the saddest way he could have left us.  
(returning and looking earnestly at him.) Good peasant, thou,  
on whom he had no claim

Of kindness, wert the only one of all  
Who used him kindly.—Where's that cruel gold ?

*Caleb.* My Lord, she gave it in my charge just when  
You entered.—It is here (raising it from the table.)

*Rayland.* Let me look on it—

Away with it, in mercy.—You are poor,  
And my son leaves it to his only friend.  
But mark me, as thouapest that it will buy  
Prosperity, be choicer of his secret  
Than of thy life.—Now lead me where he lies—  
'Tis just, most just—I came not at his need,  
And angry Heaven hath snatch'd him up from mine.

## OLD AGE.

"My age is as a lusty winter,—frosty but kindly."

*As you Like it.*

WITH the exception of a few reprobates and freethinkers, every body wishes to go to Heaven ; but the most enthusiastic of us all, if he had the choice, would consent to go there as late as possible. This perverse disposition to extend life beyond that period in which the faculties begin to decay, like that of children, who, having eaten the apple, apply themselves voraciously to devour the parings, is any thing but rational : yet so it is, we cling with closer earnestness to the rickety tenement, as its dilapidations increase ; and are never so anxious for a renewal of the lease as at the very moment when the edifice is crumbling about our ears.

The Abbé Morellet was wont to declare, that in spite of his overwhelming infirmities he still clung to life, in the hopes of seeing how the French revolution would end : and it seems not unreasonable to attribute the love of long life very generally to a principle of curiosity. Men are always more or less involved in some series of events which it is disagreeable to leave unfinished. One man would be glad to know how his children will turn out ; another has begun a plantation ; a third desires to arrive at the end of a political intrigue ; a fourth longs to witness how his neighbour will cut up ; and a fifth (the most unreasonable of all) would see the end of a Chancery suit ; and so we go on with time "in its petty space from day to day."

We see this disposition in individuals to pry into a futurity in whose combinations they have no part, instanced in their thousand minute directions concerning the disposition of their own funerals, in the petty details of direction which accompany the testamentary disposition of property ;—and even the indirect admonitions of sexagenary fathers given in the shape of predictions,—the "Tom, Tom, when I'm gone I suppose you'll carry my trees to Newmarket," and the "I see how it will be when I'm out of the way," betray full as much of idle speculation, as of paternal anxiety. If we except the old fellow of a college, who would do nothing for posterity, because posterity had done nothing for him, it would be hard to find an individual, who really entertained no curiosity to know how the world could possibly go on, when deprived of his own co-operation and support.

The desire of long life, abstracted from some such consideration, is the more absurd, because, when "the inevitable hour" arrives, the longest and the shortest life are in the imagination equal. However wearisome existence may have been in the acting, in retrospect it never appears long ; and with the oldest, no less than the youngest, "enough" in this, as in many other cases, signifies pretty generally "a little more."

Louis the Second of Hungary, we are told\*, ran through a long career, within the short compass of a very few years. He was born so long before the ordinary completion of gestation, that he came into the world without the decent covering of a skin. In his second year he

was crowned ; in his third he succeeded to the throne ; in his fourteenth he had a complete beard ; in his fifteenth (*comme de raison*) he married ; in his eighteenth he grew grey ; and in his twentieth he died, if not full of years, at least at "a good old age," and was gathered to his fathers. This precocity, so rare in the northern climates, is to a certain degree common among the females of warmer regions, who are grandmothers at six and twenty\* ; yet we do not find these individuals a whit more apt to complain of the brevity of their allotted space, than the Nestors of our species.

But whatever may be the causes of our reluctance to shake off the fardels of this world, the effect is constant ; and there is no subject, which excites a more universal interest than this of longevity. Even the warmest partizans of that jovial doctrine, "a *short* life and a merry one," would willingly convert it into a *long* life and a merry one : and the very judges on the bench, those "sage, grave men," who send others on the great voyage of discovery with so much *sang-froid*, never lose the opportunity of examining a very aged witness without interrupting the proceedings, to inquire his mode of life ; as if "my lord" himself had not long ago formed his own habits ; and as if time were yet left for a new course of training to qualify for a second century.

On the subject of attaining to old age, almost every one has a theory of his own, and backs it out with a sufficiency of apposite examples :—water-drinkers, wine-drinkers, ale-drinkers, and brandy-drinkers, meat-consumers, and Hindoos, have all furnished instances of protracted life ; tea and no tea, much sleep and little sleep, have each carried their heroes far into the vale of years ; fox-hunters and book-worms have alike contrived occasionally to put off the payment of the debt of nature to the latest moment ; and town and city, pole and equator, can each boast of their Parrs and their Jenkines : nay, there are not wanting persons who have contrived to preserve the balance between their radical heat and their radical moisture by the use of that "*noxious and pestilente weed*" † tobacco. In all these various and opposing theories, it should seem that the judgment, as in other cases, is under the dominion of the passions ; and that men recommend as wholesome, those practices which they themselves find the most agreeable,—by an easy mistake, confounding their own powers of resistance with the virtues of their favourite system. Thus, one old drunkard shuts the eyes of a got to the premature and painful deaths of all his companions ; and a certain indolent epicurean has been frequently heard to ask with an air of great seriousness, when pressed to take exercise, if a post-chaise was much improved by a journey of some hundred miles over a rough road ?

The human machine is of so pliant and accommodating a nature, that, with the exception of gross intemperance and abuse of powers, it readily adapts itself to the variety of impressions which accident and habit engender. Although therefore disease may be repaired, and shocks too violent for a tender frame be avoided by care, and though life may thus be protracted beyond what the constitution promises, yet it seems most probable that instances of great longevity depend far

\* Letters written during a ten years residence at the Court of Tripoli.

† Sir J. Sinclair, Code of Longevity.

more upon original conformation, than on peculiarity of self-management. This much may, however, be safely asserted, that no one ever succeeded in living long, by taking too much pains to effect his purpose. If care will fret and wear away the nine threads which form the whip-cord destiny of a cat, how much more likely is it to snap the single and tender filament which is spun for man! Nothing therefore can be more absurd than the hypochondriacal practices of those who lay themselves under all sorts of minute restrictions for the preservation of their frame, as if the whole business of life were to avoid death. This is indeed to have a slavish fear of destruction,

Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

The persons on record, as having passed the ordinary term of existence, have generally been among the lower classes, and consequently removed from the possibility of too much circumspection in this particular. The French, too, who afford among their celebrated characters many instances of the much more valuable property of health and vigour of mind protracted to the eightieth and even ninetieth year, are a peculiarly cheerful and even thoughtless race. Of all the circumstances over which man holds control, perhaps the most influential on longevity is the absence of mental anxiety; and yet this is precisely the condition excluded by too close an observance of codes of health. Whatever good may therefore be expected from consulting the Cheynes and the Cornaros, must be more than counterbalanced by the evil of constant solicitude; even if the end were worthy of the means, and if the outliving of ourselves, and what is still worse—our friends and connexions, were not a calamity which a rational being should seek to avoid. But a truce with sententious morality, to which we have been led involuntarily, for no assignable reason, if it be not punning Tom Ashe's,\* that *death is a grave* theme. The proper object of the present paper is to afford one more instance of a life protracted beyond the common term, contrary to the chances, and under circumstances which, *a priori*, would not have been favourable to extraordinary longevity.

Standing, "one morning in May," (as the ballad has it) at the door of the neat village inn which opens its hospitable gates at the very base of Mount Cenis, and at the extremity of the town of Lans-le-burg, I was wrapped in the pleasing contemplation of one of those storms of wind and snow, which, "in season and out of season," are to be met with in these elevated regions. The questions which naturally suggest themselves to a traveller about to undertake a novel journey under such circumstances, engaged a conversation with the by-standers, concerning *tourmentes*, *avalanches*, &c. interspersed with divers narrations of persons lost in the snow. On the mention of one of these adventures, "Ay," said a hale, hearty, old woman, who was among the group, "I rode courier on that occasion, and narrowly escaped being lost myself."—"Courier!" I replied, in an accent sufficiently indicative of surprise to engage the person to whom I had been speaking in the desired explanation. "Yes, Sir," he continued, "she says true;—that is *La donna di centro quattr'anni*†, who long kept the inn of this town, and who spent a large part of her life in men's clothes as a courier."

The uncommon vigour of her appearance induced me to hint my suspicions that her age was not so advanced as she pretended—suspicions which she received evidently more as a compliment than a reproach; but upon farther inquiry I learned that her story was literally true: she having been born on the 17th of November, 1714. She was the daughter of Claude and Elizabeth Thomas, little farmers, whose situation in the world was by no means such as to exempt her from its roughest rubs. It is somewhat singular that she has a sister still (1819) living, aged 98, and who promises to rival herself in the pertinacity with which she sticks to life. To encounter “fortune’s buffets,” she brought into the field a strong muscular frame, a heart little troubled with the tender susceptibilities of sex, and a disposition to gaiety and cheerfulness which was not to be disturbed. For the first thirty-eight years of her life she held the blind God successfully at arm’s length; but then, as she herself said, “being tired of waiting for a husband,” she followed the prudent example of Mahomet, and finding that the mountain would not come to her, quietly went to the mountain. In plain English she determined, as no one chose her for a wife, that she would choose some one for a husband.

When a person can choose for himself, he generally acts as if sworn at Highgate; and Miss Thomas, notwithstanding her thirty-eight years, selected a lad of fourteen. What, however, may be thought extraordinary, on her marriage she immediately sent the youth to Turin to learn the business of a cook; and, dressing herself as a man, entered the service of the Princess Triulzi, in the laborious employment of courier. Her disguise had the usual effect of placing her in equivocal situations; and malice, or vanity, made her give so much “cause of uneasiness” to a “worthy” husband in the prince’s family, as produced a horrible scandal. To avoid a disgraceful dismissal from her service, and the loss of her “fair friend’s” character, she was obliged to confess her sex, and re-assume her woman’s attire.

After this she passed through various services in an employment little favourable to long life,—that, namely, of a cook: in which department of science, if her boastings were not wholly vainglorious, she attained to considerable renown.

E le pietanze sue furo applaudite  
Da persone gentili e reverite.

Following the usual course of preferment in her profession, she finally became innkeeper at Lans-le-burg. Her first husband having died at the age of nineteen, without having entered on his marital rights, she shortly afterwards married in real earnest (*sero sed serio*) a young man of twenty-five, who was her ostler. This stable connexion was formed at the mature age of forty-eight, and it lasted uninterrupted for thirteen years, (though, as may be supposed, without issue,) when her husband, to preserve, as I imagine, the dramatic unity of his life, was thrown from his horse, and broke his neck.

The grief of *La donna* on this occasion was not so great as to deprive her of all resource; and though she did not a third time seek a partner of her labours, she continued in the arduous avocation of innkeeper, in that elevated region of all but eternal snows, till the year 1815; when her house was burned by a fire, which consumed her whole property, occasioning a loss of fifteen thousand livres. From this fire,

which she attributes to the *rèvenge* of a party of Austrian soldiers, at the age of 101 years, she escaped in her shift; saving only from the flames herself and her coffee-mill. In this destitute condition, undaunted by calamity, or the advanced period of her life, she undertook and accomplished a pedestrian journey across the mountain to Turin, in order to present herself to the King of Sardinia, from whose bounty she obtained a small pension; on which (with the donations of travellers) she lives, as she says, *contented and happy*; eating with a good appetite, walking erect and firm, and not having lost a tooth. She is still fond of dancing, and, as she said, passed an entire night, during the Carnival of 1817, in that fatiguing, though exhilarating, exercise. If what the poet says be true, that "*non est vivere sed valere vita*," this lady, in her "*cruda viridisque senectus*," seems to have carried the palm of longevity from all former pretenders. If any of your readers, Mr. Editor, of macrobiotic tendencies, counting on her example, should wish to try the virtues of the Lans-le-burg air, I can assure them that they will find there a neat little inn, kept by a neat little English woman; but, if they will take my advice, they will take shelter there for the night only, and hasten forward to the smiling plains of Lombardy, even at the risk of not equalling in years, *La donna de cento quattr'anni*.  
M.

STANZAS

Supposed to have been written by Lord Fitzgerald  
on the Night of his being arrested.

OH! Ireland, my country! the hour  
Of thy pride and thy splendour hath pass'd  
And the chain which was spurn'd in thy moment of power  
Hangs heavy around thee at last.  
There are marks in the fate of each clime,  
There are turns in the fortunes of men;  
But the changes of realms or the chances of time  
Shall never restore thee again.  
  
Thou art chain'd to the wheel of the foe  
By links which the world shall not sever;  
With thy tyrants through storm and through calm thou shalt go,  
And thy sentence is bondage for ever.  
Thou art doom'd for the thankless to toil;  
Thou art left for the proud to disdain;  
And the blood of thy sons, and the wealth of thy soil  
Shall be wasted—and wasted in vain!  
  
Thy riches with taunts shall be taken;  
Thy valour with coldness repaid;  
And of millions who see thee thus sunk and forsaken  
Not one shall stand forth in thine aid.  
In the nations thy place is left void;  
Thou art lost in the list of the free:  
Even realms by the plague and the earthquake destroy'd  
May revive—but no hope is for thee.

F.

## PRINCE CARLOS OF SPAIN AND HIS FATHER PHILIP II.\*

Thus surrounded by his father's spies, and checked by his secret influence while he seemed to grant him the most unbounded liberty, the weak and irritable mind of Carlos appears to have been constantly beset with ideas of danger to himself, and vague notions of revenge upon the immediate instruments of his unhappiness. Having read the history of a bishop who escaped from prison by striking the jailor with a large brick which he had bound in leather so as to resemble the Breviary or Prayer Book, Carlos ordered De Foix to bind twelve slates in steel boards ornamented with gold. The volume thus contrived was six inches by four, and exceeding fourteen pounds in weight. That great architect and mechanic was also employed in fixing a night-bolt on the door of the Prince's bedchamber, which could be drawn in and out from the bed; for, contrary to the rules of the Spanish court, Carlos would not trust his safety to the guard which stood before the apartments, day and night.

It has been generally asserted that Carlos meditated his father's destruction. De Thou accuses him of that horrid design, and Llorente affirms that it is one of the charges substantiated against the Spanish prince in the written process conducted by the secret tribunal which Philip appointed for the trial of his son. The latter writer is, however, silent as to the proofs which support the charge. Cabrera, who, though very young at the time of the Prince's death, was an inmate at the palace, and compiled the account of the whole transaction from the verbal narrative of his father, an old servant in the confidence of the King's favourite ministers, positively acquits Carlos of any parricidal views. "Had the Prince been disposed to kill his father," says that historian, "he had a daily opportunity of executing his purpose. But such a design was never known to his most intimate confidants." These confidants, on whose silence Cabrera so absolutely depends, must have been the spies employed by his father to worm themselves into Carlos's friendship, or the inference in favour of the Prince's innocence would be absurd. If a public declaration of Philip himself could be trusted, Carlos would stand acquitted; for in a letter to the Empress his sister, the Spanish king declares that his determination to confine his son is not founded on any "offence or disrespectful act of the Prince."† But Philip's dispatches are couched in the obscurest language; and it would be, in fact, as difficult to come at his real meaning through his words, as to his true feelings through his actions.‡

\* Concluded from page 236.

† "El fundamento desta mi determinacion no depende de culpa, ni desacato." Cabrera ubi supra.

‡ Our readers will, we hope, excuse us for lengthening this article with the insertion of a curious specimen of the language which Philip II. approved of from his subjects. It is an original letter from the town corporation of Murcia, which Mr. Llorente has seen with a note in the King's own hand, in these words: "Esta carta está escrita con prudencia y reserva."—This letter is written with prudence and reserve. It is in answer to the circular communicating the arrest of Prince Carlos. We shall give it in Mr. Llorente's French translation:

"Sacrée, Catholique et royale Majesté:

"La municipalité de Murcie a reçu la lettre que Votre Majesté lui a écrite, et y a vu ce qu'elle a déterminé relativement à la reclusion de notre Prince. La muni-

Among the unpublished documents examined by Mr. Llorente there is a manuscript attributed to the Prince's porter, containing an account of the last period of Carlos's life. On the authenticity of the original manuscript we will not allow ourselves to cast any doubt; though we will not pin our faith on a paper of this nature, when we find it preserved in the archives of the Spanish secretary of state's office. The porter's narrative, however, bears internal evidence of its being a paper written about the time of the Prince's death; and it may have been compiled by a man in the situation attributed to the nameless author. But it is clear from the context\* that he mixed in his account the little he saw with much of the servants'-hall news of the day, and was extremely anxious to represent the whole transaction so as to make his narrative an indirect refutation of the reports then afloat against Philip.

With the improbable statements of the manuscript we do not hesitate to class the avowal of Carlos to the Prior of Atocha, that he had his mind wholly bent upon killing his father. Yet the scene disclosed by the credible part of the porter's narrative appears to us so curious, that, in justice to our subject, we must lay it before the reader.

About Christmas of 1567, a year before the imprisonment of Carlos, his conscience was greatly harassed by the approach of a day when it was the established custom of the royal family to receive the sacrament. The spirit of revenge which he harboured and cherished, made him unfit for that sacred ceremony. Absolution from the priest, he well knew, could not release him from guilt while thirsting for the blood of his enemies; and partaking of the body of Christ in that state of mind would, he feared, seal up his reprobation. In this pitiable frame he had recourse to some expedients, which, absurd as they must appear to us, are still employed in Spain under various modifications. He first applied to his usual confessor, in hopes that, through some loop-hole of casuistry, he might be allowed the comfort of absolution. But Carlos had not yet ascended the throne, and the divine was inflexible. This fruitless application had been made by the young prince in the convent of Saint Jerom, the evening before the day appointed for the communion.

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cipalité baise mille fois les pieds de V. M. pour la faveur insigne qu'elle lui a faite de l'instruire en particulier de cet événement; elle est pleinement persuadée que les raisons et les motifs qui ont guidé V. M. ont été si importants et tellement commandés par le bien public, qu'elle n'a pu faire autrement. Votre Majesté a si bien gouverné son royaume, elle a maintenu ses sujets dans un tel état de paix, elle a donné un si grand accroissement à la religion, qu'il est naturel qu'on juge que dans une affaire qui la touche de si près elle ne s'est déterminée à cette nouvelle mesure que parce qu'elle a eu pour objet le service de Dieu et le bien général de tout son peuple. Cette ville ne peut cependant pas s'empêcher d'éprouver une douleur véritable de voir l'importance des causes qui ont donné ce nouveau chagrin à V. M.; elle ne peut penser sans attendrissement qu'elle a un roi et un souverain assez juste et assez attaché au bien universel de son royaume, pour le mettre avant tout et lui faire oublier le tendre attachement qu'il a pour son propre fils. Une preuve si éclatante de cet amour doit obliger les sujets de V. M. à lui témoigner leur reconnaissance par leur soumission et leur fidélité: cette ville, qui s'est toujours distinguée par son zèle, doit dans ce moment en donner une plus grande preuve en s'empresant d'obéir à tout ce qu'il plaira à V. M. d'ordonner."

\* This inimitable specimen of ingenious servility is dated the 16th of February 1568.

\* The whole MS. has been published in French by Mr. Llorente, in his *Histoire Critique de l'Inquisition d'Espagne*, v. III. p. 151. 2d. Ed.



Hoping to find some other confessor more ready to gratify his wishes, Carlos sent the author of the narrative with a fellow-servant, in his carriage, to fetch two monks from the neighbouring convent of Atocha. The opinions of the new comers being in perfect accordance with those of the confessor, Carlos successively sent for fourteen monks, one of whom was the prior of the convent.

From the nature of the consultation, it is extremely improbable that the prince's attendants could hear the whole discussion as the porter pretends. Yet he says that the Prince expressed his determination of killing a certain person: that the prior, *taking Carlos apart*, entreated him to state the name and quality of the intended victim, as that might so alter the nature of the case as to enable the confessor to grant him absolution: that, deceived by this hope, the Prince declared it was his own father. The secret being thus extorted, and absolution finally denied, Carlos begged to be saved the crime of sacrilege, by having an unconsecrated host delivered to him on the morrow.

That such a report was rumoured and allowed to spread by Philip appears to us very probable.\* Having, by the means we shall presently state, got rid of his son, whose restlessness and ambition kept his timorous mind in constant apprehension, it seems from every thing we observe in his conduct, that his desire was to allow the most vague and indefinite suspicions of crime to settle on the memory of Carlos; while, on the other hand, the suppression of all authentic documents, and the honours of the Prince's funeral, were intended to give himself the appearance of a loving though cruelly injured father. But we cannot believe that the man, who, during the long imprisonment of his son, had not the courage to venture out of the palace, and would start in terror at any uncommon sound or noise, would have allowed Carlos his liberty for a whole year, after the scene at the convent of Saint Jerom, had he been informed of the Prince's designs against his life. We do not question, however, the fact of a consultation of divines having been held at Saint Jerom's by the Prince's desire. Cases of similar distress in young penitents are very common in Catholic countries; and though none but a Prince can enjoy the luxury of collecting fourteen doctors of the Church to debate on the state of his conscience, many apply to no less a number in succession before they can obtain absolution. If Carlos's unfitness for that rite did not arise from a softer passion than that of revenge, which is the common source of difficulties at the confessional, we should be inclined to believe Cabrera, who makes Gomez de Silva the pointed object of Carlos's hatred. But we feel confident that the porter's narrative is false and absurd, as far as it relates to the *subject* of the conference at the convent of St. Jerom.

Were we disposed to give credit to the report of the mutual passion

\* The most active and violent partizans of Philip's tyranny were the chief instruments in spreading the report of an intended parricide. A Flemish Jesuit, named Opmeere, carried his industry so far in search of proofs of the criminal intentions of Prince Carlos, that he found them clearly prophesied by Ovid in the line

*Filius ante diem patrios inquit in annos.*

It is curious enough that the numeral letters of the line should make up the number 1568, the year of Carlos's imprisonment and death. Yet such a strange coincidence appears to us less surprising than the temper and habits of the man who could succeed in finding a prediction of this kind.

† Cabrera, Hist. of Philip II. *ubi supra*.

of Carlos and his stepmother, we should not hesitate to explain by that means the whole scene at the convent. But there exists no direct historical evidence on this point. Even the Prince of Orange, who accuses Philip of having murdered his wife four months after he had destroyed his son, ascribes that crime not to jealousy, but to a desire of marrying his own niece, Anne of Austria.\*

It is not among the least remarkable features of that fatality which made Philip a kind of evil genius to his son, that both his second and his third wife, Isabella of Valois and Anne of Austria, had been the destined brides of Carlos. The supplanted Prince was only fifteen when he had to attend his father in the character of bridegroom at the marriage ceremony with Isabella. At so young an age it is probable he did not feel the bitterness of such an insult. The Queen, who was only a year younger, and had never seen Carlos, may have been indifferent to which of the two the policy of the French court had destined her. As both grew up, the relation in which they had stood at one time, might conspire, however, with the freedom of intercourse authorized by the subsequent affinity, to place them in a situation too trying for their peace and virtue. Thuanus, on the authority of Foix, mentions that Carlos, upon leaving the queen's apartments, to which he had a free access, was often heard to exclaim that "his father had taken away his wife." The rashness and publicity of these exclamations, however, tend to disprove the existence of a criminal intimacy; while the undisguised grief manifested by the Queen during the Prince's imprisonment, and her unavailing request to be allowed the liberty of seeing him before his death†, are strong indications of conscious and unsuspecting innocence.

Nothing in the moral composition of Carlos bespeaks a tendency to deep, settled, and impassioned love. If ever he allowed himself a regret for the loss of Isabella, the proposed match with his cousin Anne of Austria seems to have removed the smart of that injury from his mind. Anne was Spanish by birth, and had spent part of her childhood with Carlos. It is possible, therefore, that some traces of early affection were ready to assume the character of love on the near approach of possession; and that the Prince's impatience under that policy, whatever might be its source, which made his father delay the match from year to year, arose alike from affection for his intended bride, and a natural desire to break off for a while from the restraints of the Spanish palace, by a journey to the imperial court of his uncle.

It is reported that Mons and Montigni, the unfortunate deputies who ventured to plead the cause of the Flemings in the capital of Spain, had, in some secret conferences, invited Carlos to fly to the Netherlands, and assume the sovereignty of those provinces by the aid of the Protestants. But we feel more inclined to believe this a mere pretext for the death of the deputies‡, than to allow the

\* See Watson's Philip II. v. III. Appendix.

† *Auditis et ex juvene crebræ voces, cum ex conclavi Elizabethæ reginæ, cum qua familiares sermones habebat, egrederetur, quasi sibi a patre creptam uxorem indignante.* Thuanus, ubi supra.

‡ Both facts are attested by Cabrera.

§ The Marquis of Mons died in prison some months before the execution of his colleague the Baron of Montigni.

possibility of such interviews under the eye of Philip himself. It is a fact, however, that Carlos meditated a flight either to the Netherlands or to Germany, in 1565. The vehemence of his character, and that ignorance of the world, which must attend all princes brought up under a system similar to that of the Spanish Court, made Carlos proceed in the execution of his wild scheme with the most absurd disregard of caution and prudence. He addressed letters to some of the first noblemen, asking their aid and support for an important object, which were answered in general terms of respectful attachment to his person, and readiness to assist him in every thing consistent with the writers' duty to their King. The Count of Gelbes and the Marquis of Tabera, accepted the Prince's invitation to accompany him in the intended flight, and nothing seemed to oppose it but the difficulty of raising the sum which was conceived as absolutely necessary for the success of the undertaking.

It would be difficult, however, to believe that such a plot could be carried on within the palace of the Spanish Tiberius, without his being acquainted with every word which dropped from the Prince. If the unhappy youth was not allowed by his father's emissaries, who assumed the language of conspirators, to proceed to his utter ruin on this occasion, it was probably owing to Philip's confidence in the wildness and impracticability of the scheme.

The idea of a flight out of Spain was abandoned by Carlos till the latter end of 1567. His father's determination to prevent the intended match with Anne of Austria was too visible in his conduct and policy; and the ardent and offended youth was driven again to the rash step of trying an escape to Germany.

As money could not be procured at Madrid, he authorized his chamberlain to borrow it in the provinces, especially Andalusia, furnishing him with receipts under his own hand which might be filled as occasion required. The chamberlain travelled unmolested through Spain, and arrived at Madrid about the end of 67 or the beginning of 68, with the money he had been able to collect. The King, who, spider-like, seemed not to observe the victim that thus incautiously was every moment more and more involved in his toils, continued at the Escorial, apparently employed in superintending the building. Carlos, now confident of success, thought he might induce his bastard uncle, Don Juan de Austria, to share his projects and fortunes. Austria's courage and gallantry had not exempted him from the vices of servility and dissimulation; and he did not disdain the office of a spy. He pretended to enter readily and willingly into his nephew's plans, promised to join him in the flight, and conveyed the whole secret to Philip.

The night of the 18th of January, 1568, had been fixed for quitting Madrid, when, on the evening of the preceding day, Carlos learnt with surprise that his father was at the *Pardo*, six miles from Madrid, where he had held a secret conference with Don Juan de Austria. Anxious to clear his doubts, and still trusting his uncle, the Prince questioned him, and was again deceived by the most earnest assurances of friendship.

The King had in the mean time proceeded to Madrid, and was already in the palace. The next day, being Sunday, Carlos was obliged to attend mass with his father and the rest of the royal family.

Suspicious against his uncle were now fast rising in his breast, and he took the earliest opportunity, after the church service, to desire Austria's presence in his own apartments. Here the evasive answers of the false friend disclosed at once to the harassed mind of Carlos the abyss on the brink of which he was placed. Mad with rage at the treachery of such a near relative, he drew his sword against Austria, who, unwilling to use the same weapon against the heir of the crown, retreated in haste towards the door, and called the servants to his assistance.\*

Carlos, aware of his danger, and the impossibility of avoiding it, lay on his couch the rest of the day, without tasting any food till about eight in the evening. He then retired to bed, fastening, as he supposed, the door when his attendants retired. It was, however, a useless precaution. Foix, the contriver of the night-bolt, had been employed by the King's secret orders to alter it so ingeniously that it might allow the door to be opened, while it seemed to secure it inside.\*

The clock had struck eleven, when the King, wearing a cuirass over his usual dress, and a casque on his head, was observed by the Prince's porter coming down the principal stairs of the palace. He was attended by six of his favourite grandees, and twelve privates of the guards. Arrived at the outward door of the apartments, Philip ordered the porter to lock it up, and to prevent the intrusion of any person whatever, as he valued his own life.

Carlos lay in a profound sleep, when the Duke of Lerma, to whom he professed great attachment, approached the bed, and seized the arms which the Prince constantly kept by his side. Roused by the noise, the unfortunate young man leaped from the bed, and searching for his pistols, appeared ready to make a desperate effort in his own defence, but, seeing the King, who had cautiously stayed behind the group of attendants, he gave himself up for lost, and surrendered. Philip left him in charge to the Duke of Feria, who was invested with the command in chief of the other five grandees, and the guards that were constantly to be stationed at the entrance of the apartment.

A commission was issued the next day for the secret trial of the Prince, by the Cardinal Espinosa, Ruy Gomez de Silva, Prince of Evoli, and two members of the Royal Council. The papers which had been seized in the Prince's apartments, were laid before them, and some witnesses were examined. As a precedent to be followed in the trial, the process, for treason, against the Prince of Viana, son and heir of John of Aragon, Philip's great grandfather, was translated from the Catalonian dialect, and laid, by the King's orders, before the judges.

Instructions on the treatment of the Prince in his confinement were soon after issued by the King, who displayed in them all the ingenuity of a practised despot, with natural timidity for his counsellor and unbounded power for his means. The watch prescribed was so strict that it obliged one of the six noblemen, by turns, to stand day and night near the prisoner. To allow any message to, or communication with, the Prince, was made treason. The subjects of conversation between Carlos and his jailors had been limited and defined. All observations on his present situation, all allusions to his circumstances, were strictly forbidden. During the six months which preceded his death,



\* Thuanus, ubi supra.

no one but the King's own physician was allowed to see the Prince; and even that confidential personage, whom it would be difficult to clear from the imputation of having lent his art for the destruction of his patient, was never permitted to see him but in the presence of Carlos's bitterest enemy, Ruy Gomez de Silva.

While the secret trial was proceeding through all the tedious forms of Spanish judicature, the wretched prisoner, now driven to despair, had formed the determination of causing his own death by the only means which had been left in his power. He once threw himself into the fire which, during the early part of his confinement, was used to warm the room. As the summer advanced, he had his bed daily covered with ice, on which he lay till the cold had penetrated his whole frame. Anxious to encrease the violence of a fever which had seized upon him, he alternately exhausted the remaining strength of his stomach by a fast of two or three days, and a subsequent repletion of the most indigestible food.

His father was soon aware that little or no violence would be necessary for the attainment of his wishes. Nothing can be more evident, from all the circumstances of the case, than that the cold-blooded, calculating tyrant depended on the desperate efforts of the prisoner, and that mixed system of liberty and restraint under which he was kept, for a speedy dissolution, without the least appearance of violence.

Philip had not long to await the result of his deep-laid plans. The investigation, or *summary*, was brought to a close in July; and the report being laid before the King, it was found to declare the hereditary Prince guilty to death. The judges, however, recommended the prisoner to mercy. Philip, *with tears*, declared to them that the love of justice and his own subjects was, in his heart, paramount to all the tenderest feelings of nature. But as the Prince's health was fast declining, it was to be hoped he should be spared the necessity of using violence in the execution of the law; that his only anxiety, at present, was concerning his son's eternal welfare; and provided the young man could be persuaded to apply for absolution to a priest, a step which he had hitherto refused with invincible obstinacy, he should be easy as to the rest.

Increasing weakness of body and mind, together with a letter of his confessor, threatening the dying young man with the interference of the Inquisition, induced him to ask for sacramental confession. Before he received absolution, Carlos charged the priest with a message entreating his father's pardon. It was readily granted. Nevertheless, the spiritual concerns of the Prince being now thus happily settled, the King's physician administered a powerful medicine, which produced the most alarming symptoms. Carlos survived till the next day, though almost deprived of his faculties.

A character like Philip's will lose no opportunity of procuring ease to the conscience by means of those religious forms which so effectually silence doubt and remorse in the real bigot. To make the sign of the cross with the right hand is, in Spain, called *blessing*. This ceremony, performed by a parent upon a dying child, is believed essential to the repose of his soul. Philip, who had so cruelly blasted his son's happiness in this life, was most anxious to procure him every advantage in the next. Hearing, therefore, in the night

of the 21th of July, that the Prince was on the point of breathing his last, he stole near the bed, concealed behind the Prince of Evoli, Ruy Gomez de Silva, and the Grand Prior of Jerusalem, brother of the Duke of Alva; and stretching his hand between their shoulders made the mysterious sign and retired. Carlos expired soon after.

Philip had tears at command, which he did not withhold on this occasion. Nor did he spare pomp and splendour in the funeral. His divines, moreover, declared to the public that the Prince had died with the most ardent and orthodox feelings of Catholic piety.

One circumstance, among the obscure events of this melancholy history, strikes us as perfectly singular,—that of no person having suffered in consequence of the Prince's conspiracy; whilst many concerned in these transactions were promoted to places of honour and emolument.\* Considering Philip's tyrannical and unrelenting temper, this fact cannot be accounted for but by the supposition of a horrible plot against Carlos. Indeed, whatever may be the truth of the accusations which have been made against the odious tyrant—whether he sacrificed an innocent son to his own lust and ambition, or led him into criminal views by the treacherous officiousness of the emissaries whom he placed about his person, it would certainly require the pen of Dante to assign him an adequate punishment in the place of final retribution. History can do no more than class him with the most execrable monsters that have alike oppressed and disgraced humanity.

STANZAS.

I MAY not think—I must not moralize!  
For it is only in the lucid pause  
Of sense and consciousness that feeling sleeps  
And woos her to her own forgetfulness.  
Onward I must! But how, or where, or wherefore,  
Is more than mystery. No hope shall hallow  
The bitter hardships of a dreary day;  
No dream of lightness shall divert the sleep  
Of midnight misery; and when I wake  
To wander in the wild cold blast of morn,  
Glory will bend no look of brightness on me,  
To chase the shadow from my darken'd soul.  
But I must wander still without a wish  
To win me happiness; my goal ungain'd  
Because unknown: the sorrow yet to come  
Unseen; and all my future fate clear'd up  
Like infancy unchristen'd in the grave.

\* Among the last was the Duke of Lerma, of whose behaviour, on the Prince's death, Cabrera speaks in these quaint and mysterious words:—"Sintio mucho el Conde de Lerma la muerte del Principe, porque le amaba y por ser tan temprana; mas con prudencia que no le mostró parcial, conveniente demostracion. Su Magestad la dio de agradecido al Conde, haciendole gentilhombre de su camara, y dandole una encomienda de Calatrava."—"The Count of Lerma was much grieved by the Prince's death, both from love to the deceased and on account of his premature fate; but he acted with prudence, avoiding any marks of partiality. A wise proceeding, indeed. The King shewed also his gratitude to the Count, by making him a lord of his bedchamber, and bestowing on him a commandery of Calatrava."

## THE NEW MARRIAGE ACT.

*Cases for the Opinion of Doctor Lushington.*

DEAR Doctor, in vain, by September set free,  
 Have I, a poor Proctor, eloped toward the sea.  
 This new Marriage Act, which my Lord Ellenborough  
 Has whisk'd through the House like a colt o'er the Curragh,  
 Has set the pent fears of my clients at large,—  
 I'm boarded by dunces, like Pope in his barge.  
 My bag won't contain half the Cases they draw,  
 The Church can't absolve, so they fly to the Law.  
 The Magistrates' clerks know not how to behave, it's  
 So puzzling to draw up the right affidavits:  
 Then how shall I pick Cupid's bone of contention,  
 Remote as I am from the scene of dissension?

My client, Jack Junk, with a heart hot as Aetna,  
 Has cut through the knot by post horses and Gretna.  
 One says the church notice must not be a scrawl;  
 One says there is no need of notice at all;  
 A third swears it must be in black and in white;  
 A fourth hints that, where neither party can write,  
 A cross is sufficient: forgetting, of course,  
 That a cross before marriage is cart before horse.

My female complainants are equally busy,  
 And ply me with complaints till I'm really dizzy.  
 Miss Struggle, aged fifty, still baiting Love's trap,  
 Asks who keeps the children should Hymen's chain snap.  
 Miss Blue, equi-wrinkled, has dipp'd inc in ink,  
 With doubts on divorces *à mens.* and *à vinc.*  
 Aunt Jane understands it: her niece Mary Anne  
 Says she cannot conceive—others say that she can;  
 And gladly would hie to St. George's, full trot,  
 To clench Cupid's nail while the iron is hot.  
 To flourish my flail, feather mounted, and draw  
 A handful of wheat from a barn full of straw,  
 Five Cases I've hit on, in Cupid's dominion,  
 On which I request your advice and Opinion.

Case *one*.—Kitty Crocodile married Ned Bray,  
 And swore she would honour, and love, and obey.  
 The honeymoon over, thorns mingle with roses,  
 And Ned's upper head is the picture of Moses.  
 Love, honour, obey, toll a funeral knell,  
 Up start, in their place, hate, disdain, and rebel.  
 You'll please to look over the Statute, and say,  
 In case, at the next Lent Assizes, Ned Bray  
 Indict Mistress Kate for false swearing, can her jury  
 Bring the delinquent in guilty of perjury?

Case *two*.—Captain Boyd, to his tailor in debt,  
 Adored, at the Op'ra, Ma'amselle Pirouette:  
 'Twas Psyche that slew him: he woo'd; she consented:  
 Both married in May, and in June both repented:  
 The steps that she took gain'd eight hundred a year,  
 The step that he took made that sum disappear.  
 Please look at the Act, and advise whether Boyd  
 By debt made the deed *nudum pactum* and void;  
 And say, if eight hundred per annum Miss Pirouette  
 May get back from Boyd, by a count *Quantum meruit*!

Case *three*.—Martha Trist, of Saint Peter-le-Poor,  
Had stuck up her notice upon her church door.  
The Act (section eight) says, the wife must annex  
Her proper description, age, station, and sex.  
Her age, four-and-thirty, she fix'd to the door,  
But somehow the wafer stuck over the four;  
And Martha, if judged by some ill-temper'd men,  
Would seem to have own'd to no more than thrice ten.  
If Wildgoose, her spouse, should discover the flaw,  
Please to say if the wedlock's avoided by law;  
And if, "on the whole," you would not deem it safer  
To interline "four" at the top of the wafer.

Case *four*.—Captain Sykes won the heart of Miss Dighton  
While driving a dennet from Worthing to Brighton.  
Her West-India fortune his hot bosom stirs,  
His cap and mustachios are too much for hers.  
They married: the Captain was counting his gain,  
When sugar and rum grew a drug in Mark-lane.  
In temper both fired: 'twas a word and a blow:  
(See Dibdin's Reports, Captain Wattle and Roe,)  
And both, while the stool is at either head flung,  
Try to tear with their teeth what they tied with their tongue.  
Please to study the Act for this couple, and tell 'em  
If they can't be replaced "*statu quo ante bellum*."

Case *five*.—Doctor Swapp'em, allied to a peer,  
Has farm'd his great tithes for five thousand a-year.  
He never is vex'd, but when pheasants are wild;  
And got a rich helpmate who bore him no child.  
The curate of Swapp'em is pious and thrifty,  
His annual stipend in pounds mounts to fifty;  
His helpmate in annual parturience is seen,  
His children already amount to fifteen.  
While keeping the *dictum Ecclesiæ* in view,  
(God never sends mouths without sending bread too)  
You'll please to advise, if the Act has a clause  
To marshal the bread, or to average the jaws.

But see, while my pen your Opinion implores,  
Fresh couples, love-stricken, besiege the church doors.  
The porch of St. Anne's ninety couple disgorges,  
Thrice ninety stand fix'd on the steps of St. George's;  
The fresh and the jaded promiscuously mingle,  
Some seek to get married, some seek to get single:  
While *those*, sage Civilian, you're fettering, please  
To hit on a scheme to emancipate *these*.  
Teach mortals, who find, like the man who slew Turnus,  
A marvellous facile descent to Avernus,  
Like him, back their Pluto-bound steps to recall,  
And breathe the light æther of Bachelors' Hall:  
Do this, through my medium, dear Doctor, and then  
Ere Easter, my life on 't, we both are made men;  
My purse shall swell, laden by fee upon fee,  
King's Proctor, in war-time, were nothing to me:  
While you, happy man, down Pactolus's tide  
Your silver-oar'd galley triumphant shall guide,  
And whurl'd in no eddy, o'ertaken by no ill,  
Reign Hymen's Arch-Chancellor, *vice* Lord Stowell.



*On Sleep.*

THE different powers which set the machine of the human body in motion may be divided into two principal classes ; since some of them may be compared with those which animate vegetables, while others are peculiar to animals alone. The faculties of digestion and of the elaboration of the alimentary juices ; those which circulate these juices in the blood-vessels ; those which secrete from them other fluids for our nourishment and preservation ; and those which expel the superfluous matters, belong alike to vegetables and animals. In every healthy individual these vessels perform their functions without interruption from the beginning to the end of life : the suspension of any of them is a disease ; the cessation of all, death.

The locomotive powers, which give us as animals an advantage over vegetables ; such as receive their impulse from the feelings and conceptions of the soul ; those of voluntary action ; and all the faculties of the external senses, are of a totally different kind. After they have continued their operations a short time they begin to tire, and in a few hours become so exhausted, that their most obvious effects cease, though the movements of the first kind continue. The state in which we then are is called sleep. It is, therefore, an exclusive property of animal bodies ; the sleep attributed to plants being an improper expression, founded on a very slight analogy.

Since all the mechanical powers of animals are determined as well by the structure of the body, as by a certain sensibility which animates the whole machine ; we may easily conceive that in sleep those faculties also which we possess in common with vegetables undergo a change, and that these too, according as they operate in various ways, and exert or waste the animal powers more or less, must promote, disturb, or prevent sleep.

Sleep, therefore, is in reality the repose of animated nature, the time in which it recruits its exhausted powers. The human body has often been compared with a watch : I should say, that the mechanical nature, or the vegetable life of animals, is like a perpetual motion, which, when once set going, continues to act till the machine itself is so worn out as to be unsusceptible of repair. The animal nature, on the other hand, resembles a watch, which must be wound up at least once in twenty-four hours ; and this winding up is sleep.

It is a law of Nature that animals must sleep ; and if I may so express myself, the more they are animals—the more animal their nature—the more evident symptoms of actual sleep we find in them. The insects, which have scarcely any brain, seem rather to rest only, or to be rendered torpid by cold, than really to sleep. In the latitude of Hudson's Bay, Ellis found on board his ship masses of congregated flies, and on the banks of the rivers flocks frozen as hard as ice : on removing them to a warmer place, they recovered feeling and life : but if they were afterwards frozen, they could not be again recovered. It is obvious that this state was more like torpor than regular sleep. Man, on the other hand, cannot keep awake twenty-four successive hours without difficulty, and without involuntarily falling asleep. Most quadrupeds resemble him in this particular ; but among the va-

rious species of them we observe great differences in regard to the necessity of sleep. In like manner there are various kinds of clocks, some of which require winding up every twelve hours, others every week, others again every month, and others at still longer intervals. Thus the swallows, on the approach of winter, retire to caverns and morasses, where they sleep for five months together, till the return of warm weather. Such, too, is the case with the frogs; and serpents also have been found in winter in subterraneous holes. The tortoise, during that season, burrows the deeper into the sand, the colder it is; and lives in this torpid state, excluded from the air, till called forth by the warmth of spring. Even the fishes, in severe frost, bury themselves in the mud, and there pass their state of torpidity. The bear, the badger, and the marmot, lie the whole winter in holes, and it is related of the last, that it will not wake even when wounded with knives. This animal repairs, at the beginning of winter, to a hole which is the hereditary abode of a whole family of marmots from generation to generation. It first collects a quantity of hay, with which each individual of the family prepares a bed for itself. When they are all assembled, they close up the entrance to their retreat, lay themselves down, and sleep so profoundly that, as we are assured, they may be taken up and carried away without waking. It is said that, for a fortnight previously to its long sleep, this animal eats nothing, but drinks only, in order to cleanse the stomach, otherwise the food, by remaining in it so long, might become putrid; and it lies with its snout close to its belly, lest by respiration it should lose too much moisture. Thus each animal has its peculiar wants; and to such as would scarcely be able to find subsistence in winter, Nature has given bodies that require a six-months sleep, during which they need neither food nor drink. The bears have the precaution to gorge themselves against winter to such a degree, as if they meant to eat enough to last them all their lives. They go into winter-quarters with their hides distended by a load of superfluous fat; and waste away during the period of their sleep in such a manner that in spring they come forth again mere skeletons.

It is a fortunate circumstance for those persons who love to improve their minds and are fond of useful employment, that we are not subject to such protracted sleep, but can make shift with a few hours' repose. I have heard, indeed, of the Seven Sleepers; and of Epimenides the Cretan, who, when a boy, went into a cave, where he fell asleep, and is said not to have awoken for forty-seven or fifty-seven years: a story which the apostle Paul perhaps had in his view, when he called the Cretans "liars," and some other hard names. My readers need not be informed what credit is due to these tales. At the same time we are not authorised to consider them as absolutely impossible; since many able men who have maturely weighed the matter, do not think it in itself totally unreasonable. Boerhaave admits that he discredits the story of the Seven Sleepers; but he adds, "I nevertheless believe that people may live a long time without meat or drink: for, when they are once completely subdued by sleep, the pores close, and they may then live a long while before they are awakened by the slow and gradual waste to which they are subject. Haller remarks, that the Turks have a similar fable concerning giants who have slept for a great length of time, and praises an idea of Reaumur's concerning this suspension of

food and life. This great naturalist has demonstrated that the eggs of animals and insects, as well as the nymphs of caterpillars, may be kept merely by means of cold and the absence of exciting causes for years together before they are developed, and that the vital principle is nevertheless not extinguished, since the animals produced by the application of warmth from these eggs and nymphs are as brisk, and live as long as they would have done without this delay. On this foundation the great Maupertuis constructed a system for prolonging human life; and who knows but the plan may be some time or other carried into execution? I have no doubt of it for my part, if we can depend on the accuracy of the observation communicated by M. Bouguer, concerning a species of serpent in Peru, which, after being suspended to the branch of a tree or in a chimney, till quite dry, may be revived ten or twelve years afterwards, if left for some days in muddy water exposed to the sun's rays. We are so little enlightened in respect to such matters, that it may be deemed nearly as bold to laugh at this story as to give it implicit belief.

Be this, however, as it will, so much is certain, that we ordinary folks, who are neither Seven Sleepers nor Cretans, have no occasion to imitate the marmots, but that a sleep of a few hours is sufficient to recruit our lost strength, and to fit us for a new life of sixteen or eighteen hours. Corporeal fatigue, mental exertion, profound meditation, nay time itself, weaken our animal powers, and consume the vital spirits which are indispensably necessary for all occupations both of body and mind. I could relate to my readers how these effects are accounted for in the medical schools; but when I consider that after I had done, they would be just as wise as at first, I will spare them the explanation, and give in its stead a few useful rules how to turn sleep to the benefit of their health. So much they know, that we cannot live without sleep; that we sleep because we are weary; that we possess new strength when we wake, and hence it is to be inferred that the object of sleep consists merely in the recruiting of our strength. Well, we physicians also know just so much, and no more: for all that we conjecture beyond this is of no farther use than to relieve us from the disgrace of acknowledging our ignorance.

It is not a matter of indifference to health where we sleep. In many houses the bed-rooms are those which are found unfit for any other purposes. The poor frequently sleep in holes, where they have not so much room and air as a dog that is chained in his kennel. Many people in good circumstances have bed-chambers which are so small, dark, and dirty, that they would be ashamed to show them. This is an important error in the conduct of life. As we commonly spend a third part of the twenty-four hours in our bed-rooms, it behoves us to take all possible care that we may enjoy pure air for so long an interval, especially as we cannot well renew it in the night-time. To this end we ought never to sleep in the apartments in which we live during the day, but choose for a bed-chamber a spacious room exposed to the sun, that can be opened in the day for the admission of pure air and the dispersion of the vapours collected in the night. The beds should often be shaken up, and these as well as the bed-clothes exposed in the day to the sun and air. It is necessary to observe these rules if we would secure ourselves from the effects of a vitiated atmosphere.

Night is the best time for sleep. It is more quiet than the day ; and it is then better for us to be in bed than up, because the warmth of the bed protects us from the cold and damps of night. It is also advisable to retire to rest before midnight. It is proverbially said, and with truth, that the soundest and most wholesome sleep is that which we obtain before twelve o'clock. If we remain up too long, we waste too much of our strength ; hence result certain movements in the blood, which are a kind of consuming fever. The least degree of fever in the blood is well known to occasion restless sleep ; and therefore it is never advisable to defer it till after midnight. It should farther be observed, that the occupations which we follow late at night are seldom conducive to health. We sit down either to read or write, and for so unhealthily a posture as sitting, the day is quite long enough, without our devoting to it part of the night also ; or to study, and thus waste still more the animal powers which sleep ought to recruit and renew ; or to feasting, by which we pamper a part at the expense of the whole, forgetting that sleep is the best feast of the animal nature. For the same reason I cannot approve of dancing at night, though it has this advantage over other nocturnal amusements, that it keeps up the transpiration which the cold of night is otherwise liable to check. As we ought daily to comply with the instinct which impels us to eat and drink for our nourishment, so we ought also to feed and to refresh the animal nature with sleep, and not suffer it to fast beyond the proper time.

Great heat, severe exertion either of body or mind, and hearty meals, sometimes dispose us to sleep in the day. It has been a subject of frequent discussion, whether sleep after dinner be wholesome or not. There can be no doubt that it is, when we feel heavy and disposed to sleep. Boerhaave was once of opinion that sleep after dinner is pernicious, and that the school of Salerno was in the right to prescribe it, and on the contrary to recommend bodily exercise after meals ; but when he considered that all the animals, after appeasing the cravings of appetite, give themselves up to repose, and that the due digestion of food requires not only a large proportion of vital spirits, but also the easy and unrestrained movement of the abdomen, to neither of which bodily exercise conduces ; he changed his opinion, and with Hippocrates, Galen, and other eminent physicians, recommended bodily exercise before dinner, and a nap after it with Felix Plater. The latter celebrated physician once attended a meeting of his colleagues, at which this question was debated. Every one condemned the practice, when Plater rose : " I am now seventy years of age," said he ; " I have always taken my nap after dinner, and have never been ill in my life." Who could advance any thing against such an argument ?

It is an important question, how long a person ought to sleep. Too long sleep overloads, too short stints the animal nature. The best sleep should continue no longer than till we are satiated with it. This satiety depends on a hundred different circumstances. A lively disposition does not require so much sleep as a phlegmatic temperament. We often hear people complain that they cannot sleep at night, who nevertheless are hearty and lively during the day, and who merely err in going to bed too early and lying too long. They retire to rest,

perhaps, at ten o'clock, and awake at three or four. Conceiving that to sleep well they ought to sleep the whole night through, they call that restlessness which is but the effect of vivacity. They do not require longer sleep. Their force is recruited in a few hours; after which they ought to rise, anticipate the sun, and pursue their occupations. The same is the case with the indolent, whose head and hands are alike unemployed. For them it were better that the day were twice as long, or that they made no difference between day and night. They should only lie down when they are sleepy, and rise as soon as they awake, and fall to some kind of work or other. I know a person who has by this method relieved himself from sleepless nights. He rose as soon as he awoke, be the hour what it would; employed himself for an hour, or till he grew sleepy, then lay down again, and slept till morning. In a short time he could sleep the whole night through, especially after taking bodily exercise in the day. Sanctorius observed, that a person who sleeps from eight to ten hours transpires but little in the first five. In the three following the transpiration increases, and he becomes lighter in weight as well as in feeling. In a longer continuance of sleep the transpiration again diminishes. The blood gradually circulates more slowly. He feels chilly, and the limbs become heavy. Instead of acquiring new strength, he is oppressed with a lassitude which makes him more and more sleepy, and against which Sanctorius recommends bodily exercise and strong excitement of the passions. Unless recourse be had to these aids, such a person is in danger of the fate which befel a doctor of physic, of whom Boerhaave makes mention. Having conceived a notion that it was conducive to health to sleep a great deal, he went to bed in a dark and quiet place, and slept several days. When he was awakened, he was much more ignorant than he had been before. He again resigned himself to sleep; and on again awaking, he was a perfect idiot. Hence it is necessary to beware of sleeping too long. Nature herself in general prevents us from falling into the contrary extreme. These impulses must not be obstinately resisted, or we incur the risk of insanity. In this manner the fowler stupifies the falcon that he is about to train. He prevents it from sleeping for a certain time, and this breaks the spirit of the bird to such a degree, that its instructor can make it do whatever he pleases.

The position of the body in sleep is likewise a point of some consequence. The head ought not to be too low, and there should be nothing to obstruct the free movement of the chest and abdomen. For this reason all night clothes ought to be loose. The body ought to be equally covered, and none of the limbs should be in such a posture as to keep the muscles in action. If you fall asleep with your hands clasped, you find on awaking that your fingers are dead and have no feeling. If you lie with crossed legs, they either contract that sensation which is called being asleep, or you get the cramp in them. It is hurtful to sleep much sitting on a chair; for if the legs hang down they are apt to be swollen in the morning, and if they are laid upon another chair, this position compresses the abdomen. Some maintain that it is best to lie on the right side, that the heart may move with greater freedom. The most rational course in this particular is for each individual to be guided by his own feelings, and to change his posture accordingly. Neither the light of day, nor even moonlight.

should be permitted to fall upon the eyes during sleep; otherwise they are liable to a dry burning heat in the day-time, and frequently to inflammation.

Every one would be glad to know by what means sleep may be promoted; for nothing is more unpleasant than to be weary and yet have to wait for sleep. The best method is fatigue, either by bodily or mental labour, and this is not the lot of the great, but of the humble and the slave. Who but recollects the soliloquy to this effect, which Shakspeare has put into the lips of Henry IV.? That of his valiant successor, though less poetical perhaps, for which reason it has not been so often quoted, is equally to the point:

“ I know ’tis not the sceptre and the ball,  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,  
The farsed title running ’fore the king,  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
That beats upon the high shore of the world;  
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,  
Who with a body fill’d and vacant mind  
Gets him to rest, cramm’d with distressful bread,  
----- who, from the rise to set,  
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night  
Sleeps in Elysium.

HENRY V. act iv. scene 1.

There are other means of promoting sleep, most of which, however, ought only to be known in order to be avoided. Corpulent persons are, almost without exception, disposed to profound sleep, which may more justly be regarded as the forerunner of apoplexy than the invigorator of animal life. Dionysius, the corpulent tyrant of Hærclea, slept so soundly, that to awake him it was necessary to thrust pins through the fat into his flesh. Apoplexy at length carries off such drowsy persons, and as their sleep was an image of death, so death in them exactly resembles sleep. Too long watching also tends to promote an unnatural drowsiness. Soldiers, after passing several nights without sleep during sieges, have been known to be so overpowered as to fall asleep on the batteries amid the thunder of bombs and cannon. Persons who have been cruelly prevented from sleeping for several weeks, have, after the seventh week, become so insensible, as not to be roused from their stupor when beaten ever so severely. The well-known soporific medicines, it is true, occasion sleep; but it is so restless and unnatural, that it ought rather to be termed a disease than wholesome rest. This effect is produced not only by opium and preparations from it, but by various plants; for instance, the different species of henbane, nightshade, &c., the use of which should of course be avoided. In Italy there is a kind of lettuce, which, if eaten, occasions a mortal sleep. In India there is a herb, called there *dutroa*, but in the Maldiv Islands *moetol*, bearing a round green-spotted pod, full of small seeds. Wild sage, *herminum*, makes people drowsy who remain long on a spot where it grows in abundance; and it is well known that a stupor seizes those who sleep where beans are in blossom, or in a room where lilies are placed. Upon the whole, it is pernicious

to sleep in an atmosphere impregnated with strong odours. They confuse the head, injure the olfactory nerves, and cause headache and dizziness.

On this occasion it may not be amiss to warn the reader against the introduction of the vapour of coal or charcoal into bed-chambers. It produces restless and unrefreshing sleep, heaviness, stupor, nay, even death itself, according to the degree of its strength. For this reason I cannot approve the practice of warming beds with burning coals; for which purpose bottles of hot water are to be preferred. Care should also be taken to keep bed-rooms well ventilated and free from damp or humidity. Hence they should face the sun, and not be on the ground-floor of the house. Cold in the head, and loss of hearing, are frequent complaints with persons who sleep in damp, close rooms.

Among the surest and most innocent means of promoting sleep, I can recommend wine and tobacco; but both must be used with moderation. A slight degree of exhilaration is soon succeeded by drowsiness. These means and employment are sufficient to produce wholesome sleep; but at the same time we must avoid whatever is liable to disturb it, and among other things too profuse suppers, by which the stomach is overloaded. I should nevertheless not dissuade healthy persons, who are accustomed to the practice, from eating moderate suppers; for fasting also is found to prevent sleep. It is a bad habit to drink tea, coffee, or a great quantity of any thin beverage before retiring to rest: these things only defeat the object of those who are obliged to invite slumber. They will be much more likely to attain their end by drinking a glass or two of wine, smoking a pipe, and reading a few pages of some dull poet.

#### SONNET.

ALONG thy wooded banks, dear native Stream,  
 Again I rove, and on thy winding shore  
 Behold thy dashing waves and torrent hoar;  
 But, cold and dark, thy falling waters seem  
 To mourn and murmur in the sun's pale beam,  
 As hurrying to the ocean deep they roar  
 With trackless billows, and are seen no more.  
 So down the tide of Life's benighted dream  
 On rapid wings my fruitless years have fled,  
 And left no memory of their silent flight:  
 And now they wing me to the days of doom,  
 And ever, as I lift my weeping head,  
 Point with their pale hands to the realms of night  
 And the cold chambers of the shrouded tomb.

## THE ONE-HANDED FLUTE-PLAYER,

Of Arques, in Normandy.

"PENDS-TOI, brave Crillon! nous avons combattu à Arques, et tu n'y étois pas," was the laconic announcement which Henry IV. gave to his friend, of his most brilliant and almost miraculous victory. This memorable place is not more remarkable from its historical interest than it is rich in natural beauties. It has every charm that may retain its inhabitants on their native spot, or seduce a stranger to it. Pleasure in its possession, and pride in its recollections, must be sufficient to fill the mind of its villagers with all that can endear home; and its union of actual loveliness with associations of the past, forms a magical attraction to the idle traveller in its neighbourhood.

From Dieppe to Arques is about a league in distance, and an hour's walk—to the common pedestrian of the world; but for him who pauses and ponders on his road, who picks up mental aliment at every step, who finds a moral in a ruin, or a lesson in the rustling of a tree, who reads nature that he may know men—for such a one, from noon to sunset may be scarcely sufficient for the lounge.

Having strolled through the greater part of Normandy, eaten my fill of apples in the orchards which skirt its level highways, and drunk cider to my heart's content at the village inns, I found myself, on a fine evening in October, fast approaching the term of my pilgrimage—the aforesaid village of Arques. I left Dieppe behind me, reposing in the mixture of simple dulness and diminutive bustle of those little amphibious towns, which scarcely belong to sea or land, or which are rather common to both. As I struck into the fields I heard the murmur of the fishermen mixed with the flowing of the tide,—a Brighton packet was nearing the harbour, with its cargo of curiosity, and, perhaps, care. Another had just sailed for England, freighted with joyous hopes of home and happiness, and no doubt with many a feeling of travelled triumph and importance. There was a fine breeze which, to these little vessels running so close up to the wind, answered very well for either passage;—so I turned my back upon the sea, quite at ease for each buoyant adventurer.

On clearing the town we come immediately into the valley of Arques, and enter on the scene of the celebrated battle fought in September 1589. If we reach the place prepared for its observance, we recall the description by Sully: "Au bout de la Chaussée d'Arques regne un long coteau tournoyant, couvert de bois taillis. Au-dessous est un espace de terre labourable, au milieu duquel passe le grand chemin qui conduit à Arques, ayant des deux côtés deux haies épaisses. Plus bas encore, à main gauche, au-dessous de ce terrain labouré, est une espèce de grand marais, ou terre fangeuse."\* I could not make use of a clearer or better account, for every thing is precisely the same to this day, except that the marsh is changed into a fertile pasture, and, looking to old Sully's detail of the battle-field, we have now the prospect of a grazing herd of cattle, instead of the "*escadron de lansquenets*," a flock of sheep in lieu of the "*batallion des Suisses*" and that the

\* *Mémoires*, tom. I. p. 151. London, quarto edition, 1745.



wooded eminence echoes no more to the advancing shouts of De Chartres, Palcheux, Brasseuse, and the other heroic companions of *Le bon Henri*.

\* Rising above the trees which envelope the village on the right, the ruins of the castle catch the eye, and the vividness with which the scene of upwards of two centuries gone was brought before us, is checked by the sudden view of these crumbling fragments of the once powerful fortress—that strong-hold from whose embrasures the Hugonot cannon did, that day, such execution on the forces of the League. The illusion lasts no longer. The hand of Time is felt to be more powerful than the touch of Fancy, and we sink into the contemplation of the sober reality around us.

I wound my way up the eminence on which the old towers totter to decay; and, passing under the broken archway which received the triumphant Henry after his victory, and then tracing the rugged path which marks the grand approach, I got on the summit of the mound that forms the basement of the vast expanse of building. The immense extent of these ruins gives a fine feeling of human grandeur and mortal littleness; and the course of reflection is hurried on as the eye wanders over the scenery around. This may be described in one sentence, as the resting-place on which a guilty mind might prepare for its flight to virtue.

While I stood musing “in the open air, where the scent comes and goes, like the warbling of music,”† and neither wished nor wanted other melody, the soft sounds of a flute came faintly towards me, breathing a tone of such peculiar and melting expression as I thought I had never before heard. Having for some time listened in great delight, a sudden pause ensued; the strain then changed from sad to gay, not abruptly, but ushered by a running cadence that gently lifted the soul from its languor, and thrilled through every fibre of feeling. It recalled to me at the instant the fables of Pan, and every other rustic serenader; and I thought of the passage in Smith’s “*Nympholept*,” where Amarynthus, in his enthusiasm, fancies he hears the pipe of that sylvan deity.

I descended the hill towards the village in a pace lively and free as the measure of the music which impelled me. When I reached the level ground, and came into the straggling street, the warblings ceased. It seemed as though enchantment had lured me to its favourite haunt. The Gothic church on my right assorted well with the architecture of the scattered houses around. On every hand a portico, a frieze, ornaments carved in stone, coats of arms and fretwork, stamped the place with an air of antiquity and nobleness, while groups of tall trees formed a decoration of verdant yet solemn beauty.

A few peasant women were sitting at the doors of their respective habitations, as misplaced, I thought, as beggars in the porch of a palace; while half a dozen children gamboled on the grass-plot in the middle of the open place. I sought in vain among these objects to discover the musician, and not willing to disturb my pleased sensations by commonplace questionings, I wandered about, looking in a sort of semi-romantic mood at every antiquated casement, fronting the church, and al-

most close to its western side, an arched entrance caught my particular attention, from its old yet perfect workmanship, and I stopped to examine it, throwing occasional glances through the trellis-work in the middle of the gate, which gave a view of a court-yard and house within. Part of the space in front was arranged in squares of garden; and a venerable old man was busily employed in watering some flowers. A nice young woman stood beside him, with a child in her arms: two others were playing near her; and close at hand was a man, about thirty years of age, who seemed to contemplate the group with a complacent smile. His figure was in part concealed from me; but he observed me, and immediately left the others and walked down the gravel path to accost me. I read his intention in his looks, and stood still. As he advanced from his concealed position, I saw that his left leg was a wooden one—his right was the perfect model of Apollonic grace. His right arm was courteously waved towards me—his left was wanting. He was bare-headed, and his curled brown hair shewed a forehead that Spurzheim would have almost worshipped. His features were all of manly beauty. His mustachios, military jacket, and tight pantaloons with red edging, told that he was not “curtailed of man’s fair proportion” by any vulgar accident of life; and the cross of honour suspended to his button-hole, finished the brief abstract of his history.

A short interlocution, consisting of apology on my part and invitation on his, ended in my accompanying him towards the house; and, as I shifted from his left side to his right, to offer one of my arms to his *only* one, I saw a smile on the countenance of his pretty wife, and another on that of his old father, and my good footing with the family was secured. We entered the hall—a large bleak anti-room, with three or four old portraits mouldering on the walls, joined to each other by a cobweb tapestry and unaccompanied by other ornament. We then passed to the right, into a spacious chamber which was once, no doubt, the gorgeously decorated withdrawing-room of some proudly-titled occupier. The nobility of its present tenant is of a different kind, and its furniture confined to two or three tables, twice as many chairs, a corner cupboard, and a *secrétaire*. A Spanish guitar was suspended to a hook over the Gothic marble mantel-piece: a fiddle lay on one table; and fixed to the edge of the other was a sort of wooden vice, into which was screwed a flute, of concert size, with three finger-holes and eleven brass keys; but of a construction sufficient to puzzle Monzani, and the very opposite of those early instruments described by Horace,

—— “tenuis, simplexque foramine pauco,  
Aspirare et adesse choris erat utilis, atque  
Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu.”

It is useless to make a mystery of what the reader has already divined:—my one-legged, one-armed host was the owner of this complicated machine, and the performer on it, whose wonderful tone and execution had caused me so much pleasure. But what will be said when I tell the astonished, but perhaps incredulous public, that his “good right hand” was the sole and simple one that bored and polished the wood, turned the keys and the ivory which united the joints, and ac-

complished the entire arrangement of an instrument, unrivalled, I must believe, in ingenuity and perfection.

Being but an indifferent musician, and worse mechanic, I shall not attempt minutely to describe the peculiarities of the music or the management of the flute, as the maker and performer ran over, with his four miraculous fingers, some of the most difficult solos in Verne's and Berbiguer's compositions, which lay on the table before him. Nothing could be more true, more tasteful, or more surprising, than was his execution—nothing more picturesque or interesting than his figure, as he bent down to the instrument as if in devotion to his art. I listened for more than an hour, as his mellow and silvery tones were echoed from the lofty walls of his chamber, and returned by vibrations from the guitar, which seemed as much delighted as myself, for it “discoursed most eloquent music.”

This extraordinary man is a half-pay colonel in the French service, though a German by birth. His limbs received their summary amputation by two quick-sent cannon shots at the battle of Dresden (I believe). Since he was disabled, he has lived in his present retirement,

— “passing rich on fifty pounds a year;”

and happy is it for him that Nature endowed him with a tasteful and mechanical mind (rare combinations), while Art furnished him with that knowledge of music without which his life would have been a burden. I do not consider myself at liberty to enter into the minutiae of his eventful story, which he told with a *naïveté* and candour enough to have charmed a second Desdemona. But with regard to his flute-playing, he actually brought the moisture into my eyes by the touching manner in which he recounted his despair on discovering that he had lost his arm—the leg was in comparison a worthless and unregretted member. It needs not to be told that he was an enthusiast in music; and when he believed himself thus deprived of the best enjoyment of his life, he was almost distracted. In the feverish sleep, snatched at intervals from suffering, he used constantly to dream that he was listening to delicious concerts in which he was, as he had been wont, a principal performer. Strains of more than earthly harmony seemed sometimes floating round him, and his own flute was ever the leading instrument. Frequently, at moments of the greatest delight, some of the inexplicable machinery of dreams went wrong. One of those sylphs, perhaps, the lovely imaginings of Baxter's fanciful theory, had snapt the cord that strung his visioned joys. He awoke in ecstasy: the tones vibrated for a while upon his brain; but, recalled to sensation by a union of bodily pain and mental agony, his inefficient stump gave the lie direct to all his dreamy paradise, and the gallant and mutilated soldier wept like an infant for whole hours together! He might make a fortune, I think, if he would visit England and appear as a public performer; but his pride forbids this, and he remains at Arques, to show to any visitor unusual proofs of talent, ingenuity, and philosophy.

## THE LYRIC POETRY OF TASSO.

It frequently happens among the different works of a man of genius all equally excellent, that some descend to posterity amid the applauses of mankind, while others from their births remain in obscurity. This phenomenon in literature, seldom noticed and never satisfactorily explained, seems in the case of Tasso to be almost unaccountable; his lyrics being undeservedly neglected even in Italy, while his epic poetry has been uniformly the admiration of Europe. The Jerusalem Delivered ever was, and will be, the mark at which critics, ambitious of displaying their skill, level their shafts,—those shafts which without endangering the glory of the poet wounded even to death the heart of the man—

“ But he is blessed, and for them recks not;  
Amidst the other primal beings glad,  
Rolls on his sphere and in his bliss exalts.”

Should the vicissitudes of ages change the languages of the earth, and Italian no more be spoken, there will still be found those who will dwell with admiration on the pages of the Jerusalem Delivered. The lyrics of Tasso, springing from the same noble source, though they betray more of the imperfection inseparable from humanity, exhibit beauties of a cast not less extraordinary than the genius of the poet. They were the momentary outpourings of his soul; yet he devoted to them all the care of a great artist, who, in whatever he undertakes, always has perfection in view. Thus,

His wild song speaks the sorrows of his heart,  
His lyre still breathes with all the rules of art.

and in several letters to intimate friends, he anticipates for his short pieces almost as great an immortality as for his mightier epic. But they are nevertheless seldom mentioned, and scarcely ever read. They have indeed met with several editors, but we cannot say that we possess any correct edition of them, as they were collected during the long years of his imprisonment, and published, if not against his will, at least without his superintendence. The volume containing them was also wilfully swelled out with spurious pieces; much was omitted through haste or ignorance, and his poetry disgraced by inaccuracies of such a nature as to make it scarcely cognizable even by the author himself. He, therefore, thought it necessary to revise it; and in many instances his alterations seem to have been so material, that, in a collection published some time after his death, we meet with less of the language and verses than the number and titles of the pieces formerly printed. Interpolations, omissions, and errors of every sort were also scattered throughout this new edition, professed to be the only genuine one; and as none possessed the means, if they had the intention, of collating the original manuscript, there is in consequence no text of the Lyric Poetry of Tasso that can be depended upon. To this cause, which contributed to make his pieces less popular, may be added others peculiar to Italy. When Despotism kept genius in chains, and hired literature to render it subservient to its own purposes, great authors disappeared, and their places were filled by an innumerable crowd of others below mediocrity. These latter undertook the office of writing their literary history, and founded codes of criticism. It was naturally their

interest to establish the national glory upon the number rather than the merit of authors. Having acknowledged Tasso to be a great epic poet, they could not acknowledge him a lyric writer of the first class without diminishing the reputation of other makers of sonnets and odes. Lyric poetry was then divided into species, and these species into classes; and at the head of each division and subdivision a poet was placed, with the right of being considered perpetual dictator in his species and class, and to remain so without competitor in future ages. The Italians were not in these times a nation of readers, and they professed, respecting literary matters, the same implicit faith that they were accustomed to yield in matters of religion. As they had a saint for agues or intermittents, another for bilious fevers, a third for the toothach, and another for a pain in the head, so they had a patron poet for madrigals, epigrams, the *sonnetto eroico*, and the anacreontic, and even one for the *sonnetessa*, an old-maidish species of sonnet. These laws were the more respected, inasmuch as within the last thirty years the monks were at the head of literature, and the oracles of rhetoric issued from the mouths of the masters of colleges. Thus, criticism, as well as doctrines in theology, were established by constitutional and invariable tradition, to which nothing could be added or taken away; and because, at the end of the sixteenth century, the monks, who were masters of colleges, did not recommend the lyric poetry of Tasso as a model for study, it was never adopted as such in any of those seminaries of learning. To these and similar regulations no man of letters dared to oppose himself without becoming subject to satires, intrigues, and the imputation of heresy. This may seem to be an exaggerated statement; but it is strictly correct; and in the sequel we shall have occasion to give proofs of its being so, at once melancholy and ridiculous. In this way some booksellers speculated, with the quackery of the trade, on the national vanity, by professing to print by subscription the *Italian Classics*. To swell their edition they made them amount to half a thousand volumes; yet while they published the *opera omnia* of versifiers hardly worthy to be so called, such was the prejudice against Tasso's lyric poetry that they published nothing more of it than extracts, and even those ill chosen. It is not therefore astonishing that Mr. Mathias has given his countrymen the odes of Guidi and Filicaja as the most sublime models of poetry in the Italian language. It is said, too, that he has admirably imitated their Italian Pindaric Odes. We believe that Guidi and Filicaja, while they would exalt their strains to heaven, do not really mount so high; these aspiring gentlemen often find themselves enveloped among cold, dark, and humid clouds, where nevertheless they attract a blind admiration. It would be absurd to deny that Mr. Mathias has carried his imitation in this respect to the extreme of perfection—harmony rolls through his Italian verses and Guidian bombast like thunder among the clouds, while the few of his phrases which we are successful in comprehending may be compared to flashes of lightning that only serve to make the night thicker and more awful—

Clarus ob obscuram linguam magis inter inancis.

a celebrity not to be scoffed at.

The short pieces of Tasso are the more interesting, inasmuch as they are the sudden conceptions of a man formed by nature to think too deeply, and condemned by fortune for a long period to a solitude, where he could pour out his bursting feelings no other way but in writing. In spite of the disorder with which his pieces are printed, their different tones of character are so distinguishable, as to indicate, without the necessity of dates, the various epochs when they were penned. His lines describe the state of his mind in the different stages of his life. The poetry which he wrote in his youth is nearly all on the subject of love. His verses are addressed to many different ladies, and it appears from his gallantry with all, that he had not then felt a real passion for any. Tasso was one of those men, whose life was known even in the minutest details, partly from the frankness and imprudence of his character, and partly from the celebrity which on every account was attached to him. Friends and enemies were equally interested in observing and describing his movements. Thus two centuries after his death we have his biography written with such exactness that it appears a journal of his actions, opinions, and most secret thoughts. Nevertheless, we do not find there any notice of loose morals, nor of the multitude of cruel enemies, hypocrites, and calumniators, who attacked his reputation, both as an author and as a man, none of whom dared to cast on him the imputation of libertinism. His fugitive pieces however shew, that in professing to treat love in the manner of Petrarch he felt it like Ovid, and sometimes he expressed himself like Anacreon; but he is uniformly more delicate than either. The following short song will serve as an exquisite model of its kind.

Non sono in queste rive  
 Fiori così vermigli,  
 Come le labbra della donna mia :  
 Nè il suon dell' aure estive,  
 Tra fonti e rose e gigli,  
 Fan del suo canto più dolce armonia,  
 Canto, che m'ardi e piaci,  
 T'interrompano solo i nostri baci.

"There is not to be found in the garden a flower as ruby-coloured as the lips of my love; nor do the mingled sounds of the wind rustling among the trees, the melody of the birds, or the murmurs of the fountain, come over my soul with such sweet harmony as the song of my love—O sweet song! may it never be interrupted except by our kisses!"

Many pieces of this kind, although not absolutely copies, are imitations of the Greek and Latin writers. Tasso has sometimes made a too scrupulous acknowledgment of his study of their beauties to transplant them into his poems. But his language is always of his own creation, new and yet correct, full of sweetness and of majesty, of sublimity and of perspicuity. The following stanzas, the ideas of which may be found in every page of Horace, acquire from the style of Tasso new life and a fresh claim to originality—

Odi, Fili, che tuona! odi, che in gelo  
 Il vapor di là su converso piove!  
 Ma che curar dobbiam, che faccia Giove?  
 Godiam noi qui, s'egli è turbato in cielo

Godiamo amando, e un dolce ardente zelo  
 Queste gioje notturne in noi rinnove;  
 Tema il volgo i suoi tuoni, e porti altrove  
 Fortuna o caso il suo fulmineo telo.

Ben folle ed a se stesso empio è colui,  
 Che spera e teme; e in aspettando il male,  
 Gli si fa incontro, e sua miseria affretta.

Pera il mondo e rovini; a me non cale,  
 Se non di quel, che più piace e diletta,  
 Che, se terra sarò, terra ancor fui.

"Hark, Phyllis, to the thunder in the skies mid the darkness of the night, and the clouds condensed in hail falling against the flowers! But what matters it to us what Jupiter does? Whilst we are joyful on earth, let him be angry in his heavens.

"Let Love be our happiness; let his smiles and his ardour enable us to rejoice even amid the darkness and the tempest of the night; let the vulgar be afraid of the thunder, which will fall wherever chance may carry it.

"How mad, how cruel against himself is the man who never ceases from hopes and fears, and thus provokes them to make him an inconsolable wretch.

"While I enjoy life, what need I care for the impending ruin and destruction of the world? Am I not born to be destroyed? I shall become dust—the very dust which I was before my birth."

This piece is followed by a recantation, which also begins,

Odi, Filli, che tuona!

The sentiments in this are more religious, but the poetry is not equally attractive. His *chef-d'œuvre* among his amorous poetry is an ode, the length of which prevents our giving it here. It is addressed to a *fille de chambre* whom he flattered, and with whom he professed himself in love, that he might, by her intercession with her mistress, obtain his suit—

Io gli occhi a te rivolto,  
 E nel tuo vezzosetto e lieto viso  
 Dolcemente m' affiso;  
 Bruna sei tu, ma bella,  
 Qual vergine viola; e del tuo vago  
 Sembante io sì m' appago,  
 Che non disdegno signoria d' ancella.

"While the heavenly beauty of thy lady dazzles my sight, I turn myself to gaze on the smiles and graces of thy face; there my eyes and my heart find a sweet welcome. Thou art brown, but such is the hue and charms of a virgin violet, and such is my delight when wooing you, that I do not disdain to be under the command of a servant."

Of the character and tendency of this ode, the reader can form an idea from the few lines composing the last stanza.

Vanne occulta, canzone,  
 Nata d' amore e di pietoso zelo,  
 A quella bella man, che con te m' alle  
 L' altrui chionne compete  
 Di che l' asconda fra le nuvole e il cielo  
 Dagli uomini e dal cielo

"Now, my song, go secretly to those hands, the skill of which adds beauty to the most beautiful tresses—tell her to place thee between her veil and her bosom; to secure thee from being seen by the severe eyes of men and gods."

After these juvenile effusions we must class the pieces written under the influence of love. In these there is every where seen the extreme ardour of a hopeless passion, mingled with a species of awe towards the person of the object. There is not one expression to be met with in them that can raise a blush; at the same time his efforts to exalt and justify his love by Platonic opinions lead him into the double fault of appearing too refined as a lover and too servile an imitator of Petrarch. But there are passages dictated by that real passion which is always the most eloquent inspirer of genius; and in these Tasso is also a poet, and as original as Petrarch.

Ben veggio avvinta al lido ornata nave,  
E il nocchier, che m'alletta, e il mar, che giace  
Senza onda, e il freddo Borea, ed Austro tace,  
E so dolce l'increspa aura soave.

Ma il vento e Amore e il mar fede non ave;  
Altri seguendo il lusingar fallace  
Per notturno seren già sciolse audace,  
Che ora è sommerso, o va perduto e pave.

Veggio trofei del mar, rotte le vele,  
Tronche le sarte, e biancheggiar l'arene  
D'ossa insepolti, e intorno errar gli spiriti.

"I see on the shore the ship pompously decorated—the pilot invites me; the ocean, in all its magnificent beauty, is unruffled by the storm, its surface only rippled by a gentle breeze. But there is no faith in the winds, in the waves, or in love. How many, allured by these promising appearances, sailed under the auspices of a serene night. Behold, the sails are rent, the rigging broken, and the wreck strewn on the waves, a trophy of the sea, whilst the shores are whitened by unburied bones, and I see their ghosts wander without rest."

With the love pieces of Tasso are mingled those which he composed in his character of poet laureat to the different patrons who received him at their courts. There is not one of these panegyrics that does not contain lines and sometimes stanzas worthy of him; but, perhaps, there is not one that can be mentioned, as a whole, meriting preservation. His fortune gained by them as little as his poetical reputation. His patrons, judging these flatteries dictated by fear, perceived the feebleness of the man, and were the more bold in punishing his faults and imprudences as crimes. Historians will be ever embarrassed to explain the reasons of Tasso's imprisonment. It is involved in the same obscurity as the exile of Ovid. Both were among those thunderstrokes that Despotism suddenly darts forth. In crushing their victims, they terrified them, and reduced spectators to silence. There are incidents in courts that, although known to many persons, remain in eternal oblivion. Contemporaries dare not reveal, and posterity can only divine them. It was moreover the interest of the House of Este that the misfortunes of Tasso should be attributed to his bodily complaints and his tendency to insanity; and some writers exhort us gravely to thank the Duke Alphonso for placing Tasso in a place of security, and



preventing him from becoming worse. Thus it is in prison, in solitude, in want of the most necessary things of life, in a provoking persecution, and in daily humiliation—it is from the hands of his jailor, and in the middle of spies, that he is to regain his health and his senses! The posterity of the House of Este, though despoiled by the Popes of a great portion of its estates, preserved the Duchy of Modena, where it continued to favour literature, and to attract its services. It is from Modena that the most laborious and useful works in history, politics, and Italian literature, have proceeded. Muratori, Zaccaria, and Tiraboschi laboured during the whole of the eighteenth century at Modena, under the patronage of the House of Este. In telling all the truths which they were then able to publish against the usurpations of the Roman church, they kept silence respecting every thing which might compromise the reputation of their patrons. A poet who dared to love a princess of Este, and a princess who had encouraged him, were, in the view of Italian statesmen, scandals which could not be spoken by any without rendering them guilty of high treason.

At the same time we are told that the sort of indifference which the princess exhibited for the misfortunes of Tasso, and the little effort she made to obtain his liberty, are evident proofs that her heart was never interested in his behalf. But this is one of the negative arguments founded on an hypothesis that may be easily destroyed by a thousand others equally plausible. Was not the princess anxious to avoid her own ruin? In taking too warm an interest for the poet, did she not risk destroying herself without saving him? Besides, might she not be one of the thousand cold coquettes, who, relying upon the modesty of their actions, believe themselves conscientiously virtuous; and after having trifled with the feelings of a noble heart, and thrown all the fault upon it, confine themselves to testifying their pity, at the same time that, in the bottom of their souls, they are proud of the too fatal power of their sex? These are but dark conjectures, and the only thing that really appears is, that the misfortunes of Tasso were the effect of an unconquerable and unhappy passion, which Alphonso chose to punish with such a jealous tyranny, as to make one suspect that the object of Tasso's passion was rather a mistress than a sister of the Duke.

However the case may be, the short pieces which Tasso wrote in prison are superior not only to almost all the others in his lyrical collection, but also to a great number of odes and sonnets of other poets that the Italians cite as *chef-d'œuvres*. Nevertheless he believed that his sufferings had quenched his genius, and that his mind was more formed for contemplation than for action.

Ch'egro e stanco dagli anni, ove più rare  
Tenti le rime far, men piaciono elle,  
E in minor pregio io sòn, che già non era.

Pur non langue la mente, e prigioniera  
Esce dal carcer suo; nè quel, che pare,  
Ma l'orme scorge e vere e pure e belle.

Tired and infirm with age, my toils to scale  
The Heaven of poesy proclaim how churl,  
And changed a thing I am become! yet still  
Droops not the immortal land, but from its goal  
Flies forth, and spurning every meaner view,  
Dwells on the pure, the beautiful, and true.

Time, from which he hoped at least the remedy of eternal repose, did nothing but nourish his hopes and renew and prolong his sufferings.

Vecchio ed alato Dio, nato col Sole  
Ad un parto medesimo, e con le stelle,  
Che distruggi le cose, e rinnovelle,  
Mentre per torte vie vole e rivole.

Gray, winged God, twinn'd with the glorious sun  
And stars, destroyer, quickener of all things!  
Whilst round and round thy flying race is run,  
To me thy flight calm solace never brings.

Powerful friends seemed to interest themselves for him; they permitted him daily to hope for an abridgment of his imprisonment; he received assurances—"But, no," he wrote to Scipion Gonzaga, patriarch of Jerusalem, "pity is dead among men: kings make it a duty to banish it from their hearts; it is a virtue that now dwells only in heaven, and disdains to return to the earth; and thus my tears prevail no more below. Those who have pledged me their faith mock my sufferings, and break their own promises; and I believe there will never be an end to this unworthy treatment, which holds me every moment between life and death. Behold me an inhabitant of a living tomb; see me an animated corpse, with eyes fixed on a door which never opens but for the dead."

Scipio, pietate è morta, ed è bandita  
Da regi petti, e nel celeste regno  
Tra i divi alberga, e prende il mondo a sdegno,  
Nè fia la voce del mio pianto udita.

Dunque la nobil fè sarà schernita,  
Ch'è di mia libertà sì nobil pegno;  
Nè fine avrà mai questo strazio indegno,  
Che m'inforsa così tra morte e vita?

Questa è tomba de' vivi, ov'io son chiuso  
Cadavero spirante, e si disserra,  
Solo il carcer de' morti.

Sorrow was almost always the Muse of Tasso, and often dictated to him verses such as are to be searched for in vain in any other poet; because few have been so great, and none as unhappy as he. But it has been observed, that the pieces which he wrote in prison have been as unfortunate as their author. No person cites, no one speaks of, and possibly no one ever noticed an ode addressed to the two sisters of the duke. It was a crime then to mention their mother Renata, because she had favoured the Protestants, and was herself exposed to exile and imprisonment. But Tasso, addressing them as "Daughters of Renata," hoped to excite their sympathy by the association of his own misfortunes with those of their mother—an expedient, however, which, like many others, proved unavailing to him.

O figlie di Renata

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A voi parlo, in cui fanno  
Si concorde armonia,  
Onestà, senno, onor, bellezza, e gloria:  
A voi spiego il mio allunno.

E dalla pena mia  
 Narro, e in parte piangendo, acerba istoria ;  
 Ed in voi la memoria  
 Di voi, di me rinnovo :  
 Vostri effetti cortesi,  
 Gli anni miei tra voi spesi,  
 Qual son, qual fui, che chiedo, ove mi trovo,  
 Chi mi guidò, chi chiuse,  
 Lasso ! chi m' affidò, chi mi deluse.

Queste cose rammento  
 A voi, piangendo, o prole  
 D' eroi, di regi gloriosa e grande :  
 E se nel mio lamento  
 Scarse son le parole,  
 Lagrime larghe il mio dolor vi spande.  
 Ceire, trombe, ghirlande  
 Misero piango, e piango  
 Studj, disporti, ed agi,  
 Mense, logge, e palagi,  
 Ove or fui nobil servo, ed or compagno :  
 Libertade e salute,  
 E leggi, oimè, d' umanità perdute !

Da nipoti d' Adamo,  
 Oimè ! chi mi divide ? . . . . .

Daughters of Renata, give ear ! to you  
 I talk, in whom birth, beauty, sense refined,  
 Virtue, gentility, and glory true,  
 Are in such perfect harmony combined.  
 To you my anguish I unfold—a scroll  
 Of bitterness—my wrongs, my pangs, my fears,  
 Part of my tale ;—I cannot tell the whole,  
 But by rebellious tears !  
 I will recall you to yourselves, renew  
 Memory of me, your courtesy, your smile  
 Of gracious kindness, and, vow'd all to you,  
 My beautiful past years !—  
 What then I was—what am ; what, woe the while,  
 I am reduced to beg—from whence ; what star,  
 Guided me hither ; who with bolt and bar  
 Confined, and who, when I for freedom grieved,  
 Promised me hope, yet still that hope deceived !

These I call back to you. O heirs divine  
 Of glorious demigods and kings ! and if  
 My words are weak and few, the tears which grief  
 Wrings out are eloquent enough :—I pine  
 For the loved lutes ! lyres ! laurels ! for the shine  
 Of suns ; for my dear studies, sports, my late  
 So elegant delights, mirth, music, wine ;  
 Piazzas, palaces, where once I sate  
 A noble servant and beloved friend ;  
 For health destroy'd, for freedom at an end ;  
 The gloom, the solitude, the eternal grate ;  
 And for the laws the Charities provide ;  
 Oh agony ! to me denied ! denied !

From my sweet brotherhood of men, alas,  
 Who shuts me out ?—

## ADVERTISEMENT FOR A DEDICATEE.

"Thy letters have transported me beyond

• This ignorant present time; and I feel now

The future in the instant."

MACBETH.

"I will contrive some way to make it known to futurity that I had your lordship  
for my patron."

SWIFT.

ALLOW me, Mr. Editor, through the medium of your entertaining and widely-circulated Miscellany, (these, I believe, are the established phrases when a communicant wishes to purchase admission,) to inform the friends and patrons of literature, who happen to possess the power of rewarding as well as distinguishing merit, that I have just completed an Epic Poem, in twenty-four cantos, constructed as Apelles painted his Venus, by combining all the most distinguishing beauties of my contemporaries, prosaic and poetical, in one elaborate and immortal work. It is in the octo-syllabic irregular metre; my hero is a sort of civilized savage, uniting all the bursts of passion and ferocious valour of a barbarian, with the refined love and unalterable constancy of a *preux chevalier*; and after many melting, fierce, and tragical adventures with the heroine, who has a bluish bloom upon her glossy black hair, voluptuous lips, and eyes like the Gazelle, they both finally disappear in a mysterious and unexplained manner; making themselves air, like the witches in Macbeth or the spectral figures of a phantasmagoria. Then I have a supernatural nondescript, in the shape of a crazy bel-dame, who, however, occasionally assumes the semblance of a deformed imp, or dwarf, seemingly a cross breed between the Pythoness and the Gipsy, or Caliban and a witch, who reads and prophesies in the fustian style of Bobadil or Pistol, and, though he, she, or it, have not wit enough to escape from hunger and rags, is yet gifted with real prescience, made the pivot of the whole plot, all the complications of which are forced to wind and evolve in subserviency to the delirious rhapsodies of this inspired hag, or urchin. The propriety of such a character, in a work professing to be a picture of real life, and founded upon authentic history, as mine is, will not, I think, be questioned by the most hypercritical reader. Moreover, I have a metaphysical muffin-man, who indulges in high and holy musings, philosophises the face of nature, disserts upon the mysteries of creation, delights in the most exalted and profound abstractions, and occasionally rings his bell and cries "muffins!" with as simple, natural, and penny-beseeching a look, tempered, however, with dignity, as was ever assumed by Belisarius himself. I have also a ———; but, softly, let me not divulge too much; for in these times of literary competition, a rival author may first steal a hint, and by that means pick my pocket of my whole story, as has already been effected in numerous instances. One may submit to be pillaged by the dead, and in this way it is astonishing what a number of good things I myself have had stolen from me by Shakspeare and others; but this plagiarism by anticipation on the part of the living — this ante-natal robbery, sometimes extending to our very names and attributes, as in the instance of the unfortunate Peter Bell, — loudly calls for legislative interference, or we may all of us have our literary bantlings cut off before they are born, or see them ushered

into the world as forgeries of themselves—copied originals—counterfeits of their own identity.

No more glimpses, therefore; no more furtive peeps will I afford into the *penetralia* of my poetic temple. Suffice it to proclaim that I may cry, with Archimedes, "*Eureka!* I have found it,"—not the problem he was solving, but the road to immortality; and that the "*jamque opus exegi*," and the "*exegi monumentum*," and the "one half of round eternity" with which the Classics flattered themselves at the termination of their labours, appear flat and insipid, as having received their accomplishment, when compared with my correspondent auguries which have yet to enjoy the gratification of their fulfilment. I have regularly booked myself as an inside passenger to future ages; but I hate travelling alone: there is room for one more; and as it is customary to advertise for partners in a trip to Paris, Switzerland, or Naples, so I take this public method of announcing that I can accommodate any nobleman or gentleman who is willing to become my Dedicatee, with a conveyance to Posterity, and should he be married, I will endeavour to oblige his wife (upon a suitable remuneration) with a seat in the dickey. It may be satisfactory to both parties, before I expound the fare for which I stipulate, that I should say a word or two on the nature of the journey which we are about to undertake, and the advantages which I have to offer to my companion.

First and foremost I beseech the parties to whom I address myself, to recall the assertion of Horace, that many heroes who lived before Agamemnon died uncelebrated, and have become utterly forgotten for want of a poet to record their achievements. To judge what they have lost, let us contemplate what has been gained by their more fortunate successors who have become immortalized in Homer's *Iliad*. That poem was written about twenty-eight centuries ago, within which period a trifling circumstance has occurred—the Roman Empire was begun, and has utterly passed away! Conceive, for a moment, the innumerable generations of Greeks, Romans, and barbarians that have disappeared in that time, and "left not a wreck behind;"—the mighty kingdoms that have successively obtained dominion over the earth, and passed away like shadows;—the stupendous temples of marble and granite which have been built and gradually crumbled into dust, while the perishable paper and parchment, rendered buoyant and indestructible by the genius of Homer, has floated down the stream of time unaltered and uninjured. The art of printing has now placed his work beyond the reach of accident, and we may safely predict that it is only in the first infancy of its fame; that when the foot of Time shall have crushed the pyramids into sand, and the wild Arab shall gallop his camel over their site, the poem of Homer will be as popular as it is now; and that it will not finally perish until "the great globe itself and all which it inherit shall dissolve."

Well, my worthy readers, noble or gentle, is it nothing to be one of the company in this insubmergible passage-boat, pleasantly sailing down the stream of time till you are proudly launched upon the ocean of eternity? Such is the nature of the little jaunt I propose to you if you accept a place in my epic ark; but I will candidly avow that there is a peculiarity in its structure which may materially affect its durability. Alas! the fame of a modern poem is like the statue set up by Ne-

buchadnezzar—its feet are of clay. To write in a living language is like tracing figures upon the sea-shore: the tide of ages renders it soon indistinct, and at last illegible. Only four centuries have elapsed since the death of Chaucer, and he is already obsolete: it is probable that the future changes of our language will not be so rapid, for Shakspeare did much to fix it, and we shall not willingly run away from a standard which he has rendered so delightful; but still it is mortifying to use such mouldering materials and build upon a quicksand. A living language is a painting perpetually changing colour and soon perishing; a dead one is as a marble statue—always the same. What has occasioned, the Greek and Roman tongues to be preserved, but the beauties of their authors? and why should not the English of the nineteenth century live as a dead language, after it is dead as a living one, for the sole purpose of handing down my immortal epic? I see nothing improbable in the supposition.

But even a temporary preservation from oblivion is no trifling boon; and it is an instructive proof of the innate superiority of low-born pennyless talent over birth, rank, riches, power, and honour, however grand and distinguished in their fleeting generation, to reflect what nameless nothings some of their once proud possessors would have now become, but that they threw the crumbs from their table to some poor devil of an author, and by having their names foisted into a Dedication were preserved from oblivion, as straws and gilded flies are enshrined in amber, and beetles and crawling things occasionally eternised in petrifications. Such is the difference between the aristocracy of nature and of courts;—the nobility of genius, and that of stars and ribbons. This becomes ludicrously striking, when the author who holds no patent of nobility but that which God has signed, addresses his patron, some titled amateur scribbler, and requests the sanction of his celebrity that he may descend to posterity with his lordship or his grace, who in the course of a few years is only un-earthed from his illustrious obscurity by the digging of commentators.

Take for instance the following passage from Dryden's Dedication of *The Rival Ladies* to the Right Honourable the Earl of Orrery:—"I have little reason to desire you for my judge, for who could so severely judge of faults as he who has given testimony he commits none? Your excellent poems have afforded that knowledge of it to the world, that your enemies are ready to upbraid you with it, as a crime for a man of business to write so well. \* \* \* \* \* There is no chance which you have not foreseen; all your heroes are more than your subjects—they are your creatures; and though they seem to move freely in all the sallies of their passions, yet you make destinies for them which they cannot shun. They are moved (if I may dare to say so) like the rational creatures of the almighty poet, who walk at liberty in their own opinion because their fetters are invisible. \* \* \* I have dwelt, my lord, thus long upon your writings, not because you deserve not greater and more noble commendations, but because I am not equally able to express them in other subjects," &c. &c. Who knows any thing now-a-days of his lordship's plays and poems, except from this passage?—Let us make another citation from the same author's dedication of "*An Evening's Love*," to "His Grace William Duke of Newcastle, one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, and of the most

noble Order of the Garter, &c. &c."—"Methinks I behold in you another Caius Marius, who in the extremity of his age exercised himself almost every morning in the Campus Martius, amongst the youthful nobility of Rome. And afterwards in your retirements when you do honour to poetry by employing part of your leisure in it, I regard you as another Silius Italicus, who having passed over his consulship with applause, dismissed himself from business and the gown, and employed his age amongst the shades, in the reading and imitation of Virgil." His grace's plays, like himself, have passed away, leaving nothing but their titles behind them, and his literary celebrity is destined to be solely upheld by his splendid folio on Horsemanship, still occasionally encountered in collections of scarce rubbish, where, after the noble author has been engraved in every possible attitude and dress, he is at length represented mounted on Pegasus, as a poet should be, and in the act of ascending from a circle of houghhounds, kneeling around him in the act of adoration.

But for Pope's exquisite mock heroic, what should we have known of Lord Petre, the lock-severing peer, or of Mrs. Arabella Fermor, from whom the fatal ringlet was exiled, or of Sir George Brown, the Sir Plume of the Poem, who in Bowles's splenetic edition smirks at us in an engraving in all the self-satisfaction of a black wig, embroidered sleeve, and silken sash? After strutting their little hour upon the stage of life, they would long since have sunk into their original dust, and the passing of a single century would have overwhelmed them in impenetrable oblivion.

Patrician and wealthy readers! I implore you to bear in mind that Cheops and Cephrenes, who entrusted their preservation to the Pyramids, have been filched from their sarcophagi, and nobody knows by whom. I invite you to contemplate that affecting rebuke of ancestral pride, the burial-place of Thebes, whence the mummies of the whole aristocracy are dug up as fuel, cut into hundred and half hundred weights, and sold to the Arabs for the purpose of heating their ovens. Now if they had committed the preservation of their name and exploits to some competent poet, they might have abandoned their earthly tegument to its kindred element;—they could not altogether have perished. Had they been embalmed in verse, they need not have been solicitous about pickling their bodies. I counsel you seriously to perpend what Epicurus wrote to Idomeneus: "All the glory and grandeur of Persia, even should you succeed in all your undertakings, will never equal the honour conferred on you by my letters;"—and that Seneca writing to Lucullus says:—"I have credit with posterity, and can confer immortality upon you;" both of which assertions have been abundantly verified. But it is useless to multiply examples, or accumulate exhortations. Mine, I repeat, is the sole perpetuity. I have a scat to sell, not in a certain House, but in an imperishable vehicle just about to start for posterity. I have a portion of immortality to dispose of, and that it may be fairly knocked down to the highest bidder, I request that all offers and tenders may be sent to the publishers, postage paid, it being always understood that the fortunate purchaser of my dedication must undertake to get my work noticed in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, or I will not answer for the sale of my first edition.

## LES VÉPRES SICILIENNES.

## A TRAGEDY.

A STRONG prejudice has lately prevailed in England against the system upon which French Tragedy is founded. The dramatic productions of our neighbours have been proscribed in an indiscriminate, and, in our humble judgment, very unjustifiable contempt. Our critics are not satisfied with offering to the writers of the reigns of Elizabeth and James the homage to which they are unquestionably entitled, but have extended the worship of their genius into a fanatical idolatry of their defects. Not contented with asserting the divinity of Shakspeare, they hold it in their exclusive faith. They have intermingled with criticism much of the acrimony of polemics, and denounce as heterodox any belief in the powers of those distinguished authors, to whom the rest of Europe has assigned such an exalted fame. There appears to be something of national antipathy in this inveterate scorn with which some very able, but possibly mistaken men, have treated the works from which every Frenchman has from infancy been taught to derive a portion of his individual glory. Every Frenchman is accustomed to consider the reputation of the great dramatists of his country as an ingredient of his own. On the other hand, our rivals in literature, as well as in arms, have indulged in a preposterous retaliation, by decrying the genius of that great poet, whose fame is established upon human nature itself, and should endure as long. Both parties are much, though not equally mistaken; and may be said to contend in the dark. To the great proportion of French readers, the works of Shakspeare are almost wholly unintelligible. Scarce one of those who pretend to a minute acquaintance with our language, can appreciate the power or delicacy of his rich and variegated phrase, the melody of his versification, and the noble familiarity of those scenes through which he introduces us into the domestic recesses of the heart: while it must be acknowledged, that there are not many amongst ourselves, notwithstanding the vulgar diffusion of some scanty knowledge of the French tongue, who can perceive those felicities of diction, and those nice degrees of expression, that confer a charm upon every thought, to which they must be altogether insensible who are unacquainted with the refinements of the language in which it is conveyed. We have known few who, without some intimacy with the principles of art, could estimate the value of the Elgin marbles. To the unpractised eye they offer a rude heap of mutilated fragments; while to those who are habituated to the contemplation of fine sculpture, and who are possessed of that discernment which is as much the result of practice as of intuition, they supply a source of deep and inexhaustible delight. So it is with the poetry of a language with which the reader is not familiar. The bare idea is presented to him without colour or decoration. Its varnish and splendour are worn away. It is offered to the mind in cold, unvariegated sterility, and affords a fainter image of the imaginations of the writer, than an obscure and misty print could furnish of a noble picture, glowing with the richest colouring, and swelling with the finest forms. It is not upon a light perusal, but after a strict acquaintance with the eminent writers of a foreign tongue, that we would pronounce upon their merits. The Muses are slow in revealing



their beauties, and unveil them in their perfection to none but those who have rendered themselves worthy of that high enjoyment by a long and faithful intercourse. An Englishman, who makes allowance for the imperfect medium through which he sees the noblest productions of the French masters, will be more inclined to blame his own incompetence, than to pronounce authoritatively upon the absence of all merit in what he so obscurely comprehends; and will be slow to depreciate the genius of those illustrious men, whose writings are among the noblest productions of the dramatic art, however wide may be the interval between them and the works of that great searcher of our nature, whose almost unearthly faculties may be considered as incalculably distant, and to shine like those stars which are only made for contemplation.

The tragedy before us cannot be classed with the masterpieces of the French stage, but is entitled to high commendation. It is the work of a young man, Monsieur Casimir Delavigne; and affords strong grounds to expect great future excellence in the career of literature, on which he has already so prosperously entered. The monopoly which was for many years enjoyed by the Théâtre Français of the more important departments of the drama, and its exclusive right to act tragedy, had in a great measure superseded the necessity of offering the allurements of novelty to the public. No new tragedy had been for a considerable time produced upon the boards of a theatre invested with this indolent prerogative. The actors, who are themselves the managers, in order to get rid of the irksomeness of learning new parts, rejected every drama that was submitted to them for representation. We have understood that many plays of distinguished merit have been committed to oblivion, by the committee of the Théâtre Français, without even an investigation of their pretensions to publicity. A new theatre, however, was allowed by the government to be opened in the month of September 1819, in which the regular drama continues to be performed with success; and in order to attract the public from Talma and Duchesnois, the principal performers who had embarked in this somewhat adventurous speculation—Joanny and Victor—determined to produce a new tragedy. The "*Vêpres Siciliennes*" was selected for this purpose, and its representation was attended with great, and, what is still more important, well-merited success. The Author almost immediately became an object of research and admiration in the best Parisian circles, and received from the munificence of the King, who is an unaffected patron of genius, a considerable pension. We think that it might be readily adapted to the English stage, and shall lay before our readers an analysis of the plot, with extracts of the passages most deserving of notice, accompanied with a translation, from which but a faint impression can be collected of the power of the original, which is remarkable for its fire.

The tragedy opens with a meeting between Salviati and Procida, who are both engaged in a conspiracy to overthrow the authority of the French. Procida is the great promoter of this perilous undertaking, and arrives at the dawn of day in the hall of his own palace. The commencement is striking and characteristic, and in conformity with the rule prescribed by Horace, to precipitate the spectator into the very vortex of the subject.

*Salvati* Is Procida return'd? There will be joy  
Through the thick ranks of dark conspiracy  
The tyrants, then, shall perish!

*Procida* Your hand, my friend!  
Towers of Palermo, I salute you. By  
The God in heav'n, you shall be free!

*Salvati* I charge you,  
Retire from hence.

*Procida* What, should I fear, who stand  
In my own palace?

*Salvati*. In your enemy's.

*Salvati* then proceeds to apprise *Procida*, who has just returned from Italy, where he has been propagating the conspiracy for the destruction of the invaders, that a young Frenchman, whose name is Montfort, is at the head of the government, and occupies the palace belonging to *Procida*. The latter informs his fellow-conspirator of the success of his undertaking in visiting Italy, and opens with these fine verses in answer to *Salvati*'s question—

*Salvati*. Hath God been with your exile?

*Procida*. God it was  
That gave me inspiration God himself  
Kindled the sacred and consuming fire  
That burn'd within me I adore the land  
That gave me birth, but with the frantic force  
Of an infuriate jealousy I love  
My country, and swear she shall be free,  
And for that freedom, I have sacrificed  
Friends, fortune—all I ull many a day I pass'd  
In traversing our cities' solitudes,  
And, shamed, but with a fierce, and passionate,  
And furious shame, behold our fertile fields,  
To these cursed strangers sadly prodigal,  
Crown'd and array'd in plenty with the fruit  
Of our disastrous labours. To disguise  
My path, I put the sackcloth on my back,  
Pour'd penitential ashes on my head,  
And in the night, beneath a portico,  
Fann'd the fanatic fury Many a time  
I leagu'd myself with madness, and put off  
The haggard eye, and the affrighting smile  
Of imitated frenzy Thus I 'scaped  
Suspicion, while my hatred to the foe  
Was all the while distilling poison When  
I heard th' indignant utterance of a wrong,  
Fighting to sooth, I only rubb'd the wound  
Know'st thou our nation's deadly jealousy?  
I blew its fires in the young husband's heart,  
And every where pour'd into every breast  
My own wild detestation

*Procida* proceeds to relate how extensively the conspiracy has been spread, and asks whether the inhabitants of Palermo are ready to co-operate. He is informed that his own return was awaited to strike a terrific blow, but that his son (Loredan) has not, in consequence of his friendship for Montfort, been apprised of their determination. *Procida* is indignant at hearing that any sympathy should exist between a Frenchman and his son, and at the moment that he expresses his irritation, Loredan is summoned to meet his father, by a previous

intimation of his coming, approaches. Salviati retires; Procida receives him coldly. Lorédan justifies his friendship for Montfort by detailing his virtues and fascinating accomplishments; but at the same time intimates his jealousy of the Frenchman, who, unaware of the attachment of Lorédan for Amelia, and that she has been secretly plighted to Lorédan, has confessed his passion to his rival. Amelia is of the royal blood of Sicily, and was pledged to Lorédan by her brother upon the day on which the latter perished upon the scaffold. This common passion for Amelia is the foundation upon which the author has built many incidents of his play. Procida rejects, as impossible, the idea that she could be attached to a person who had been instrumental in the murder of her brother, and asks—

*Procida.* Is he revenged?

*Lorédan.* What would you mean?

*Procida.* If sick,

Heart-weary with oppression, I had raised  
This arm aloft to hurl it to the ground,  
What would you do? Ha! you are silent.

*Lorédan.* Speak:

Explain yourself.

*Procida.* Time shall interpret me...

*Lorédan.* But speak.

*Procida.* When you are fit to hear.

Amelia enters, and Procida solemnly adjures her to renew her promise of marriage to his son: she consents, and Procida retires from the hall. Amelia and Lorédan remain together; and, in a passionate scene, the impetuous character of Lorédan is developed. He tells her that he is well acquainted with the attachment of Montfort, and requires of her to inform the latter that she is pledged to another, and to give her hand to himself without delay. She hesitates—a light breaks in at once upon Lorédan, and he rushes from her sight with denunciations of revenge.

The first act terminates here; and it will be perceived that the audience are put in possession of the circumstances, characters, and passions of the several persons involved in the chief events of the play, without any of those tedious narrations which so often encumber the opening of a tragedy, and with which it is in general extremely difficult to dispense. High objects of interest are held out to curiosity: the terrible catastrophe (the massacre of the whole of the French inhabitants) is darkly hinted; the speck is observed gradually swelling into a cloud, and spreading its gloom in its advance. The mind of the spectator is prepared for great and disastrous incident.

The second act opens with a scene between Montfort (the gay and generous governor of Palermo, the friend of Lorédan, and the lover of his intended wife) and Gaston, an old and severe warrior, who warns him of the existence of the dangers by which he is surrounded. The licentiousness of the French troops, and more especially of the noblemen in his suite, has, he alleges, excited the popular indignation. He conjures him to guard against the consequences of misrule, and to snatch from music, poetry, and pleasure, some interval of caution, in which provision may be made against the impending evils. Montfort hears him with incredulity. Amelia enters, and Gaston departs. In her approach: she reveals to Montfort the impossibility of the

and discloses her contract of marriage with Lorédan. He hears her with indignation : she leaves the stage, and Lorédan arrives. Montfort, enraged at the sight of his rival, in whom he had placed such mistaken confidence as to impart the secret of his affection, reviles and insults him. The latter retorts, and Montfort pronounces a sentence of banishment upon him. Procida enters immediately after Montfort has left the stage ; and here a departure from probability, arising from the strict observance of the unities, occurs ; for Procida appears in open day in the palace which a little before he was compelled to leave, lest he should be discovered. A finely written scene, and which, upon our stage, as well as upon the French, would, if properly acted, produce a great impression, terminates the second act. Procida takes occasion, from the inflamed emotions of his son, to work his nature, which is instinctively generous and exalted, to the perpetration of his tremendous purpose. Lorédan pauses for a moment ; but his impetuous father presents such pictures of slavery before his eyes as to win his assent to their frightful enterprise, and having obtained it, hurries him to the assembly of the conspirators.

The third act opens with a meeting between Amelia and her confidant, who resembles the rest of those convenient automatons that are employed upon the French stage, for the purpose of transmitting to the audience such events as a rigid observance of dramatic rule forbids them from presenting to the eye. In this instance, a communication is made of an event which appears to be somewhat artificially contrived, in order to carry on the business of the play. Amelia states, that while she was engaged in prayer, Lorédan approached her in the chief church of Palermo, and placed in her hand a letter, which is intended to guard her from the perils of the ensuing massacre. Had the letter merely recommended to her to remain in her own dwelling, and not to stir abroad during the night, the purpose of her safety would have been accomplished. But the author had an object in view, very distinct from that which Lorédan had proposed to himself. The latter is made to state in this epistle, that Montfort is to be immolated ; a circumstance which he would unquestionably have suppressed from Amelia, of whose attachment he was jealous and aware. However, Monsieur Casimir Delavigne thought it expedient that Amelia should discover the designs upon the life of her lover, through the instrumentality of her destined husband, and made a sacrifice of probability of means to the attainment of effect. In truth, Amelia is the great blot of the whole play ; and, whether we consider her sentiments or her conduct, she is in every respect exceptionable. Having conveyed to the audience her discovery of the intended assassination of Montfort, she proceeds to disclose it to himself, by delivering the letter in which it was revealed. Gaston enters, and informs Montfort that Procida has returned, and has been put under arrest by his orders. Amelia leaves the stage, repenting in some degree of having betrayed her countrymen. Procida and Lorédan enter, attended by guards. Montfort accuses Lorédan of his guilt ; and in the excess of a heedless generosity, spares his life, and commands him and his father to leave the shores of Sicily for ever. Amelia is to bear them thence before the night. Montfort and his father leave the stage, and Procida and Lorédan remain. Montfort returns, approaching him with the discovery of the con-

spiracy, and says, that all may be yet repaired. His only fear arises from the provident and sagacious spirit of Gaston, and of him he is determined to dispose. Here the third act ends, and, taken altogether, it must be acknowledged to be full of imperfections. Montfort's generosity, in forgiving so premeditated a crime, is exceedingly unlikely; and the determination on the part of Lorédan to proceed in the accomplishment of his original intentions, presents him in an unfavourable light. The interest, too, undergoes a considerable declension. The conspiracy has been detected; and if it be afterwards successful, that circumstance arises more from the weakness of Montfort, than from the intrepidity of those who are involved in it. These defects indicate a want of experience in the author; at the same time, he shews great skill, and even power, in the conduct of the scenes which are liable to these objections; and, with good acting, the force of the language would, in the representation, in a great measure hide these imperfections from the general notice.

The fourth act commences with an interview between Amelia and Lorédan. The latter, with a wild and haggard aspect, conjures her to hear him for the last time: he asks her for the letter which was delivered to her, for the purpose of ensuring her safety, and the use she has made of it. She confesses that she has revealed the fatal secret to Montfort, and acknowledges her passion for him in this despicable line:—

*Mes coupables transports, mes feux ont éclaté.*

Nothing can be worse than this. It exemplifies those defects of the French stage which are visible to the most superficial observance, and which induce so many to undervalue their substantial deserts. This expression is the very quintessence of common-place—and of common-place of the worst kind. She who has been made the depository of a dreadful secret, by the man who sacrifices his own honour by his anxiety for her preservation, should be furnished by the poet with some most impassioned apology for such a breach of trust. But in place of seeking, in the eloquence of enthusiastic love, allied with the nobler sympathies of humanity, for a justification of her conduct, the lady is contented with declaring that her flames have broken out. The expression "*Mes feux*," which occurs so often in French tragedy, and the many other trivialities by which real passion is wasted and reduced in French versification, cannot be too strenuously reprehended. How often do we meet "*Madame*," rhyming with the wretched expletive of "*flamme*," and that even in the works of the best poets. The reader is congealed by such frozen common-place. When such paltry phrases intrude themselves in the midst of real passion, they are the more censurable from the vitiation which they produce of what would in itself be beautiful, if unattended with these miserable sophistications; yet the writer who employs them is rather guilty of haste and negligence, than of mediocrity. He is invited to the commission of these defects by the obvious coincidence of the rhyme—he is importuned by the very facilities which offer themselves to his ear, and verifies the boast of Boileau, that he taught Racine how to rhyme with difficulty.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## THE MISERIES OF REALITY.

"Expectation whirls me round ;  
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense."

SHAKESPEARE.

I WISH I had been born in that bloom and spring of the young world which modern phlegmatists presume to denominate the fabulous ages. To have died then would have been better than to live now ; for methinks I might have left a name alone whose shadowy existence should have been sweeter than my present dull and lustreless vitality. When the beautiful Helle fell from the golden-fleeced ram into the sea, since called the Hellespont, I might, perchance, (for I am as stout a swimmer as Leander,) have supported her fainting loveliness to the Propontic shore :—might I not have arrested the flight of Cupid when the fatal curiosity of the trembling Psyche shook the oil from her suspended lamp and broke his slumbers ; or have assisted Arethusa in the rescue of Proserpine, when "swarthy Dis" tore her from the flowers that she was gathering "in Enna's field, beside Pergusa's lake," and so have left my name to be entwined with those rose-like nymphs in the unfading wreaths of pœsy !—Of one thing I am confident ; I should have joined the expedition of the Argonauts. My feet would have instinctively hurried me to the sea-shore,

"When Hercules advanced with Hylas in his hand,  
Where Castor and Pollux stood ready on the strand,  
And Orpheus with his harp, and Jason with his sword,  
Gave the signal to the heroes, when they jump'd on board ;"

for even now I have taken the same leap with my imagination. I feel myself shaking hands with the warriors and demigods, the sons of Jupiter, Neptune, Bacchus, and the winds, who formed the glorious crew ; I taste the banquet and hear the music in the Cave of Chiron ; I see the enamoured Naiads stretching up their white arms to pull the blooming Hylas into their fountain as he stoops to fill his vase ; and I feel myself a partaker in the adventures with the Harpies and Sirens, and all the magic and mystery of Medea and the Golden Fleece. What a delicious perpetuity of stimulus and excitement, when the unexplored world was not only a continual novelty, offering fresh nations and wilder wonders with every new coast that was navigated or country that was explored, but supernatural prodigies. "Gorgons, and Hydras, and chimeras dire," established themselves in every lone mountain and sequestered cave ; and the woods, waves, and fields were peopled with satyrs, fauns, and nymphs, while innumerable deities, hovering in the elements, occasionally presented themselves to human vision. In those imaginative days the faculties of man kept bounding from one enchantment to another. All nature was ready-made poetry, and life itself the very quintessence of vitality.

Oh, the contrast of the present !—We have passed through all the stages of civilization, and arrived at the antipodes of the fabulous ; the world is in its old age ; the fountain of its young fancies is as dry and dusty as a turnpike-road. We have fallen upon evil days, ay, and upon evil tongues too, for there is a suicidal rage for destroying the imaginations of our own youth, and degrading into bald, hateful allegory all the poetic visions and romantic illusions of the world's infancy. It is a dull, peddling, scientific, money-getting, measuring, calculating, incredulous, cold, phlegmatic, physical age—a tangible world, limited

to the proof of sense—a horrible æra of fact. We have dragged up Truth from the bottom of a well, and looking through her muddy spectacles, refuse to see any thing beyond our nose. If it appear too startling to aver that ignorance is bliss, I can maintain, from my own experience, that it is sometimes a misery to grow wise. With what awful wonder, not untempered by delight, have I, when a boy, contemplated a Will-o'-the-wisp, or Jack-o'-lanthorn, especially if he performed his luminous minuet in the vicinity of a church-yard; and how intensely was I interested in Dr. Shaw's account of the mysterious *ignis fatuus* which attended his whole company for above an hour in the valleys of Mount Ephraim, in the Holy Land; not to mention the numerous ballads and stories illuminated by the presence of this ominous flame. Alas! it never appears to me now, and if it did, I should only recollect that one nasty philosopher has assured me it is generated by putrescence; another maintains it to be gaseous; and I have the satisfaction of reflecting that, under a new modification, I may every night see those fine old mysterious personages, Jack and Will, imprisoned in a lamp, and shedding their innocuous light upon the gutters of Thames-street and Pudding-lane. Their near relation, the fire-damp, the destructive agency of which, in mines, has riveted my attention to many a tale of terror, has, by another lamp, been rendered so passive and uninflam-mable, that he now takes fire at nothing, and affords no materials for sympathy or fear.

Thunder and lightning have lost many of their sublime associations, since I have learnt the theory of their production. Every theatre contains a Salmoneus—the electric fluid has been brought down from Heaven by a Prometheus in the shape of a kite, and we have even converted it into a plaything, bidding it stream from our knuckles at the working of a glass machine. Not content with familiarizing and degrading every thing that was grandly real, we have utterly annihilated all that was strikingly illusory. As to the man in the moon, whose features I could once distinctly recognize, I take it for granted that he has long since been had up, or rather down, to Bow-street, and committed as a vagrant. The Patagonian giants of Magellan, and the nine-feet high Tartarians of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, have no more real existence than the Brobdingnagians of Swift; and as to the “Anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,” our cursed good sense compels us to laugh at them as ridiculous and unwarrantable fictions. Let no author calculate on being able to invent any thing permanently supernatural and appalling; all his impossibilities will be realized, his mysteries familiarized. Does the reader recollect the Spectre Boat in Coleridge's *Ancient Mariners*, or the Storm Ship in Washington Irving's story of *Dolph-Heyliger*, which, to the consternation of nautical eyes, was seen ploughing up the waves, at the rate of ten knots an hour in a dead calm, or sailing with great velocity right against the wind and tide, manifestly impelled in this preternatural manner by spectral or diabolic influence? These watery apparitions have lost their terrors: the boiling of a kettle has dissolved the mystery; an impalpable vapour performs all these prodigies at once, and we go to Richmond and back in the steam-boat, against wind and tide, by the aid of no other demons than a copper of water and half a chaldron of coals. Ghosts of all sorts have been compelled to give up the ghost, and the Red Sea must pass for ever

dible shoals of exorcised apparitions. The unicorn is defunct as an imaginary animal; it has been recently discovered in the interior of Asia, and now only lives in stupid reality. A stuffed mermaid, according to the papers, has already arrived in the River Thames, and will shortly be exhibited in Piccadilly. Sphinxes, griffins, hyppogriffs, wiverns, and all the motley combinations of heraldry, will, probably, be soon visible at sixpence a head, while the thought-bewildering family of witches, wizards, and conjurers, spite of the demonology of King James and the authority of the sorceress of Endor, have been all burnt out and obliged to move over the way—into the verge of history. Our judges no longer, like Sir Matthew Hale, fall upon their knees after condemning an old woman to be burnt for witchcraft, and thank God that they have not departed from the approved wisdom and venerable institutions of our ancestors; but content themselves with applying the same phraseology to other abuses equally inhuman, and alike destined to correction in the progress of light and reason. Oberon and Titania, and Puck and Robin Goodfellow, and all the train of “urchins, ouchies, fairies green and white,” who were wont, with tiny feet, to imprint the mystic ring upon our meadows, and drop the magic tester in cleanly chambers, whither are ye fled? Ye are gone, with the “giants of mighty bone and bold emprise,” to people the belief of less sensual nations, leaving us to grope our lonely way through this ignorant present, these dark ages of the mind, this night of fancy, this tomb of the imagination.

I myself, simpleton that I am, have been instrumental in defrauding my mind of some of its most hallowed and romantic impressions, by joining the rabble rout whom the peace vomited forth to penetrate into all the sanctuaries of the Continent. What vague and reverential notions had I of the interior of a Catholic church!—how deeply interesting to read, at the commencement of a romance, that “the evening bell was just tolling for vespers, when the beautiful Donna Clara, attended by her Duenna, entered the great church of St. Ildephonso, at Madrid!”—and what a rich association of gorgeous shrines, lovely nuns, choral monks, mellow symphonies, floated up at the bidding of this simple exordium! I have stood in these churches. Heavens! what a revulsion! It is like being admitted behind the scenes at a theatre. I have seen them used as a thoroughfare by porters and errand-boys, making a short cut from one door to another, first carefully dipping their dirty fingers in a puddle of holy water;—I have gazed upon shrines of tin and tinsel flaring in the sickly light of two farthing rushlights;—I have beheld nuns, old, ugly, and corpulent, with a bundle of keys, relics, and trumpery at their girdle; and as to getting a glimpse of even one that was loveable—filthy hags! I wouldn’t cross a five-barred gate to kiss a whole convent.

Rousseau’s Hermitage, spite of its pastoral appellation and the glowing eloquence with which he has painted its rural charms, I found to be a vulgar cockney edifice; while the woods of Montmorenci, beneath whose shades his Muse received inspiration, have dwindled down into a quincunx of poplars. A vineyard which my imagination had clothed with all sorts of scriptural and poetical embellishments, appeared upon actual inspection, little more romantic than a potato-field, and infinitely less picturesque than our Kentish hop-grounds.—This was a violent slap on the mental face, but my elastic hopes still sug-



gested a consolation : France, said I, is a flat, unlovely country—the least interesting in Europe ; but Clarens, the groves of Clarens, which fired the imagination of the sensitive author of “*La Nouvelle Heloise*,” and inspired those eloquent outpourings of love which ———. In short, I fed upon the expectation of these leafy landscapes, until I arrived in Switzerland, when, with a throbbing heart, I hurried to the scene of enchantment, and was horrified by a grisly apparition of stumps, the hallowed woods having been lately cut down by the monks of St. Bernard to supply fuel for boiling their miserable broths and pot-tages. Oh, the sacrilegious, soup-eating old curmudgeons ! Still sanguine, I looked forward to Rome : the eternal city could not, at all events, disappoint me. On my arrival, I engaged an erudite Cicerone, who took me to one of the most celebrated remains of antiquity, consisting of a few mouldering walls scarcely elevated above the surface, which I found, according to the researches of the most learned investigators, was the unquestionable site either of a theatre, or a forum, or a palace, or public baths, but they had not yet settled which. Few of the other ruins were better defined or appropriated ; and as to the locality of the ancient city, the topographers agreed in nothing but in ridiculing each other's decisions. Thus I went on, trampling down some beautiful illusion at every step I took, shattering with my carriage-wheels all the fair forms which my imagination had set up by the road side, and perpetually substituting the real for the ideal, to my own infinite loss in the exchange.

But I saved nothing by returning home ; for the farther mischief which I had refrained from perpetrating myself, had been committed by others. The whole earth had been rummaged by restless tourists : my table was loaded with travels, and my pathway beset with panoramas desecrating every thing that was holy, familiarizing the romantic, and reducing the wild and visionary to a printed scale of yards, feet, and inches. The new world is now as neighbourly as the New River, and the Terra Incognita is as well known as the Greenwich Road. Athens is removed to the Strand, the North Pole to Leicester Square ; Memnon's head, with a granite wedge for a beard, is set up in Great Russel Street, the Parthenon is by its side, the tomb of Psammis is open to all the passengers of Piccadilly, Alexander's sarcophagus may be seen every day except Sunday, Cleopatra's needle is on its way to Wapping, and all the wonders of the world are become as familiar to the cockneys of London as the Chelsea Bun-house or the pump at Aldgate.

All my waking dreams are dissolved, and I might define myself as a two-legged matter-of-fact, but for the fortunate circumstance that the illusions of my sleep seem to become more vivid as those of the external world fade and die away. The nightmare has not yet been put in the pot, or carried to the green-yard. The phantasms of the brain, conjured up by the wizaru Moon and the sorceress Night, are beyond the jurisdiction of travellers, painters, or allegorists. No meddling Ithuriel starts from amid their shadows to withdraw the veil of fancy and show me the dowdy features of truth ; thither, therefore, does my imagination delight to escape from this benumbing world of matter and reality, so gladly abandoning itself to the wild abstractions of dreams, that I pursue them long after I am awake, and when they melt into day-light I can almost sit down, like Caliban, and cry to sleep again.

## THE VAULTS OF ST. MICHAN'S.

It is not generally known that the metropolis of Ireland contains a very singular subterraneous curiosity—a burial-place, which, from the chemical properties of the soil, acts with a certain embalming influence upon the bodies deposited within it. I speak of the Vaults beneath St. Michan's Church—a scene where those who have the firmness to go down and look death in the face will find an instructive commentary upon the doctrines of moral humiliation that are periodically preached above.

You descend by a few steps into a long and narrow passage that runs across the site of the church; upon each side there are excavated ample recesses, in which the dead are laid. There is nothing offensive in the atmosphere to deter you from entering. The first thing that strikes you is to find that decay has been more busy with the tenement than the tenant. In some instances the coffins have altogether disappeared; in others, the lids or sides have mouldered away, exposing the remains within, still unsubdued by death from their original form. But the great conqueror of flesh and blood, and of human pride, is not to be baffled with impunity. Even his mercy is dreadful. It is a poor privilege to be permitted to hold together for a century or so, until your coffin tumbles in about your ears, and then to re-appear, half skeleton, half mummy, exposed to the gazes of a generation that can know nothing of your name and character beyond the prosing tradition of some moralizing sexton. Among these remnants of humanity, for instance, there is the body of a pious gentlewoman, who, while she continued above ground, shunned the eyes of men in the recesses of a convent. But the veil of death has not been respected. She stands the very first on the sexton's list of posthumous rarities, and one of the most valuable appendages of his office. She is his buried treasure. Her sapless cheeks yield him a larger rent than some acres of arable land; and what is worse, now that she cannot repel the imputation, he calls her to her face "the Old Nun." In point of fact, I understood that her age was one hundred and eleven, not including the forty years that have elapsed since her second burial in St. Michan's.

Death, as has been often observed, is a thorough Radical, and levels all distinctions. It is so in this place. Beside the Nun there sleeps, not a venerable abbess, or timid novice, or meek and holy friar, but an athletic young felon of the 17th century, who had shed a brother's blood, and was sentenced for the offence to the close custody of St. Michan's vaults. This was about one hundred and thirty years ago. The offender belonged to a family of some consideration, which accounts for his being found in such respectable society.

The preservative quality of these vaults is various in its operation upon subjects of different ages and constitutions. With regard to the latter, however, it does not appear that persons who had been temperate lovers enjoy any peculiar privileges. The departed toper resists decay as sturdily as the ascetic; supplying Captain Morris with another "reason fair, to fill his glass again." But it is ascertained that children are decomposed almost as rapidly here as elsewhere. Of this, a touching illustration occurs in the case of a female who died in child-birth, about a century ago, and was deposited in St. Michan's. Her infant was laid

in her arms. The mother is still tolerably perfect; exemplifying, by her attitude, the parental "passion strong in death;" but the child has long since melted away from her embrace. I inquired her name, and was rather mortified to find that it has not been preserved.

But I was chiefly affected by the relics of two persons, of whom the world has unfortunately heard too much: the ill-fated brothers, John and Henry Sheares. I had been told that they were here, and the moment the light of the taper fell upon the spot they occupy, I quickly recognised them by one or two circumstances that forcibly recalled the close of their career: the headless trunks, and the remains of the coarse, unadorned, penal shells, to which it seemed necessary to public justice that they should be consigned. Henry's head was lying by his brother's side; John's had not been completely detached by the blow of the executioner: one of the ligaments of the neck still connects it with the body. I knew nothing of these victims of ill-timed enthusiasm except from historical report; but the companion of my visit to their grave had been their contemporary and friend, and he paid their memories the tribute of some tears; which, even at this distance of time, it would not be prudent to shed in a less privileged place. He lingered long beside them, and seemed to find a sad gratification in relating several particulars connected with their fates. Many of the anecdotes that he mentioned have been already published. Two or three that interested me, I had not heard before. "It was not to be expected," he said, "that such a man as John Sheares could have escaped the destiny that befel him. His doom was fixed several years before his death. His passion for freedom, as he understood it, was incurable; for it was consecrated by its association with another passion, to which every thing seemed justifiable. You have heard of the once celebrated Mademoiselle Therouane. John Sheares was in Paris at the commencement of the Revolution, and was introduced to her. She was an extraordinary creature; wild, imperious, and fantastic in her patriotic paroxysms; but in her natural intervals, a beautiful and fascinating woman. He became deeply enamoured of her, and not the less so for the political enthusiasm that would have repelled another. I have heard that he assisted in the uniform of the national guard at the storming of the Bastille, and that he encountered the peril as a means of recommending himself to the object of his admiration. She returned that sentiment, but she would not listen to his suit. When he tendered a proposal of marriage, she produced a pistol, and threatened to lay him dead if he renewed the subject. This I had from himself. But her rigour did not extinguish his passion. He returned to Ireland full of her image, and, I suspect, not without a hope that the success of the fatal enterprise in which he embarked might procure him, at a future day, a more favourable hearing; but of this and all his other hopes you see" (pointing to his remains) "the lamentable issue." I asked whether his mistress had heard his fate, and how she bore it. My friend replied, "When I was at Paris, during the short peace of Amiens, I asked the same question, but I met with no one that had personally known her. She was then living; in a condition, however, to which death would have been preferable. She was in a miserable state of insanity, and confined in a public institution."—"John Sheares," he continued, "flung himself into the revolutionary cause from principle and temperament; but Henry wanted the energy of a conspirator: of this he was forewarned by an incident that I knew

to have occurred. Shortly after he had taken the oath of an United Irishman, (it was towards the close of the year 1797,) he was present at the election for the city of Dublin; a riot took place at the hustings, the military interfered, and the people fled in confusion: a tradesman, who resided in the vicinity, hearing the shouts, hastily moved towards the spot to inquire the cause. The first person he met was Henry Sheares, pallid, trembling, and almost gasping for breath. He asked what had happened: Sheares, with looks and tones importing extraordinary perturbation, implored him, if he valued his life, to turn back. It was with some difficulty that the interrogator could obtain an intelligible account of the cause and extent of the danger. As soon as he had ascertained the fact, he fixed his eye on Sheares and said, 'Mr. Sheares, I know more of some matters than you may be aware of; take a friend's advice, and have no more to do with politics; you have not nerves, Sir, for the business you have engaged in.' But the infatuation of the times, and the influence of his brother's character and example, prevailed. When the catastrophe came, John Sheares felt, when too late, that he should have offered the same advice. This reflection embittered his last moments. It also called forth some generous traits that deserve to be remembered. His appeal to the Court in behalf of his brother, as given in the report of the trial, is a model of natural pathos; but I know of nothing more pathetic in conduct than a previous scene, which Curran once described to me as he had witnessed it. When Curran visited them in prison to receive instructions for their defence, John Sheares rushed forward, and embracing his knees, implored him to intercede for Henry; for himself, he offered to plead guilty; to die at an hour's notice; to reveal all that he knew with the exception of names; to do any thing that might be fairly required of him, provided the government would consent to spare his brother."

The preserving power of the vaults of St. Michan's was long ascribed by popular superstition to the peculiar holiness of the ground, but modern philosophy has unwrought the miracle by explaining, on chemical principles, the cause of the phenomenon: "Water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body." The walls and soil of these vaults abound with carbonate of lime and argillaceous earth; a compound that absorbs the moisture which is necessary to the putrefactive process. In all weathers the place is perfectly free from damp. The consequence is, that animal matter exposed to such an atmosphere, though it undergoes important chemical changes, and soon ceases to be strictly flesh, yet retains, for a length of time, its external proportions. I had occasion to observe a circumstance that proves the uncommon dryness of the air. One of the recesses, which is fastened up, is the burial-place of a noble family. On looking through the grating of the door, we saw two or three coronets glittering from the remote extremity of the cell, as brightly as if they had been polished up the day before. The attendant assured us that it was more than ~~a~~ year since any one had entered the place. He inserted a taper within the grating to give us a fuller view, when his statement was corroborated by the appearance of an ample canopy of cobweb, extending from wall to wall of this chamber of death, and which it must have cost the artificers many a weary day and night to weave. A curtain of the same sepulchral gauze overhung the spot where the Sheareses rest.

I had seen the Catacombs of Paris, but I was more interested, and

made to feel more for others and myself, in the Vaults of St. Michan's. In the Catacombs the eye or the heart finds nothing individual to rest upon; your sympathy is dispersed over myriads of anonymous skulls and thigh-bones, and these fantastically arranged into melodramatic combinations, as if the Graces have any business under ground; and after death has picked us to the bone, our skeletons must be broken up and shuffled into attitudes conforming to the immutable principles of Parisian taste. I could never heave a sigh while promenading between those neatly trimmed hedge-rows of human bones; I thought of and pitied the workmen more than the materials. But at St. Michan's, I felt that I was really in a sepulchre and surrounded by the the dead. The very absence of neatness in their distribution, and of respectful observance towards them, was a source of instructive reflection, by forewarning me of my cessation of personal importance when I shall cease to breathe. Every kick the sexton gave a chance skull or two that stopped the way, had its moral: it was as good as the festive usage in old Egypt, of handing round an image of death from guest to guest, to the words of

"Drink and be merry, for such you shall be."

In the absence of such a custom now, I know of nothing more calculated to bring down the pride of any one that piques himself too much upon his flesh and blood, than an occasional conversation in a church-yard with a sexton or gravedigger, on the subject of their trade. It is very well as long as a man has a certain allowance of mind and muscles at his disposal, and can strut, and talk, and look big, and hum fragments of bravuras, and be seen now and then in a tandem, and resort to the other methods of commanding some deference to his personal identity; but when once this important personage becomes motionless, cold, and tongue-tied, and, unable to remonstrate, is seized by the undertaker, and, as the Irish phrase is, "is put to bed with a shovel," farewell human respect!—"out of sight, out of mind:" his epitaph, if he has left assets to buy one, may, for a while, keep up a little bustle about his name, but a short dialogue with a sexton of aftertimes, over the scattered fragments of his existence, will afford a pretty accurate measure of the degree of real insignificance into which he has subsided. This is mortifying; but it is among the sources of our highest interests. Certainly, it is only natural that we should look to some future compensation for our minds, in return for the many insults their old companions are sure to suffer when they are not by to protect them: it were an intolerable prospect otherwise. To-day to be active, happy, and ambitious, conscious of being "made for the contemplation of heaven and all noble objects," and to-morrow to be flung as useless lumber into a hole, and in process of time to be buffeted by gravediggers and shovelled up to make way for new comers, without a friendly moralizer to pronounce an "Alas, poor Yorick!" over our chop-fallen crania—or perhaps (what is still more humiliating in a posthumous point of view) to be purloined by resurrection-men, and hung up in dissecting-rooms as models of osteology for the instruction of surgeons' mates for his Majesty's navy—the thoughts of all this would gall, as well it might, our vanity to the quick, were it not that Religion, assured of a retribution, can smile at these indignities, and discover, in every rude cuff that may be given to our discomfited bones, a farther argument for the immortality of the soul.

## PETER PINDARICS.

*The Mayor of Miroblais.*

WHILE he was laying plans for getting  
 The honours of the *Chapeau rouge*,  
 The Cardinal Du Bois was ever fretting;  
 All his days and nights allotting  
 To bribes and schemes, intriguing, plotting,  
 Until his face grew yellow as gambouge,  
 His eyes sepulchral, dull, and gummy,  
 And his whole frame a walking mummy.  
 Meanwhile his steward, De la Vigne,  
 Seem'd to be fattening on his master;  
 For, as the one grew lank and lean,  
 The other only thrived the faster,  
 Enjoying, as he swell'd in figure,  
 Such constant spirits, laugh, and snigger,  
 That it e'en struck his Excellency,  
 Who call'd him up, and ask'd him whence he  
 Contrived to get so plump and jolly;  
 While he himself, a man of rank,  
 Visibly shrank,  
 And daily grew more melancholy.

" Really, my lord," the steward said,  
 " There's nothing marvellous in that;  
 You have a hat for ever in your head;  
 My head is always in my hat."

Du Bois, too wealthy to be marr'd in all  
 His plots, was presently a Cardinal,  
 And wore what he had pined to win;  
 When pasquinades soon flew about,  
 Hinting his scone was *deeper red* without,  
 Than 'twas within.

Perhaps it was, but that's no matter;  
 The Pope, like any other hatter,  
 Makes coverings, not heads; and this  
 With its new guest agreed so well,  
 That he soon wore an alter'd phiz,  
 Ate heartily, began to swell,  
 Recover'd from his ails and ills,  
 And got quite rosy in the gills.

'Tis strange, but true—our Worthy wore  
 Fine robes, and wax'd both plump and fresh,  
 From the first moment he forswore  
 All pomps and appetites of flesh.

His Eminence, on this inflation  
 Both of his stomach and his station,  
 His old Château resolved to visit,  
 Accompanied by one Dupin,  
 A sandy-headed little man,  
 Who daily managed to elicit  
 Jokes from some French Joe Miller's page,  
 Old, and but little of their age;  
 Though they drew forth as never-failing  
 A roar of laughter every time,  
 As if they were as new and prime  
 As those that we are now retailing.

To the Château in Languedoc  
 Whole deputations  
 From the surrounding districts flock,  
 With odes, addresses, gratulations,  
 And long orations,  
 And, among others, the *Préfect*  
 Of Miroblais,  
 Famed for its annual Fair of Asses,  
 Began a speech which, by its dull  
 Exordium, threaten'd to be full  
 As long and dry as fifty masses.

Dupin, who saw his yawning master  
 Somewhat annoy'd by this disaster,  
 And thought it might be acceptable  
 To quiz the Bore, and stop his gabble,  
 Abruptly cried—"Pray, Mr Mayor,  
 How much did asses fetch last Fair?"

"Why, Sir," the worthy Mayor replied,  
 As the impertinent he eyed—  
 "Small sandy ones, like you, might each  
 Sell for three crowns, and plenty too"—  
 Then quietly resumed his speech,  
 And mouth'd it regularly through.

*Rabelais and the Lampreys.*

WHEN the eccentric Rabelais was physician  
 To Cardinal Lorraine, he sat at dinner  
 Beside that gormandizing sinner,  
 Not like the medical magician,  
 Who whisk'd from Sancho Panza's fauces  
 The evanescent meats and sauces,  
 But to protect his sacred master  
 Against such diet as obstructs  
 The action of the epigastre,  
 O'erlook'd the biliary ducts,  
 The peristaltic motion crosses,  
 And puzzles the digestive process

The Cardinal, one hungry day,  
 First having with his eyes consumed  
 Some lampreys that before him fumed,  
 Had plunged his fork into the prey,  
 When Rabelais gravely shook his head,  
 Tapp'd on his plate three times, and said—  
 "Pah!—hard digestion! hard digestion!"  
 And his bile-dreading Eminence,  
 Though sorely tempted, had the sense  
 To send it off without a question

"Hip! Hallo! bring the lampreys here!"  
 Cried Rabelais, as the dish he snatch'd,  
 And gobbling up the dainty cheer,  
 The whole was instantly despatch'd

Redden'd with vain attempts at stifling  
 At once his wrath and appetite,  
 His Patron cried—"Your conduct's rude;  
 This is no subject, Sir, for trifling;  
 How dare you designate this food  
 As indigestible and crude,  
 Then swallow it before my sight?"

Quoth Rabelais, "It may soon be shewn  
 That I don't merit this rebuff:  
 I tapp'd *the plate*, and that, you'll own,  
 Is indigestible enough;  
 But as to this unlucky fish,  
 With you so strangely out of favour,  
 Not only 'tis a wholesome dish,  
 But one of most delicious flavour."

H.

ON THE POETRY AND MORAL USE OF FLOWERS.

"Sweets to the sweet."

WHAT a pleasant variegated field we have before us; a field glowing in rich unheeded and ungleamed beauties; a wilderness of sweets. A thousand delicate forms and rainbow colours, and odorous buds, "culled fresh from Psyche's amorous bowers," seem bursting on the sight and sense. My youth—my earliest love of flowers—the first tree I planted—the girl to whom I first breathed love—with the heart's best and fondest recollections, appear daily and hourly more freshly and vividly before my aged eyes. I know not how it is, intervenient things fade away, and I find myself, as it were, returning again and rambling unconsciously among my childhood's scenes.

I delighted in my garden when a boy; and now, though I had long forgotten and deserted them, I feel my love of flowers revive. But let not botanists, or the professors and students of botany, expect any thing from us; our specimens will be altogether of another class. We shall intrench neither upon the system of Linnæus nor Jussieu; our system is of a far more harmless and unpretending kind,—no Latin, no classification, no analysis and dissection: far from squeezing their incense-breathing souls out of them, double and treble-pressed, we shall merely preserve a poetic memorial of *our* flowers, as a grateful return for the ethereal fragrance and exquisite sweetresses they have elicited, gathered and crushed in the honoured hands of our divinest poets.

By us, however,—for I will not call myself—who likes to be called? an old man,—by us, those amaranth flowers have only been tasted and most lady-like adored. But of "stealing and giving odours," and coquetting, as with the poets, alas! we may say with a learned Theban, "we are not worthy!" so let this pass; "let the race be to the swift and the battle to the strong." Our voice shall be loud in their praise, though we wait, with empty hands, at their feast. Nay, we must not begin an episode yet;—but remember my old age, Mr. Editor,—I will try to ramble no more.

Far away then, O my flowers, be all cruel thoughts of lectures, frustrated cases, knives, pincers, and magnifying glasses, with which to see and seize that fine invisible texture, those green threads and



veins through which the ethereal juices so joyously course along the living "milky way." Not ours so wantonly to mar your bright faces of brief beauty, "of splendour in the grass and glory in the flower." Live ye, and flourish—short emblems and undefaced images, from race to race, of earth's worth and vanities; of the blooming and the fading of these our mortal joys!

Nor is it merely with the rough exterior "mixture of earth's mould" I have to do; it is with their more unfading and immortal qualities, the loves and spirits of the plants, I would converse, as blooming in undying song. But this language belongs only, I believe, immemorially to young poets and ladies, and souls "that love the moon," and can sit and smile at grief with bursting hearts; making quaint comparisons out of the moonlight sweetly sleeping on the bank, and the sleeping and dying flowers: it is for the night-lovers of the nightingale and the rose, the interpreters of the voiceless tongues of birds and myrtle-leaves, timidly given and blushing received; *memento's amare* (not *mori*) and the "forget-me not" of idolizing wretched lovers. For such we vindicate them, and for the yet more hallowed service of the dead—for the young and beautiful of all times and people, whose fondness we half imagine lives beyond the tomb, as, ere we leave them, we scatter over them the flowers they loved.

Far from us, then, be the hands of the "culler of herbs and simples," the wide-wasting botanist and chemist, except only the chemist bee, whose powers

"So subtly true,  
From poisonous herbs extract the healing dew,"

but whose delicate forceps, unlike the botanist's, never defaces the outward "divinity of the flower." We are quite at a loss to point out the period and first occasion of this our Platonic love for plants, so perfectly dissimilar and distinct from the more earthly and interested admiration of the naturalist gardener and professed florist, comparatively "of the earth earthy;" the emblem, the allegory, the poetical soul and beauty of the blooming race, belonging not to them. We were smitten, however, with their gentle and ethereal qualities earlier than we can tell:

"A school-boy wandering in the woods  
To pull the flowers so gay,"

being a portion of the very first lines we were taught to commit to the tablet of our memory, superseding, we suppose, other still "more trivial fond records," when we stood a trembling petticoated urchin at the school-dame's side. In a similar spirit were committed to heart those moral lessons from the flowers given to us by our friend Mrs. Barbauld, and the good Dr. Watts;—our second lesson—

"Mark how the little busy bee  
Improves each shining hour,  
And gathers honey, all the day,  
From every opening flower," &c.

which was followed by—

"How cheerful along the gay mead,  
The daisies and cowslips appear," &c.

and thus, in a short time, it was my lot to tremble at the drowsy and awful warning-voice of the sluggard—

—“I heard him complain,  
You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again ;”  
then,—

“ I pass’d by his garden, and saw the wild briar,  
The thorn, and the thistle, grow broader and higher ;”

with a thousand more illustrations and denunciations from the flowers, which, as I grew older and older, began to “run riot” through my memory, to the detriment of more serious things. As long as I kept to those sensible and agreeable flowery images, with their pretty moral applications, it was well with me at school. But a master succeeded to my mistress—a bad exchange, it will be allowed ; and the *Latin Grammar*—that odious, never-to-be-forgotten, “never enough to be execrated,” Lilly’s grammar—took place of the flowers of my sweet native poets—my dear mother English—planting thorns where roses grew, and turning my little paradise into the “infernal (classic) shades.” From this time forward, I became altogether “transmogrified,” as Bottom has it. I was perfectly out of my element in the Latin elements at eight years old. I was often “to seek,” as the phrase is beyond the Atlantic, guessing and guessing at the meanings in vain : in vain we were taught that Flora was the goddess of flowers, and tried to decline the names of plants and trees ; of the wood and fountain-presiding nymphs ; how Proserpine scattered the flowers out of Dis’s waggon, and how—Lempriere’s mythology seemed invented for the torture of school-boys in vain. It was more than Latin, it was very Greek to me, indeed. I could not revolutionize and transfer my ideas quick enough from the English groves and gardens into the nymph and dryad-haunted woods and streams, among the Fauns and Satyrs of the ancients. Robin Goodfellow, and the fairies, and the “fairy rings,” seemed to fascinate me, and were in my way. To the fillet-bound priestesses, with sacrifices of fruits and flowers, and to the thyrsus-ruling festival of Bacchus, were opposed Mrs. Trimmer’s and Barbauld’s hymns, and Cunningham’s pastorals, the holidays, and the hay and harvest-home.

As I could not thus readily *transplant* my notions, I quarrelled with my master, and generally came off with the worst. It was about “Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum,” &c. that we became mutually disagreeable and disgusted with each other ; so, to end such an unequal controversy, I begged the question, and ran away from school. After I saw the first advertisement, however, relating to “distracted parents and entire forgiveness,” with a broken head and slit ears, I returned, and was allowed to remain at home. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* My own little world was, once more, all before me—a world of singing-birds and flowers ; and for a season I revelled in it indeed. I explored each “bosky bourn and every alley green,” for the birth-place of the most beautiful and majestic flowers. Of the lowlier tribes, primroses, violets, cowslips, and lilies, but more especially the two latter, were my youthful pride. They were somewhat rarer than the others about my rural haunts ; and never shall I forget the hour when, far from home, in an old meadow sacred from the plough, beside some fine ancestral ruins I then called the Old Huts, I all at once came upon a gold and silver-studded sward with those rare cowslip and lily-bells—not scattered by one, two, or three, but in rich groups every where, hanging their pensive heads by thousands, mingled here and there with orchis, violet,

and primrose. It was a glorious sight, and made me happier than I ever remember to have been since. My brother was sketching among the ruins (*etiam perierunt ruine*), and it was long before I called him—lost in mysterious delight. He was a botanist, and laughed at my simple admiration of these common flowers. He would have walked a hundred miles a-day, and sought for weeks and months after a single new plant: he was older than I, and often took me with him. I can imagine I see his joy at the discovery of some fine rare specimen, in which I shared, accompanying him chiefly for this, full of gladness and wonder at his delight. He had a noble collection, arranged in perfect order, with their Latin terms; in which I ventured not to imitate him, giving them only English terms; loving them rather for themselves than their names' sake, and often petitioning to let them grow; not that I consider this precocity of sentiment—perhaps morbid sentiment—as a good sign; it has been the greatest torment of my life.

I have since visited some of our favourite walks of fifty years ago: how strangely altered they appeared, particularly round some fine old buildings, famous for nothing but dilapidation and traditional tales! They had then, however, the additional advantage of a deserted orchard of red ripe apples and plums, though "few and far between," and which we seldom ventured to gather, for fear of the information and vengeance of the castle spectres, to whom it was said to belong. From its terrific aspect, I suppose, it was called *Lion's House*. Our excursions, or rather campaigns, in that neighbourhood, had in them something I still feel of the heroic and sublime: he who ventured nearest that frowning pile, like the lion in the fable, bore away the largest spoil.

Among many other plans of beguiling my childish hours and indulging my untutored feelings, I recollect one of building a little tent and enclosing a garden under the skirts of a neighbouring forest with incredible pains, of which no one else was presumed to know, and stocking it with wild flowers and hives of bees; in which last, by the by, I bribed the help of an old woman, afraid of being stung; and there I worked, and there I sat, and enjoyed the perplexity of my brothers, who wondered where I was gone. At last I was traced to my sylvan retreat, and then I accused the old woman very bitterly of betraying me. After a thousand speculations of a similar kind, these pursuits became mingled with those of a higher and more intellectual cast, but still partaking of the same impressions, and of the same tendency as before. My acquaintance with the residents of gardens and green-houses—of beds of auriculas and roses—of herbariums, rosariums, and wild field-flowers, became at once more poetical and extensive, from the magnolia to the daisy, from the cedar to the "hyssop on the wall." Though a little more scientific, it was still their fragrance, their colours, and the beauty or grandeur of their shape, that were my especial delight. While I exhausted their praises in the poets, their botanical merits in the nomenclature and scientific classification were very little considered.

For a long period after my self-introduction to the treasures of old English poetry, as well as to the Classics of other countries, my attention became absorbed in, and directed to the finest imagery, tropes, and comparisons, afforded by the inexhaustible world of flowers, in

the writings of Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, and Catullus; Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto; Garcilaso, Marôt, and Gresset; Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton. From old legends and traditions, and from the records of Hebrew and Arabian prophets and poets, I gleaned all the most touching and sublime recitals, in which their imagery was drawn from flowers; in all their religious rites, in their festivals, and marriage or funeral services. These I pursued and contrasted with those of other nations, with all their varieties and resemblances in the writings of other poets, arising out of their mythology, the genius of their age and climate. No one feature resulting from the inquiry was more strong and remarkable than their peculiar coincidence, and the invariable and extensive application of the most appropriate, as well as the most touching images, to the subjects they wished to illustrate, in reference to the manners and usages of the people. I found that, like my own, the poet's earliest efforts and admiration were called forth by rural scenes and natural objects; among which the imagery drawn from flowers, along with fables and metamorphoses of them, were some of the most original and pleasing. I saw them scattered from the laps of children, along the path of the palm-crowned victor or the blushing bride; round the youth's and maiden's brows, chanting alternate hymns; in garlands, at the festivals and ancient games; and, lastly, in mourning numbers, wreathed round the funeral urns. Pictured forth in the works of art, the storied hall, the temple, and the bust: wrought into the grandest tapestry by the most delicate hands, their artificial character, also, every where prevailed.

"The pattern grows; the well-depicted flower,  
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,  
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,  
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,  
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;  
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow  
With most success when all besides decay." COWPER.

I would not, however, compare these with the more exquisite images and imitations of the poets, applied to delightful or pathetic purposes, and the illustration of moral and religious truth—of pure and elevated views of nature and of man. Here the simple and sublime passages of the Jewish writers unquestionably take the lead, the spirit of which, we trust, is too familiar with all our readers to require our notice. "As for man, his days are as grass—as a flower of the field, so he perisheth"—"Behold the lily of the field," &c.; which, with many more, are quite superior to similar passages in the Pagan writers; who, however, are no less fond of referring to the same sources of poetical beauty and moral feeling. Homer, perhaps, has fewer instances than are to be found in many other poets, but all of a majestic and impressive kind:—

"For what are men?—Calamitous by birth,  
They owe their life and nourishment to earth;  
Like yearly leaves, that now with beauty crown'd  
Smile on the sun—now wither on the ground:" POPE.

Which is not very unlike that of Milton,

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa."

Cowper, whose poetry abounds in this species of imagery, has also one more nearly resembling that of Scripture :—

“ All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades  
Like the fair flower dishevell'd in the wind ;  
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.”

But such, like Milton's, are too generally read to need a reference ; and those we had prepared to give from Dante, and a few of the less familiar poets, we now feel ourselves compelled to postpone to some future number. T.

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THE CONFESSINAL.—NO. IV.

“ Fool that I am ! I have undone myself,  
And with mine own hand turn'd my fortune round,  
That was a fair one. I have childishly  
Play'd with my hope so long, till I have broke it.”

*Old Play.*

THE reader must not look for any thing more in the shape of mere amusement from these love-stories ; they now grow too serious for that. For the relater of them, they are fraught with nothing but bitter thoughts, and restless fancies and imaginations, that haunt the hollow places of his heart,—peopling it with the phantoms of hopes that are dead and gone, and making it worse than empty. This is all that philosophy itself can make of these stories for me—“ unless philosophy can make a Juliet :” it is therefore solely for the benefit of others that I relate them. I will confess that, contrary to my expectations, I have felt some satisfaction in recalling the preceding ones ; because they referred to a period when the elasticity of youth was capable of answering all the demands that were made upon it,—a period when the bow cannot be so bent but that it will recover its pristine form, when the influence which acted upon it is taken off ; and to recall the memory of this period was, in some sort, to restore it. But I have now to speak of what happened when my mind had arrived at “ years of discretion ;”—and when do the events of these years bear recalling without regret, or recording without sorrow and shame ?

It is a remarkable feature of my “ experiences ” in the matter of love, that I am not able to fix upon any thing like the precise period at which any one of them either began or ended. In fact their extreme edges blend with and run into each other, exactly as the colours of the prismatic spectrum do ; and, perhaps, this is an advantage rather than otherwise—for they thus form an eternal rainbow in the cloudy sky of my existence, which, if it is but an optical illusion, created by the “ light o' love ” shining through the showers of tears that are perpetually falling there, is at least beautiful to look at ; and, like its prototype in external nature, I am willing to accept it as a promise and a prophecy that the world which it hangs over and adorns shall never again be destroyed, at least by the same cause.

For several years before the period of which I am now to speak, I had felt convinced that my sole chance of happiness in after-life depended on my meeting with a being on whom my spirit could repose and repose with an entire and absolute love—to whom it might devote itself and all things else, as to a sanctuary—with whom it might be

come blended and interfused, till it could no longer know or feel that it possessed any power, will, or even identity of its own. To be myself was to be worse than nothing—to live but in and for myself, was to “die daily”—for my thoughts and feelings to have liberty to range within a sphere of their own creation, was for them to be self-imprisoned in the worst of dungeons. In short, I could never bear to contemplate my own soul, or any of the qualities and attributes belonging to it, except through their effects and consequences in others. If I desired to shine, Heaven knows it was not by means of a self-existent flame, like the sun’s, but by a reflected light. The wild glories of the moon were the only ones that I ever coveted or envied: with these, if I could not hope to dispel the clouds that would gather about me, at least I might beautify them; if I could not melt away into air the mists of evil that are perpetually rising around us, at least I might give them fantastic shapes and colours, and make them look like any thing but what they were. It was just as my mind had permanently attained to this mood, or habit, that I became “intimate,” as the phrase is, with——— (I dare not name even the letters of her name, for the sound of them is fraught with a spell that would strike me back into childhood again, and utterly unfit me for the task I have undertaken—at least, into all the weakness of childhood, but, alas! none of its power. If I thought it could bring back *that*, I would do nothing but name that name all day long, and teach myself to talk it aloud in my dreams!)

Our families were connected together by marriage, and were in habits of intimacy; but as she had lately been away from home, at school, I had not seen any thing of her for several years: but I had heard much of her from a match-making aunt, who thought we should *suit each other* very well. It was the only time the silly woman ever thought right in her life! Accordingly, when she had left school for a short time, I was invited down to stay at their house in the country, at the instance of this same aunt; who had not sense enough to know either the mischief or the good she was doing, in thus bringing together two persons who (I *will* say it) were made for each other; but whom, if not “Fate,” certainly “*metaphysical aid*” prevented from ever fulfilling their apparent destiny. To reconcile this seeming contradiction, the reader must here be informed that, in bringing about the consummation which I referred to above,—namely, the fixed conviction that I was formed to “live and move and have my being” not in my own mind and heart, but in those of another,—I had contrived (as I have also hinted above, by “*metaphysical aid*”) to connect the proposition with one to this effect—namely, that to preserve and enjoy this *ideal* of what I was seeking I must, on no consideration whatever, think of marrying the person to whom it referred; and that if I were ever compelled, by whatever circumstances, to marry at all, *she* must be the very last I must think of: for I held it as an identical proposition, that sensual and intellectual love (not only *might* exist separately, but) could not possibly exist together; that they are, in fact, antagonist powers, and the natural and necessary antithesis of each other.

Reader, if thou wouldst “enjoy the good the gods provide thee,” and be happy in all things—but most of all in love. They are the powers that even in affairs which relate to the understanding; but if

one of them happens to take root in the heart, there is no end to the destruction it works there: like the Upas-tree of the East, it grows up, and spreading forth its poisonous branches, withers all things around it, blasting the soil that nourishes it, and making a desert of what might have been a garden of Eden! Thus it was with me, and thus it ever will be with all who attempt to play the logician with love. I saw this beautiful young creature, and, after basking for a little while in the sunshine of her looks, I felt my heart warm and expand into a new life; but this snake of a theory, that lay coiled up there while its resting-place remained cold, was also warmed into life at the same moment, and it stung both our hearts to death. I saw this lady, and I loved her;—I will even say that, as far as the mere sentiment was concerned, I loved her with a strength, a purity, and a simplicity that were not unworthy of her;—I loved her as she deserved to be loved. But this cursed theory about marriage had taken such firm root in my mind and heart, that I never for an instant thought of doing more than love her, or of wishing, or expecting, that she should do more than love me. I believed that she *did* love me, and was satisfied. I "sought to know no more." Nay, she did love me, as I learned afterwards, when she had been for four years the wife of another,—deeply, fondly, passionately loved me! (my blood seems turning into cold water as I write the words;)—she did love me; but either not understanding the theory on which I was acting, (as, how should she?) or not believing that I loved her as I ought, since I did not give her the only unequivocal proof of love that an honourable man can give to a virtuous woman, by seeking to make her wholly mine, she at length listened to the urgent instances of her friends, and consented that her hand should be contracted to another! A blank dismay comes over me again, now, while I think of this final bar,—this death-blow to the hopes and aspirations of my youth,—and shakes my heart even to its foundations. The recalling of this period disturbs me infinitely more than the circumstance itself did; for then, rage, fear, hope, anxiety, disappointment, and a thousand other contending feelings, divided me between them, and left little of me for any one of them to seize hold of to itself; while my wounded pride, erecting itself into a momentary supremacy, and seating itself on the throne of my heart, carried me triumphantly through all. Fool that I was!—much I had to be proud of, truly, when my precious wisdom (or *consistency*, as I remember I used to term it) had just lost me *that*, without which all the wisdom in the world is but foolishness, and all the consistency, contradiction!—and to dare to be proud, too, before HER, whose presence created the only pure thoughts and high imaginations I had ever experienced! This beggarly pride, which sustained me then, was soon, as it ought to be, levelled in the dust, never to rise from it again; and if an all-absorbing sorrow, lying like a dead weight at the bottom of my heart—if sorrow, penitence, and deep humility can atone for a folly that, in this case, amounted to a crime, since it involved the happiness of another, mine is now forgiven. When will the spirit that committed it be allowed to sink into its eternal sleep, and be at rest!

Before concluding this story, I would fain describe the lady who was the subject of it, as she was when I knew her; for, if I do not do so, the memory of her will soon be lost to a world that can ill afford to part with it. In fact, it is lost already,—for those who believed in her then.

never knew her at all, and those to whom she belongs now are not capable of distinguishing the difference between what she was and what she is. But I must not attempt the task, for both our sakes,—lest at the same time I renew what were best forgotten. And indeed I know no good that would be likely to come of it,—for she is so changed now, that she would not know herself, even if I could paint her as she was; while for me she remains unchanged, since I choose never to see or think of her but through the medium of my imagination. Suffice it, that she *was* the chosen idol of a heart and mind smitten with the love of all that is good and beautiful in human nature, and finding it all centered in her; and that *she looked like what she was*: that she is the quiet and contented wife of an honest and good-natured husband, and the mother of *his* children; and that *she looks like what she is*!

I shall conclude this story at once, by copying the letter I wrote to her immediately on learning that she had consented to be the wife of another; and, in perusing it, the reader must bear in mind that, during the whole of our intercourse previous to this period, neither love nor marriage had ever for a moment been the subject of our talk; and also that our intimacy had been for a considerable time past broken off by her friends, who had good reason to believe that I had no thoughts of marrying, and who would not have been very ready to sanction my addresses, even if I had been disposed to present them in due form. For the rest, the letter must explain itself.

“To ———.

“(I am totally at a loss by what title to address you. I cannot bring myself to write a chilling “Madam,” and I must not write as I once ventured to do. I’ll leave the place vacant. Pray fill it for me as you think I ought to have filled it.)

“Once more, and for the last time in my life, I am going to trouble you with what you will, I’m afraid, think does not concern you. After what I said to you when I saw you last, you will have guessed that I have been informed of your approaching marriage, and will, I suppose, have anticipated most of what I can have to say to you. I know, too, that, under these circumstances, it cannot but be unpleasant and troublesome to you to receive a letter from me at all. I would therefore have sought an opportunity of seeing you, and of *saying* the little I have to say to you; but I could not have spoken to you if I had; and if I could, I should not have dared to trust myself. Do not, however, fear that, by your indulgence in suffering me to write this once, you will incur the risk of being troubled so again. And, above all, pray do not suppose that I think you can have any desire to know any thing I can have to say to you. It must be a matter of the merest indifference to you. It is to exculpate myself, *for myself*, that I write, not to satisfy you,—it is because I desire that you should think I am not inconsistent with myself, in the strange way (“strange,” in the common acceptance of the term) in which I am now going to act. I know that, in all that concerns you, I have hitherto acted, and am still going to act, as no one ever did before under similar circumstances. My past conduct towards you has been the result of a series of thoughts and feelings so entirely unlike the thoughts and feelings of the common herd of, and see about me, that, as it concerns myself, I cannot attempt to explain it. I am sure I should



not make myself understood: and I confess, when I think of the pain those feelings have cost me, and still more of that which is to come, I am sometimes inclined to attribute them to a false and overstrained refinement. But they have procured me happiness, too; and I would not part with the remembrance of a single hour of *that*, to get rid of all the pain: and the pain itself I would not exchange for what others call pleasure. I feel that I am wandering from the subject on which I sat down, to write; but I dread to approach it; and, besides, I cannot help recollecting that I am addressing you for the last time in my life. For three years I have been silent;—for a whole life to come I shall be silent;—it is perhaps excusable, then, if I indulge myself in, for once, saying more than is absolutely necessary. When I am about to close my eyes voluntarily, at once, and for ever, on that light which has been the guiding star of all the better part of my life—which has led me to all the little good I have been able to reach, and turned aside my footsteps from so much of evil which they would have otherwise fallen into, it is surely pardonable if I gaze upon it for a moment, more fixedly than ever—and even if I turn back now and then to look upon it once again,—that at least the remembrance of it may dwell with me after the reality is shut out for ever.

“In what I have farther to say to you, I hope you will not think I use language which you ought not to hear. I know that there is only *one* occasion on which the laws of society allow a man to use such language, or a woman to listen to it; and *this* is precisely the opposite of that occasion. But I have lately learned, as it respects myself, to disregard those laws; for the penalties attendant on breaking them have already, in your case, been undeservedly inflicted on me; and I am now beyond their reach. And if this were not so, no one could be injured by those penalties but myself—least of all, you. All that the strictest advocates for the observance of those laws could say to you, if they knew you had listened to such language from me, would be, ‘You are about to become the wife of another. If the person who has used this language to you had chosen to keep his own counsel, he might still have been received by you as an acquaintance; but *now* he must of course be considered as a stranger.’ My chief object in writing to you is, first, to account to you for my choosing voluntarily to incur this penalty; and then, to take leave of you for ever—you, to whom my life, that part of my existence which deserves the name of life, has been silently, but not the less fervently devoted—you, to whom, indirectly, I owe every thing I have acquired of good, every thing I have escaped of evil; to deserve and to possess whose esteem and society has been my one undivided hope—to lose them, my one single fear. I know what you will say to all this: ‘But why *should* you become a stranger to me? Why should you willingly give up that which you profess to value? Why should you not still continue what I have always considered you—a ‘friend?’ But it must not be. We do not understand each other in the use of the term: we never have—we never can. If I still continue to see you, it must be with real or apparent indifference. I must either change all my feelings to you, or disguise them. I cannot do the one, and I scorn to do the other. I never have done it. The confession I have now been making cannot be new to you. If I had thought it would be so, I should not have

made it: and yet, if it is *not new* to you, what am I to think of some of your past conduct towards me? I have for seven years of my life done little else but study the female character. I have had more and better opportunities of doing so than most; and I think I am intimately acquainted with it: I cannot for a moment suspect you of having trifled with me—and yet—but I do not dare even to think of this part of the past now: when I do, it mingles itself with the present, and confuses together remembrances, and fancies, and hopes, till I know not which is truth, which illusion. Over and over again I entreat you to pardon me if I say any thing that is unpleasant to you to hear, or if I wander from the subject on which I profess to be writing. But I feel myself almost as unable to write to you with any collectedness, as I am to speak to you. In one word, the chief that I have to say is this: I cannot see you with feelings at all approaching to indifference, and therefore I must not see you at all. Nothing, then, remains for me to do, but to take leave of you—and in what terms am I to do this? I repeat, the confession I have been making *must* have been known to you before, and you must at the same time have contemplated the state of things which I have told you I understand to exist at present, and which induces me to make this confession in plain words; and yet, when I said, the other day, that I should probably not see you again, you seemed quite surprised. What appeared to me to be a matter of course when I heard of what I have alluded to, appeared to come upon you as a thing you had never thought of or expected. I am totally at a loss to account for this; when I attempt to think of it, I forget the present, and hopes and wishes (idle and senseless ones, I confess, and for which, perhaps, I deserve to suffer) come crowding upon me, and blend themselves with recollections of the past and anticipations of the future, and for a moment cover every thing with sunshine: but the next moment, the present returns, and all becomes confused and dark. I dare not say more. I now take my leave of you. But do not suppose I have made any senseless and romantic vows and resolutions never to see you again, and so forth. I am too sensible of my own weakness ever to make a resolution on any subject, however trifling; much less on important ones. I shall abstain from seeking to see you; simply because it is the conviction of my reason that this will be the properest plan for me, and the most convenient one for you. If it were in my power, I would immediately leave England; because then, and then only, I could be sure of myself. But I do not live for myself alone; and besides, I have not any present means of living away from here. If, then, while I am compelled to remain here, chance should throw me in your way, I cannot anticipate *how* I shall act. There are points on which I am the weakest of human beings. You know this: do not, then, judge harshly of me, if I should not act as you may expect, or think I ought to do. It is difficult enough to *know* what ought to be done; but always to *do it*, is not in human nature.—Once for all, adieu.

“One word more, and I have done. When I asked if I might write to you, you said, if I did, I must not expect you to answer me. I did not determine beforehand that you *could* have nothing to answer to any thing that I could have to say, was what I did not expect. However, I told you that what I had to say did not require any

answer. So far as I know, it does not: if you should think so too, that will be the fullest answer you can give me; it will speak volumes. Among other things, it will, perhaps, make me look upon the future with indifference. But even that will never make me cease to look with delight upon the past. It will never make me forget the ——— I once knew. It will even render still more pure and sacred my feelings towards her, by teaching me to fancy that she has ceased to exist."

Alas! when she ceased to love me, she *did* cease to exist—for me—for all the world—and, most of all, for herself! And when I ceased to love her, (which, contrary to the anticipation with which the above letter closes, I did the moment she had made herself the property of another), love itself ceased to exist for me: it became a name, a belief, an imagination—worst of all, a theory.

But there is one hope that still keeps my heart alive, in the midst of its desolation. If the soul is immortal, its affections are immortal too, and may be re-created, and raised even from the tomb where they have long lain buried. There is one person still in the world capable of bringing about this resurrection; and I have at least faith to believe in the possibility of it, and patience to wait for its consummation. A little while will determine my fate. In the mean time I abandon my intention of continuing these Confessions, and finally close them here.

Z.

#### SOCIAL GRIEVANCES.

I AM not going to write about any of those grievances which we encounter in the streets of London, the authors of which are menaced with "the utmost rigour of the law," and which the laws do sometimes visit with very extraordinary rigour; but about some of those moral grievances that infest society, and for the authors of which no adequate punishment has yet been invented. In this age of legislation and improvement, when every one has a nostrum and a panacea, and every boy-senator tries his "prentice hand" on the constitution of the state and the institutions of the country, it is quite surprising that no philanthropist has drawn up a *code criminel*, by which some of the trespassers on social rights and the disturbers of social enjoyment may be brought to condign punishment. If any one, like myself, have the misfortune, for a misfortune sad experience shews it to be, to have a decent library and habits of retirement and study, he will know what it is to see some "damned good-natured friend" calling in upon him in the midst of his pursuits, pestering him with unmeaning chatter, pulling down one book after another, with some insipid remark on each; putting a question about one thing, and without waiting for a reply starting off to another subject; inquiring kindly after your health and your studies, and with a knowing leer hinting that he knows you are the author of an article in the last *New Monthly*; and "how was your tiff with Miss ——— settled?" and a deal of this "skimble skamble stuff," which is not valuable for its matter, and yet you cannot quarrel with him, because he has no intention to offend, and no notion that he is a bore. This sort of person is a grievance; and you cannot turn him out of the room, as it would be impolite; nor is there any method that I am aware of, by which such an evil may be avoided.

The famous Mr. Boyle, who was "the father of chemistry and brother to the Earl of Cork," used to insert an advertisement in the newspapers, stating, that on such and such days he could not receive visitors, as he should be engaged in his studies. This is an effectual preventive with such as read the newspapers, but with no others. Besides, it would hardly do for a Temple student, or "one of us," to *affiche* himself in this way. As to your servant's denying you, it would obtain no more credit than Peter's did; "Oh, no! my dear friend W. will certainly see me;" and in he comes. Now, as my servant is but "a little pceevish boy," it is idle to expect he can oppose the entrance of some half a dozen acquaintance of this class whom it is my misery to be afflicted with. These people are not essentially grievances, but are rather accidentally so: they have commonly some redeeming qualities about them, or they would not be tolerated for a moment; good-natured, friendly, and obliging, but not aware that there may be times when their room is better than their company. This may be called a private grievance.

There are also public grievances, such as you meet with in society, at assemblies, dinners, routs, &c. These, perhaps, are more endurable, because you share the annoyance with a great number; the *ennui* which is divided among numbers being less oppressive than when it falls on a single head. Each man lightens his neighbour's load; but the general mass of affliction is incalculable. Think of being placed opposite a young gentleman "just off his travels," a young Rapid, who has passed from Berlin to Naples in three months, and seen every thing worth seeing. Unless the fortunate youth is skilled in the art of being silent, he is sure to be the bore of the whole evening. Your "picked man of countries" is pretty certain to engross a great part of the conversation, and deluge the table with the narration of his "hair-breadth escapes" from Neapolitan banditti, or his critiques on Italian art and German literature. Every thing is converted into matter for illustration; and "when I was in Vienna, &c." "my friend the Baron von ———," or "Il Principe di ———, &c." His *ideal* is Young Wild-*ing*. He has an excessive familiarity with the various courts of Europe; tells how he

"Saw every court, heard every king declare  
His royal sense of operas or the fair;  
The stews and palace equally explored,  
Intrigued with glory and with spirit ———;  
Tried all *hors d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defined,  
Judicious drank, and greatly daring dined."

If you talk of St. Paul's, he informs you it is not so large as St. Peter's; if you have been at the exhibition, Sir T. Lawrence is not equal to Raphael, or Fuseli to Titian, especially in colouring. He tells you that the Bay of Naples is finer than that of Dublin. If you say your health suffers from town, he admits the insalubrity of smoke, but doubts if the *mal-aria* of Rome be not more perilous.

The utility of foreign travel, in polishing the manners and liberalizing the mind, no one can dispute. But travel, like dancing, should be seen in the general grace it flings over the carriage; no one should be always "prating of his whereabouts." In this respect one might as well remain at home if that is derived from going abroad is the

privilege of saying, "I was there and there."—"Can't you say so?" said an old friend to some youth who was wishing he could say he had been at Rome. This sort of bore is less sound at heart than the other. He is generally empty-headed and vain; is inflated with wild conceits of his own superiority, and utterly careless of the common rights of conversation and the *bien-séance* of good company. It may be doubted, whether there is not a right, a kind of common-law right, in all society, to abate a nuisance of this kind, by forthwith expelling it. At any rate, after fair means have been tried, forcible ejectment seems very permissible.

There is a sort of equality in society which no man is permitted to violate. No one may arrogate to himself what is the common right of all. Conversation is a property of which all are tenants in common: No one has the right to eject his neighbour. Its value is in the reverse of the old man's bundle of sticks—it should be separate, not joined. All are entitled to their tithe of talk. But if subjects which are of general interest become tiresome when engrossed by an individual, and blurted without respect to persons or times, what shall we say of those who introduce others of partial importance and confined knowledge? The university men are noted for this; more particularly the Cantabs. I dread to meet a man of that university *in statu pupillari*, or any where under the degree of M. A. The very sight of him destroys my appetite. I am sure to have the whole calendar rehearsed. The jokes of St. John's, and the *verbiage* of Trinity, float before my prophetic sight. The talent of this man, and the degree of that, the examinations, the rows, all stand in dread array before me. There is a strange tendency to the shop amongst the Cambridge men. It arises, no doubt, from their imperfect acquaintance with society, and the *esprit de corps*, which is so exclusively cherished at that university. They seem to think that what is going on there, in a few brick courts, on the banks of a muddy brook in the fens of Cambridgeshire, is of importance to the world. I recollect once, when the proctors were putting down a debating-club, one of the young Cicero's cried out "Let us preserve our dignity in this last hour of our political existence—let us remember that the eyes of Europe are upon us." The same notions of importance, the same spirit of corporation, and *oneness* of topic, is brought with them to town. To meet with two of them at a dinner-table is an awful thing. No one understands their cant phrases, or their domestic allusions, and yet every one is compelled to listen to their interlocation and the respective merits of antiquities and geometry—"Does Simpson read with Professor Wigsby this vacation?" "Will Jenkins be senior wrangler?" or, "Hopkins must get the medal."—If the name of any public man is mentioned, "He must be a great man; he was third wrangler in Tompkins' year." Every man's capacity is tried by the scale of college honours. The calendar is his Bible, it is the gauge in which he takes measure of a man's mind, the horoscope in which he reads future fortunes. Every man is great or little, as he was or was not of Cambridge. The Cantab criticises your expressions, and objects to your opinions. He thinks in a diagram: he is analytic in his eating. If twenty years ago you were of that university, he immediately pours out his budget, and travels over the history of your own times. If you were not there, he will not hesitate to tell you all you have lost. If he be of Trinity, he is full of a discomfiture of St. John's.

he is obscure and mathematical. If I am to meet a Cambridge man, my hope is that he may be a small *colleger*. Whatever be their ambition, they are less obtrusive and loquacious, because kept down by the two great rival leviathans. Habits of submission have rendered them timid, and when they do talk of the shop, it is in a soft low voice: they roar gently. It is long before these habits wear off. The Oxonians are more men of the world: they think less of study, and, perhaps, study less: their college habits are more social and general: they can talk of something else than the anecdotes of a college, and their ambition is not so great in retailing the licentious wit of a combination-room. These bachelors (*baccalaurei baculo potius quam laureo digni*) ought to undergo a course of polite education before they are brought out. They should remain in a state of probation three or four years at least. They should be taught, that taking a degree in arts, does not let them into all arts. They should remember that the fame of the immortal Xi-to-fou never travelled beyond the precincts of China, and that it is very possible for Tompkins to be a great personage at Cambridge, without being the town-talk of London.

There is another species of grievance which is indigenous to London. This is your *aimable de bon ton*: not your genuine dandy, who is infinitely too light and harmless a thing to be raised into the importance of being considered in the present article; but your well-dressed youth, who has ventured beyond the limits of his peculiar domain into the regions of fashion; who is a great man at consultations upon the cut of a sleeve; talks of Rossini and Albert; is free of Lady——'s suppers, and is looked upon as a desirable piece of furniture at a concert, because he can applaud in the proper place; or at a ball, because he is up to the intricacies of quadrille. To sustain this character well, requires a great deal of tact; but it is generally overdone. Last week it was my misfortune to meet with such an one. His whole talk ran upon parties and routs: till, by dint of repetitions, I acquired a tolerable knowledge of the etiquette of these things, and learned which are the best dancers, and who gives the best suppers in town. This, it must be allowed, is very important to know, when I may wish to figure on the "light fantastic toe," or when my appetite is very delicate. The smart flummery of his discourse was at first amusing, but it became a bore by its continuance. His face was smirking; he seemed to be on the watch to help a lady—one of those polite gentlemen who would rather overturn a table than a lady should ring a bell herself. I do not know whether I should have inserted this division from my own experience, if I had not been told that it is excessively common about town, and that all sensible men look upon it with great dislike.

But who does not know that literary grievance, the butterfly of *belles-lettres*, who flutters about the fields and sips the sweets? This is indeed a melancholy appendage to a dinner-table. You are sure to be deluged with his information. He knows every thing that is doing about town, in the literary way. He writes a little himself: a squib in the *Quarterly*, or a sonnet in the *Post*. He is hand and glove with all the reviewers. He knows all the reviewers. He reads the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, "and thanks as they do." He knows what is about to be published: is in secret with all the anonymous; and has a copy of all the verses handed down in genteel society. He has the *entré* at *Mugger's*; he can tell you the burning passage in the last new

poem, and has irrefragable proofs that Sir W. Scott wrote "Waverley." He knows whose tragedy is at Covent Garden, and what new melo-drame at Drury Lane. He can talk a little of political economy; and Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo, are familiar as his garter. He has skimmed over the gulf of metaphysics, and, when occasion serves, can talk of Locke, Hartley, Hume, and Reid. He is a smatterer in politics. In short, no branch of knowledge is beyond his sphere, "Seneca is not too heavy, nor Plautus too light." He has been at a great feast of learning, and stolen the scraps. Like a bird who picks up chaff, he hears it about in his mouth, but never swallows it. The matter never digests into a subtle spirit, pervading his opinions and colouring his talk, but is a crude heavy mass, like an incubus. This "learned Theban" is always ready to talk with you; he asks you how you like the new novel; he disputes your propositions, but assents to your conclusions; he agrees with no man at the outset, and differs from no one at the end. If his spirit moves, his conversation is like Godwin's Chaucer, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam alijs*. The matter of his speech is words, words, words. His talk is like the Russian horn after the thaw—scraps of every thing. He bestows it on you freely: he is the essence of magnanimity: he yours without asking: he wishes not your gratitude. "Were he a thousand times as tedious as he is, he could find it in his heart to bestow it all on you." But who does not cry out, "Leave me, O leave me to repose"? Who can endure the pitiless pelting of this storm? Who does not seek refuge from the omniscience of this sort of grievance? This class is large—its name is legion, for they are many. Some of them are familiar to me, but I avoid them as leprous.

Occasionally, too, we are fastened upon by a *sporting* man, one whose education is in the *basse-cour*, who seems to have been cradled in a stable. His imagination teems with images of horses, dogs, and boxers. His pilgrimages are to Newmarket and Moulsey. He worships Neate and —. Whatever be the subject of conversation, he winds it to his own topic. His language is full of figures, and seems to be drawn half from the stable and half from the Fives Court. He subscribes to nothing but Tattersall's; and his charity extends only to a defeated boxer. His library is made up of sporting calendars and Boxiana. His compositions never extend beyond his betting-book. He knows all the jockies. He can trace you a horse's pedigree with unerring exactness, and is *au fait* at all the battles, from Figg and the Venetian down to Gipsy Cooper and —. He does not argue, but he offers to bet you ten guineas. He estimates your wit by the courage with which you back your opinion. He is not to be *done*. But he is very good-natured at the bottom, and you lament he is a bore. There is something English in his propensities, and he is all over English in his likings. He is very tolerable, and yet not to be endured; for, after all, his dialect is offensive, and his eternal harping on horses, and dogs, and boxers, is not "germane to the matter."

But even the grievances in society the professed punster is the most intolerable. You cannot be safe in his company a moment. If you take yourself with an opinion, he seizes on it with the voracity of a mackerel; he turns it inside out, and works it to death. The silence of a punster is treacherous as the calm before a storm. He sits, as it were, in grim repose, till the expected word comes; and then, *voilà* his cue. His ambition is to set the table in a rout—to be flung at the water.

He comes into the room with half a dozen famous extempore puns, which have cost him a morning's labour to concoct. As long as he can clinch a word, or raise a laugh, he does not care how old, or how bad, his pun is: he will tell any one singing in a garret "an attic warbler." He calls a friend of mine a *matharian*, because he has put one hair on his head. He addresses a shoemaker, "O sovereign of the willing soul!" If you are a templar, he hopes you may turn your gas into Coke. He is indefatigable in chasing down his pun. He reads only to find out resemblances, and listens only to bring in his pun. He is fond of no play except a play upon words, and yet he makes game of every thing—

"A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits."

His favourite poet is Crabbe, and his light reading, Joe Miller and Dr. Kett. He was educated in the "School for Wits." James the First is his favourite monarch. The only living authors he admires are Tom Dibdin and Mr. Moncrieff: with the last he is sworn brother. He is supposed to have furnished the puns to the latter's farces. His brain is full of "eggs of bon-mots and specks of repartees." If you are in a dilemma and you ask what steps you should take, he recommends the library steps. If you ask him to ring the bell, he, with great solemnity, puts a ring on the finger of some pretty girl. If you object to him that his coat is too short, he tells you it will be long enough before he gets another. In short, he seems to like a good thing in proportion to its age: he has no particular wish to appear as the inventor, but merely the "transmitter" of a jest.

These are some of the grievous things which are found about dinner-tables and general society, to the very great disturbance of hilarity. To some they may not appear so disagreeable; to me they are inexpressibly unendurable. A retired student, I come abroad into the world for relaxation and amusement; but what amusement can there be when "so pestered with popinjays?"—What but an excited bile and dissatisfaction with my kind? Without being very old, yet I think I can remember when these plagues were less numerous and less afflicting. A dinner then was kindly and social; the stream of talk flowed pleasantly, nothing the worse for being shallow; we bubbled without roaring. No one assumed more than his share. But this is an age of usurpations; even the dinner-table is not sacred! Society was once more social; it looked for its delights, and found them, within a small circle. Now it spreads abroad and gathers in all that is confined. It sends its agents into the highways, and does not disdain the hedges. Wiser heads, or those more happily tempered than mine, may bear with these wars and boils of society; and account them but as the breakings-out which only prove the greater health of the body. But I cannot "consider so curiously." I ask not much from society, and cannot afford that the little should be given with so much alloy. I object to so large a charge for seigniorage. The duty as up the article: the vexation more than counterbalances the pleasure. There is a custom in Italy, when you are invited to dinner, to send a list of all the parties; and if you dislike any of them, you send back the list marked—(with it were the custom also in England: it would be a public advantage.) For my own part, my mind is made up never to dine where I have reason to think I shall meet a traveller, a young Cantab, a *man of letters*, a literary liberality, a "varmint man," or a punster.



## The Traveller at Home.

At length, however, circumstances drew me away from home, and carried me out of the sight and recollection of old acquaintances; so that, after an absence of ten years, I returned to my native capital almost an entire stranger.

The feeling of melancholy with which, like a ghost, I stalked through the favourite haunts of my former life, and, like a ghost too, sought for some one to relieve me by an interpellation, was beyond description bitter. Every step was taken over a prostrate propensity, or a broken association.

But in the irritable state of mind thus produced, every trifle becomes important; and those who have experienced the position, will acknowledge the fidelity of this picture. But much more severe was the shock which attended the necessity of taking shelter in an hotel. The paternal house, whose door had, on each return from school, and on the termination of every country ramble, stood hospitably open to welcome me to an affectionate circle, had now passed into other hands. The circle was broken up; the grave had closed on its dearest members; and the survivors were pursuing fortune in other channels, while strangers occupied the apartments endeared by the most indelible associations. It seemed so unnatural, so cruel to be thus driven from home, that it wore the air of an act of violence.

I remember to have experienced, though in less intensity, this feeling of loneliness on visiting the University to take a degree, and finding the contemporary generations replaced by a race of boys and strangers; and this analogous instance, being familiar to many readers, may serve as an illustration to those whose homebred habits have confined them to the spot in which accident first placed them. To those thus fixed and stationary, changes are scarcely sensible; they take place so gradually. Friends die, or drop from the circle but one at a time; and the ranks are filled up before the chasm is perceived: but to the returning stranger the desolation is apparent in its fullest extent and horror.

Every man in London, however obscure his station, is connected with a little circle, or *junta*, with whom his domestic habits are more intimately entwined. This little knot, made up of friends, of accidental associates, companions of pleasure or of business, passes on with us through life, occasionally broken in upon by casual interlopers, but still holding together with a pertinacity which daily habit serves only to increase. By such a circle we find ourselves surrounded in our father's house; and though age, education, temperament, and disposition, may all tend to alienate the young man from it when he escapes into the world, yet there is none perhaps to which he occasionally returns with more pleasure, or clings to with greater attachment; especially when the parent, who was its centre, is no more. Here, however, it is, that a short time makes the widest and the deepest chasm, for as the individuals are all advanced in life, they are constantly becoming more and more alienated from each other, and more and more attached to the stranger at home, than his return to the remnants of such a circle. The old friendship, the old hilarity, the old jokes are still preserved, but one member has grown deaf, another blind, another dumb, a fourth is paralytic; and all seem to be insensible to the loss of those who have dropped into the grave, unconscious of the lapse of time and

reckless of its dilapidations. It seems as if the wild and fantastic dream had conjured up the dead to mock at revelry, to feast with the traveller on his return, and welcome him to the spot in which, after all his wanderings, he is to rest for ever.

But if friendships are thus pregnant with suffering, the distractions are not less frequent which await the stranger in the scenes of his early amusements. The theatres more especially are the scenes of disappointment. Old favourites are dead; or, what perhaps is still worse, are grown too old for the parts they still sustain. A new race of performers treads the stage, with whose names, persons, and merits, the returned traveller is wholly unacquainted: and because he is himself no longer susceptible of the same vivid sensations, because his imagination no longer lends itself with the same enthusiasm to scenic deception, the present race of actors infallibly appear to possess smaller talent than the actors of his recollection. Whoever is at all conversant with theatrical literature, must have remarked how each generation of critics has dwelt with fondness and regret on the memory of the actors who are gone. Yet perhaps no other art has observed so progressive a march towards perfection, by a constant and steady approach to nature, the rejection of conventional bombast, and rising above received forms of theatrical gesture and elocution.

Besides, however, this disgust of satiety, this palling of the imagination, it must be admitted, that the theatres really have lost much of their attraction, through their increased size and consequent turn to show and pantomime. But this is not all. Before the stage lamps changes also have occurred. The race of critics which twenty years ago assembled to discuss the merits of Cooke's Richard, or to enjoy the raciness of poor Lewis's Prince Hal, have disappeared with the actors they admired: and the returned traveller might as well be in the Scala at Milan, or the San Carlos of Naples, as in Covent Garden or Drury Lane, for any chance the latter afford of old associates or a sympathizing audience. The idle Templars, who used to retire from the theatre to the coffee-house, who conspired to damn a play or conduct a riot, have now retired to their chambers, and are buried in briefs and cases. They may sometimes, by accident, be found in a church: but the theatre no longer exists for them, even in recollection.—*Ceteris quid memorem?* All the other places of public resort equally lose in the comparison of the present with the past. Vauxhall, if not in extent and in illumination, yet, at least, in gaiety, appears much less to the eye than to the memory; it is stripped of all the decorations which youth, health, and inexperience formerly conferred upon it. The "pleased alacrity and cheer of mind" are wanting, which once gave zest to every amusement; and even the appetite, which formerly enhanced a Vauxhall supper and burnt Champagne, has ceased to disguise the taste of the knife in its wafer-slices of ham, and to shut out from the palate the stolidness of the cheesecakes. The only sense which seems awakened in the keener sensibility is the nose: at least, the oil and the steams of a rich punch are now more disagreeably predominant, than when last I visited this once favourite resort.

Another source of disappointment from which few, even of the rascals, at an advanced age, escape, arises in the vast increase of buildings, which have sprung up around London. When I was a boy,

the region north of Bloomsbury square was as yet unoccupied by stone and mortar. The splendid mansions, like the fortunes by which they are supported, had not then been stolen from the children of agriculture. The fields (for fields they then were) had been the scene of all my childish amusements. There I flew my kite, and played cricket, and enjoyed the keen delight of an escape from my *placidus Orbilius*. In the scene, or the actor, the most completely changed? Of the numerous triumphs of the genius of building (I cannot in conscience say of architecture) over the fauns and hamadryads of the London dairy farms, those which have been won in the fields near Hampstead are, to my imagination, the most intolerable. For those were the site of many a delightful walk, in the first spring of adolescence, in society with one long numbered with the dead, whose boyish and elastic cheerfulness was accompanied by a giant's mind. Even now, the earnest discussion, crossed by a pun, or a quotation, or an hop skip and jump over a ditch—the intent observation of some effect of colour in a summer evening's sky, of some combination of forms in a group of cattle or of trees—the enjoyable fatigue, the delicious refreshment of the tea which concluded our promenade, are still lively in my imagination, associated with the first crude developments of taste, science, and philosophy, to which these walks contributed. Poor *Orbilius*! his scholastic acquirements were not many; but his mind, vigorous and comprehensive, had left few subjects uninvestigated; and if he wanted the instruction of the schools, he wanted likewise their prejudices and their errors. Self-instructed, self-supported, without friends to encourage, or the spirit of cabal to advance himself, how could he hope for success in an art, in which the *trade* is so much more important than the *profession*? Broken-spirited and disappointed, ere half his course was run, he sunk under the struggle; leaving behind him works which the connoisseur is now eager to purchase at prices that would have crowned his modest wishes with affluence?

But why pause upon one monument? London is the grave of so many sensations, so many associations! Wherever else I go, I am still young in the enjoyment of the present, in the anticipation of the future; in London, exclusively, I am chained to the past. There the thread of personal identity seems scarcely preserved, so wholly is the existence passed away which London recalls. To be alone with nature is not solitude; to be alone in a land of strangers, is, at least, not unnatural; but to be alone in the city of our birth, in the bosom as it were of our family, is an intolerable evil. Let him who commences life a wanderer, continue a wanderer; or if in middle life he must pitch his tent, let it be far from the haunts of his infancy. Man may make himself a position in new societies; but he can never wholly recover the place he has once vacated.

M

## OF LOVE.

We have been a good deal struck with this little work, which has just appeared, and, though the subject be not very new, it has, we understand, already attained some rank among the literary novelties of Paris. It is altogether a singular production, and equally whimsical in many respects is the ingenious author. He is evidently a clever man. He seems to have passed a large share of his time in reading, writing, and travelling; taking shrewd views of the countries through which he passed, though sometimes forgetting to look at both sides of the road, and admiring fine women and the fine arts, and deussing cant, wherever he found them. He was for some time at Napoleon's elbow as a confidential secretary. He also served him as a soldier; and, during his campaigns, discovered that a cold night, passed upon an advanced piquet, in an enemy's country, was favourable to amorous meditation. He has been as far south as Naples, and as far north as Edinburgh, and is now at Paris, tossing up the tender passion into a philosophical treatise; yet with all this, of which he has not the slightest cause to be ashamed, he has a mortal aversion to telling the world explicitly who he is. The first of his works that we met, and to which we were attracted by the commendation passed upon parts of it in the Edinburgh Review, was "Rome, Naples, and Florence." It purported to come from the pen of Count Stendhall. Then followed the very interesting account of the Lives of Haydn and Mozart. The English translation, which we believe came from the author, appeared anonymously; but it was whispered to us at the time, as a literary secret, that the writer was a Baron Bombo; and that the name being unknown in this country, and withal sounding unclassically to British ears, was suppressed at the suggestion of the publisher. After this we lighted upon "L'Histoire de la Peinture en Italie, par M. Beyle," and finally upon the work before us. Now, we have lately ascertained that these four productions are positively derived from a common stock; that Stendhall, Bombo, and Beyle, are one and the same person; and we are farther assured by those in the confidence of the French police, that the last is the name by which they hold him accountable for his theories, and under which he will be muzzled one of these days, if he does not discourse more becomingly of cant and the holy alliance. M. Beyle, for such we must call him, almost admits, in the titlepage of "L'Amour," the case of identity we have been establishing against him, yet he no sooner gets through the first short chapter, than one of his old incogn to fits comes upon him, and he cries out in a note, that he is only the translator of a manuscript work written in choice Italian, by one Lisio Visconti, who died the other day at Volterre; and then to make the mystery two-deep, we are told that sundry parts of Lisio's production consist of extracts from the papers of his dear and poor Salviati, who also died (it is not said when and where) for a long time. But we, as well as Mr. Cobbett, keep a little bird, and Lisio informed us that Lisio (as well as Salviati) still walks about Paris, and was seen last month, looking remarkably well, in the gardens of the Palais Royal, and that he is actually em-

planned to collect materials for another publication, which he intends, when his next last household approach is to hand over, as befits, to his successor in ordinary M. Beyle.

When we first took up the present work, we expected from the title-page, and from a hasty glance at the table of contents, to find a lively satire against the inveterate blenheim of French society—the overweening and heartless gallantry of all classes, accompanied by an exposure of its effeminating influence upon the national character; but we were soon undeceived. Love, in our author's opinion, is no subject for levity. On the contrary, it is of prime importance that regenerated France should have a clear and scientific notion "de cette passion, dont tous les développemens sincères ont un caractère de beauté" and, accordingly, he has, with the most entire seriousness, composed a treatise, after the manner of Aristotle, setting forth in logical parlance the origin, progress, varieties, and (where it is not incurable) the cure of this tenderest of propensities, from the slightest impulse of "l'Amour de vanité," its mildest form, and the prevailing one, he says, in France, up to the most intense visitations of "l'Amour-passion," the sublime but tremendous love-shocks, which are technically termed "des coups de foudre." The spirit in which he enters upon his task, he thus explains:—"I make every possible effort to be dry—I would impose silence upon my heart, which thinks it has much to say;—at every turn, I tremble lest I may have only registered a sigh, where I imagined I had recorded a truth." Our space will not allow us to follow Mr. B. in detail through all his disquisitions, or through, what we like much better, the many interesting illustrations that he has adduced to support his doctrines; but, as the matter of his work concerns so many of our readers of both sexes, we shall lay before them a brief outline of his amatory system.

There are four distinct varieties of love:—

- 1st, L'Amour-passion—as that of Eloise for Abelard, &c.
- 2d, L'Amour-gout. This species prevailed in Paris about the year 1760; and is to be found in all the memoirs and romances of the time.
- 3d, L'Amour-physique—"A la chasse trouver une fraîche et belle paysanne qui fuit dans les bois."
- 4th, L'Amour de vanité—the most ordinary kind, particularly in modern France, where men form attachments as a matter of luxury, or as a conventional sort of thing that society expects from them. When a young man is smitten with an elderly lady of superior rank or fortune, he belongs to No. 4. Vanity makes him blind to the crow's foot. "Une duchesse n'a jamais que trente ans pour un bourgeois," disait la Duchesse de Chaulnés.

These four grand divisions include every possible variety of the passion; though M. Beyle admits that he might have considered it under eight or ten distinct genera but he assures us that "no difference in the nomenclature would affect his reasoning." Every form of love thus is found here below, is born, lives, and dies, or lifts itself to immortality, according to the same immutable laws.

We have come to

### The Birth of Love

"Voici ce que passe dans l'âme."

1. *L'Amour*.  
 2. *On se dit*—*Quel plaisir de me donner des baisers, de me recevoir, &c.*  
 3. *L'Espérance*—*On étudie les perfections, &c.*  
 4. *L'Amour est né*.—Here we have a short description of the passion, containing nothing new to the initiated, and that would not be very intelligible to such of our readers as have never said *je t'aime* themselves; "*Quel plaisir, &c.*"  
 5. "*La première cristallisation commence.*" With all our anxiety to keep on friendly terms with our author, we have hitherto started at this passage, and exclaimed, "*Diable! qu'est-ce que c'est donc que la cristallisation!*" He was prepared for this, and proceeds as follows to defend his phraseology: "See a lover's brain at work for four and twenty hours, and here's what takes place. The branch of a tree, which winter has stript of its leaves, is sometimes blown into the salt-mines of Salzbourg; and, on being taken up two or three months after, is found to be covered with brilliant crystals. The minutest ramifications—even those that are as slender as the feet of a tom-tit, are surrounded with infinite clusters of moving and glittering diamonds. It is impossible to recognise the original branch. Now, what I call crystallization is that operation of the lover's mind, which can draw from every idea that presents itself, a discovery that his mistress has some new perfection. For instance; if a traveller describes the freshness of the orange groves of Genoa, on the sea-coast, during the burning days of summer, '*Quelle plaisir* (thinks the lover) *de goûter cette fraîcheur avec elle!*" Again, a friend happens to break his arm at a hunt, '*Quelle douceur* (whispers the crystallizing principle within us) *de recevoir les soins d'une femme qu'on aime!*' To fancy ourselves for ever at her side, and the object of her unremitting tenderness, makes us almost think that the pain would be a blessing; and before we take leave of our friend with the broken arm, we have thoroughly satisfied ourselves of the angelic qualities of our mistress. In a word, we have only to think of any particular perfection in order to find it realized (to our imagination) in the person that we love."

This phenomenon the author calls crystallization; and he has with great propriety taken an early opportunity of disclosing its significance, else we should have been grievously puzzled with many passages that ensue in the course of his work,—as "a girl of eighteen has not a sufficient supply of crystallization at her command."—"Hatred has also its crystallization." "The most afflicting moment for early love is, when it discovers that it has made a false reasoning, and that it must upset at once *a whole painful of crystallization.*" But to return to the epochs in the progress of the passion.

6. "*L'Amour naît.*" In this stage, the lover, by virtue of the first crystallization (No. 5.), has satisfactorily assured himself of the passion of his mistress; but he has many doubts whether the crystallization has been equally active on her side. "He takes a severe view of the ground of hope on which he had rested. The apprehension of being deceived in the affection seizes him; and along with it the most painful of all feelings. From this torturing predicament of the heart

"the diamonds produced by which

may confirm the idea, "she loves me." In this conclusion, after a good deal of musing to and fro (au milieu des alternatives de craintes et de délices), the lover comes at last; and as a consciousness that his love is returned is far more grateful to his feelings than any mere persuasion that his mistress is perfect, M. B. very justly assigns a considerable superiority to the second crystallization. In this, the last stage, the mind of the lover incessantly passes and repasses between these three ideas:—1st, My mistress has every perfection under the sun.—2d, She is in love with me.—3d, What must I do in order to obtain a signal proof of her affection?

Having gone through the seven epochs of love, the author sums up with the following table of their respective durations:

"There may be the interval of a year between No. 1. and No. 2."

"A month between No. 2 and No. 3."

"The twinkling of an eye (un clin d'œil) between No. 3 and No. 4."

"No interval between No. 4 and No. 5."

"A few days, more or less, according to the temperament, health, and force of character of the party, between No. 5, and No. 6."

"Not a moment's interval between No. 6 and No. 7."

We have not been sufficiently in the habit of splitting hairs to pronounce upon the philosophical merits of this summary; we would merely (in reference to Nos. 4 and 5, and Nos. 6 and 7) suggest to M. B., unless the objection should in any way interfere with his system, that, in questions of duration, any two given points of time, between which there is no interval, have been generally held to be simultaneous, or, in other words, mathematically one and the same.

The above condensed sketch contains the general results of the author's meditations upon the metaphysics of the heart. The rest of his work is occupied by deductions from these primary principles, and by illustrations drawn from his own experience or from books. Neither are very methodically arranged: we shall, therefore, be excused if we extract, rather at random, a few of the passages that strike us. Among his practical observations we find the following:—

"In love nothing is more surprising than the first movement (*le premier pas*) and the extraordinary revolution of feeling that it occasions. No scene is more calculated to produce this than a ball room. A rapid walk, in a brilliantly-lighted saloon, fills the young heart with an intoxication before which timidity vanishes, and by thus augmenting the consciousness of its powers, inspires it at last with the courage to fall in love (*l'audace d'aimer*). For the sight of a lovely object is not in itself enough. On the contrary, extreme loveliness discourages persons of sensibility. The object must be seen, if not manifesting a preference for us, at least divested of its majesty. No one thinks of falling in love with a queen, unless she makes the first advances. Nothing is, therefore, more favourable to the birth of love than a mixture of dissipation and retirement, and occasional balls, with long intervals of seclusion between them. Prudent mothers, who have daughter's interests at heart, should know this, and act accordingly." And we shall not be far from the truth if we say, of our author's conclusions, that, in this country, they are not only not known, but it too. John Bull never heard of crystallization, and much more than was revealed to him a secret, which a French philosopher has just discovered. From the beginning, he set his face against the germ

waltz. No wheedling or flouting could induce him to forsake it. It is even against his better judgment that he ever treats one of his young and handsome daughters as far as "down the middle and back again." He had and has his reasons: and if he has equally his way that one at last gets tired of being always in the right, not a foot would he allow them to set in one of those hostesses of tenderness, a brilliant, well-bred

"No quality is so likely to win a woman, whose heart is truly feminine, as force of character. Hence the success of young officers of a remarkably grave deportment. Females even of the first order of mind are sometimes duped by the affectation of this quality," and M. B. lays it down as a general rule, "that a lie of *charlatanerie* in this respect may be fearlessly employed, provided it appears that the crystallisation (on the lady's side) has actually commenced." In another passage he even hints that downright effrontery seldom fails, "either because it pleases in itself, or is mistaken for force of character."

Although the author's main object has been rigorously to lay down the law of "biling and cooing," he still contrives to bring in (*à-propos de l'amour*) many curious facts and opinions. Thus we have, important to female writers, "I would say that a woman ought never to write any works except (like Madame de Staël Delaunay) such as are not to appear till after her death. If a female under fifty determines upon printing, she commits her happiness to the most terrible of lotteries. The immediate effect is, that if she has the good luck to have a lover, she is sure to lose him on the day of publication." The following has more subtlety, if not more truth: it is characteristically introduced as the last of the nine peculiarities which the author thinks he can, "*avec ses yeux d'homme*," distinguish in the female attribute of modesty. After stating (sixthly) as the great inconvenience of this quality, that it incessantly produces dissimulation, he says,—"9° *Ce qui fait que les femmes, quand elles se font auteurs, atteignent bien rarement au sublime, ce qui donne de la grâce à leurs moindres billets, c'est que jamais elles n'osent pas être franches qu'à demi—être franches serait pour elles comme sortir sans fichu. Rien de plus fréquent pour un homme que d'écrire absolument sous la dictée de son imagination, et sans savoir où il va.*"

M. Doyle seems familiar with our language, and manifests a very tolerant feeling towards it. The few mottos he employs are taken from the Scotch novels, and at times he does not disdain to embody an English phrase in his text. Now and then, however, as it strikes us, the stranger makes rather a whimsical appearance, as in this instance—"Il y a deux malheurs au monde; celui de la passion contrariée, et celui du *deuil blank*."

Jealousy of course, has not been left out. It is spoken of here, and we can well believe it, as the most terrible of evils; and hints for its cure are given. The remedies proposed are principally three.

1. When they become authors, so seldom reach the  
2. so much grace to every trivial note they write, is,  
3. less more than half what they feel,—to speak out  
4. to them like appearing in public without covering on  
5. more caution than for a man to surrender himself  
6. to imagination, without knowing where it is to lead



First, with regard to the rival—You have only one alternative: you must either affect to view the whole matter as a jest, or make him tremble for his life. If you can do both at a breath, so much the better; and for this purpose, we have not only general instructions, but a formal precedent of the language to be employed in such an emergency. "You are to conceal your attachment, and, under the pretext of vanity, and as if confiding to him a great secret, you are, with all possible politeness, and with an air of perfect indifference and simplicity to address him thus:—'Sir, I know not how it has come to pass that the world should have taken it into its head to connect the name of that little gipsy, So and So, with mine: they have been even pleased to imagine that I am desperately in love with her. Now, if you have any thoughts that way, I should really give her up to you with all my heart, were it not that such a proceeding on my part would unfortunately expose me to be laughed at. In six months' time, however, she is perfectly at your service; but just at present, the point of honour, which somehow or other is attached to these things, obliges me to tell you (I do so with infinite regret) that if, *par hazard*, you have not the justice to wait till your turn comes, one or other of us must to a certain blow out the other's brains.'" Mr. Bayle tells a good deal upon the effect of such a declaration. The only objection we see to it is, that the rival as well as the lover may happen to have read the treatise "*De l'Amour*," and may unexpectedly feel disposed, with responsive politeness and simplicity, to take him at his word.

Secondly, reading Othello is recommended to the jealous, and particularly the passage—

"Trifles light as air," &c.

Thirdly, a sea-view. "*J'ai éprouvé que la vue d'une belle mer est consolante.*"

In the second volume, the author takes a rapid sketch of the various nations of the earth "*par rapport à l'amour*." He hits the English hard: he does so, he assures us, with pain, and even tears in his eyes; for on the whole he likes us, and Shakspeare is one of his favourite writers—but nations as well as individuals must be told of their faults. Some of his strictures upon what he saw here are amusing. Speaking of our domestic habits, he says,—“In England, the rich, disgusted with their homes, and pretending that exercise is necessary, contrive every day to walk over the space of twelve or fifteen miles, as if man was created for the sole purpose of trotting about the world. The consequence is, that the nervous fluid which should have gone to refresh the heart, drips down and is dissipated through the legs; and yet, after this they have the impertinence to talk of female delicacy, and to sneer at the manners of Italy and Spain.” In Italy it is quite the reverse.—a young Italian takes care not to trudge down his nobility, and “as to the women, one of your English misers will cover more ground in a week, than a Roman lady in a year.” The author, however, has elsewhere spoken more favourably of our countrywomen, and, in justice to them and to him, we must insert the passage. Towards the close of his work we find a kind of *adieu* or *randem* to “London, Aug. 1817.—I have now in my life been so strictly and intimidated by the presence of beauty, that I was this morning at Madame Pasta's concert. She was surrounded by three rows of

such lovely girls—their beauty was altogether so pure and heavenly, that I involuntarily sunk my eyes in rapture, instead of raising them to admire and feast upon their charms. Such a thing never happened to me before, not even in my dear Italy. We have inserted the date, as some of our fair readers may have been in the group, and may have no objection to be thus reminded of it.

His censures are equally severe upon our literature. He hints that one of our liberal Reviews is paid by the Bishop, or some M. Chancel—and (a still more comprehensive charge) he asserts, not even excepting us, whom he reads and quotes, that “such has been the blighting influence of universal cant, that it has now become impossible (*hoi reu- camus referentes*) to write a lively page in English!” Shade of Jonathan Kentucky! Ghost of the Ghost of Grimm! Thou art, indeed, doubly dead if such an imputation doth not rouse thee from the tomb;—sole patentee for genuine “Peter Pindarics!” and thou, his hundred spirit, from whose lips not milk and water, but “Milk and Honey,” periodically flows—we call upon you to come forward and repeat, but our personal feelings overwhelm us, and we must drop the subject.

From the foregoing extracts it has been seen that there is a good deal of *bizarre*, both of style and opinion, in this production; but in justice to the author we must state, that there are numerous redeeming excellencies, and that our general impression, when we closed the book, was one of considerable respect for his talents; mingled, however, with surprise and regret at seeing them so provokingly occupied. His thoughts upon female education, to which he has devoted three or four long chapters, are liberal and wise: his sketches of society in the countries he visited (excepting England, which he manifestly does not comprehend) are spirited and original; and throughout, amidst all his waywardness of speculation, our inclination to smile has been incessantly checked by some new and delicate observation, delicately expressed; or by some burst of vigour, which proved to us that the writer had been tussling with his powers and acquirements. The following, for instance, (and almost every page would supply others quite as good) is worthy of Rochefoucault;—we must give it in his own words—“*Des regards : c'est la grande arme de la coquetterie vertueuse. On peut tout dire avec un regard, et cependant on peut toujours nier un regard, car il ne peut pas être répété textuellement.*” We give another in a different style, “*N'ai-je pas vu des femmes de la Cour de Saint Cloud soutenir que Napoléon avait un caractère sec et prosaïque? Le grand homme est comme l'aigle, plus il s'élève, moins il est visible, et il est puni de sa grandeur par la solitude de l'âme.*”† This is not the only occasion upon which the author has ventured upon a compliment to his old master. His fidelity and courage do him honour, for he is not blind to Napoleon's greatness, and he knows the hazard, at the present day, of not call-

\* —the great weapon of virtuous coquettes.—One can say ever so much, and yet one can always deny the meaning of a glance, for this speech is a port-cultry. † The ladies that frequented the Court of St. Cloud insist that Napoleon was a great wit and unpolitical? A great man is like the eagle—the higher he soars, the less he is seen; and, in the end, he is punished for his greatness.

Mr. Bayle has sprinkled his work with many original anecdotes. In the chapter on "Piedmont," he alludes to the fate of Pia, whose husband, Nello della Pietra, in a fit of jealousy, carried her off to a solitary mansion in the marshes of Volterra, where, as he anticipated, she quickly sank beneath the effects of the mal-aria. "It happened once to me in Piedmont," says Mr. Bayle, "to be the involuntary witness of a very similar circumstance; though, at the time, I was unacquainted with the details. I was detached with a party of dragoons into the woods that skirt the vale of Sesia, to prevent the smuggling that went on there. Upon arriving at night in that wild and desolate tract, I perceived among the trees the ruins of an old chateau, which I entered. To my great surprise, it was inhabited. I found within it a nobleman of the country. He was a person of an inauspicious appearance; about six feet high, and forty years of age. He gruffly supplied me with a couple of robins. My billeting-officer and I amused ourselves there with music. After a few days we discovered that this man had a female in his custody, whom we laughingly called Camilla. We were far from suspecting the horrid truth. In about six weeks she died. I felt an impulse of melancholy curiosity to see her in her coffin. I gave a gratuity to the monk that had charge of her remains; and towards midnight, under the pretext of sprinkling holy water, he introduced me into the chapel where she lay. I found there one of those magnificent figures which continue beautiful even in the bosom of death. She had a large aquiline nose, whose contour, so expressive at once of elevation and tenderness, I never can forget;—I quitted the mournful spot. Five years after, being with a detachment of my regiment that escorted the Emperor when he went to be crowned King of Italy, I contrived to learn the whole story. I was told that the jealous husband, Count \* \* \*, had found attached to his wife's bed an English watch, the property of a young man of the little town in which they resided. On that very day, he carried her off to the ruined chateau, in the midst of the woods of Sesia. Like Nello della Pietra, he uttered not a syllable. In answer to all her entreaties he coldly and silently shewed her the English watch, which he always kept about his person. He thus passed nearly three years with her. At length she died of a broken heart, in the flower of her age. The husband made an attempt to stab the owner of the watch—missed him—fled to Genoa—threw himself on board a ship, and has never since been heard of."

We had noted down two or three other romantic situations for insertion; but we are reminded that we cannot afford, like our more susceptible neighbours, to dwell for ever upon this fascinating subject.

When Dante meets her, (Purg. Canto v.) she disdains to complain of her husband, except in the most covert terms. M. Bayle is justified in pronouncing her words to be peculiarly touching—

"Deh! quando tu sarai ritorno al mondo

Ricordati di me, che son la Pia  
Siena mi fe, disfecemi Maremma  
Salsi colui, che mancellata pria  
Disposando, m'avea con li suoi gemmi

"Alas! when you return to the world, remember my life at Siena, and lost it in the Marshes. He who now rings, knows my story."

We would, at parting, recommend to M. Bayle to follow our example. He has talents that fit him for higher things than compiling a "Young-made-easy," for the use of French coteries. He also possesses a laudable desire to emancipate himself from the trammels of French taste in matters of literature and art : and he has, to a considerable extent, succeeded. With such capabilities he can easily and submit a more worthy of their exercise ; or, if it must be "Love still Love," we would advise him to try his hand on a novel. He has many of the requisites for that species of composition ;—sensibility, fancy, observation, with facility, and vigour of style and description. This is what he should have done with the materials of the present work ; and if he would still be just to himself, and put his out-of-the-way opinions into the mouths of fictitious personages, and crystallize his axioms into interesting human beings, and affecting incidents and situations, we pledge ourselves to him that we are not yet so far gone in cant as not to relish his production, and that, in spite of all the wealth of the bishops, we shall record our approbation.

SELECT SOCIETY ; OR, A WEEK AT WORTHING.

1822.—SEPT. 2d, Monday.—Set off from my tea-shop in Tooley-street, in Newman's patent safety-coach, for Worthing. Stept in over the front wheel. Stopt at Elephant and Castle. Drew up cheek by jowl with Tom Turpentine, who was outside the Brighton Comet. Asked me why I went to Worthing : told him how select the society was. Tom grinned, and betted me a bottle that I should be at Brighton before seven days were over my head. Bought three pears at Dorking : offered one to gentleman in front, which he declined, and took a paper of sandwiches from his pocket : never offered me one, which I thought rude. Arrived at Worthing at half-past four. Head dizzy with the rattling of coach-steps. Steyne Hotel : ordered a veal cutlet at five, and walked out to view the ocean. Never saw it before, and never more disappointed. Expected waves mountains high, shrieking mariners, swamped long-boat, "and all that sort of thing." Smooth as West-India docks. Walked up to Wicks's warm baths, upon the Pebbles,—natives called it the Shingle. Picked up a stone with a hole through it, and put it in my pocket for Jack. Opened window of coffee-room to get health enough for my money. Play-bill—"Cure for the Heart-ache"—performance to begin at seven. Looked at my watch, and wondered to find it only six. Took a stroll five times up and down Anne-street to pass the time. Saw two ladies alight from a coach that had no legs. Asked the driver (I should say the dragger) what it meant ? Told me it was a fly. Looked more like a tortoise. Full manager played Young Rapid. Man next to me said his name was Qumbus Flestrin—an odd name ; probably German. Duke of Back water in stage box, never noticed me : probably owing to trel-ling in Vining in Frank Oatland,—plays nothing but Mercury and Neptune. What can Elliston mean ? Prawns for breakfast like shrimps better. Looked through the telescope. Butting machines marked "for gentlemen only." In the coffee-room a woman riding on dolphin's back, without a tail, a covey, and black-bearded man floundering and blowing about. Asked waiter if that was a picture of a

Worthing bath? Answered "Yes, sir," and ran out of the room with a pigeon-pie. Machine for gentlemen only; and ladies obliged to do without. Being at Worthing not so select as society. Walked to Stafford's Library; paid seven and sixpence, and put down my name in a book. Looked over list of visitors: Earl of Elderbury; Lady Seraphina Sturt; General Calverin; Lord and Lady Longshore; and Sir Barnaby Billow. Robbed my hands, and thought we should make a nice snug party. Took up a tee-to-tum: counted seven children's whips, eight paper mills, six rocking-horses, and nineteen whistles;—odd library furniture. Perused a paper on a side table; subscription for widow of a drowned waiter: laid it down softly, and thanked gentleman in green spectacles for that newspaper, when it was out of hand. Dined upon fried soles,—tasted too much of the sea. Walked out to view the town; every shopkeeper named either Wickham or Stubbs. Asked man in green spectacles the reason: told me it was owing to the north-east wind. Wondered how that could cause it; but thought it best to say no more about it. Library in the evening: dull and cold: girl in pink played "We're a Noddin," and sure enough we all were.

*Tuesday.*—Heard a nurse-maid, under coffee-room window, say the tide was coming in. Despatched breakfast in haste, fearing I should be too late. Ran down to the beach. Stood upon a large flat stone, like the king in Jack's History of England. Little thought there was any danger, till a wave rose above my shoes. Doctor Dragons-blood told me not to mind, for sea-water never gave cold: could not answer him for coughing and sneezing. Asked library-man what were his lions? Told me the Miller's Tomb. Almost brought myself to the resolution of getting into a machine. Heart failed me; sneaked into warm bath: swallowed a mouthfull of warm water, and went back to hotel sick as a dog. Hired a donkey-chaise, and went to Miller's Tomb. No great things. There are three miller's tombs in St. George's church-yard, Southwark. Dined upon veal-pie. Sir Barnaby Billow came into the room to look at a map of the county. Told him it was a fine day; to which he answered "Very," pulled the bell, and walked out of the room. Wondered when I should be one of the select society; and said to myself "Phoo! he is only a baronet!" Telescope again: cast a longing look towards Brighton: weather hazy, saw nothing but nothing. Play—"Honey Moon." Miss Dance, Juliana, for that night only, from Brighton. Too lady-like, looked above her business, like Tom Treacle my dandy shopman. Walked to beach, and stood half an hour to see a lighter discharge coals by candle-light; smacked my lips and felt as if I had been eating salt. Went to bed, and dreamt of Miss Dance.

*Thursday.*—Swore an oath that I would go into the sea, and got into a machine to avoid being indicted for perjury. Began to undress, and in one minute machine began to move, wondered where I was going. Fancied it at least half a mile. Was upon the point of getting out for help, when the driver turned about. Stood to the brink, and at last jumped in: just time enough to rub my elbow against the steps, and lost a ribbed coat. Went home quite in a glow, and went home in high spirits to bed. Elbow painful. Little finger asleep. Donkey

Harry Harlow, brother of Lord Longshore, in all the world. Asked him how much the girl cost him, and he told him that he had bought her for nothing, and that she was his own daughter. Got out and dragged him up by the collar, and said, "You are a villain. Let me see you and your daughter, and I will not spare you. Afraid that disturbed the girl, and she said she would leave him, and she nothing about it. Drove over to the college, and found the doghouse. Mem. Not going to do a very noble thing, but a very noble girl with the girl. All kidding again. Opened the door of Nigel's box, found my name was upon the door, and I found where I was.

*Friday.*—Low water.—All the world was coming on the bridge. Lady Seraphina and the General on horseback. Patrolling the bridge, and cried, "What a beauty!" Lady and General in a car, and people followed, barking. Though silent society, but I was, and began to doubt whether a touch of vulgarity would not make it more polite. Spent still and beat devil's tempo. Sent off as a horse, began to be as dabby as a batter-pudding. Remembered having heard talk of quick-sands, and shifted my quarters. Made for the shore, and found myself surrounded by water. Saw a boy making a bridge of stones; passed over, and gave him a penny. Boy grumbled; told him I paid no more to cross Waterloo Bridge, which cost a matter of a million of money. Looked at my watch, and wondered I was only twelve. Scrolled up Steyne-row into the town. Stopped at the corner of Warwick-street, and looked into grocer's shops. Then half a mind to borrow a white apron, and offer to serve behind the counter to keep my hand in: just as Jack Burns & Co. did during the Christmas holidays. Recollected I was a gentleman, and sighed. Took a walk on the Lancing road. Met some gipsies, who told my fortune. Said I should be in a great place shortly. Told them I hoped I should, and that I was a fool for ever quitting it. Play again. A respect. Lady Longshore's name at the top of the bill as big as Bash in the lottery season. Went out of compliment to her ladyship, who never once asked me how I did. Select society beginning to be at a discount.

*Saturday.*—Market-day.—Spent two hours in seeing the women spread their crockery upon the pavement. Bought a bunch of grapes, and stood under the portico of the theatre, spitting the skins into the kennel. Saw the Earl of Elderbury and Sir Barnaby Rudge in a barouche. Lady Seraphina again on horseback. Overheard them talk of going to Caesar's camp. Determined to go myself; thought I might know some of the officers; remembered speaking to Lord Banbury when I was a corporal in Colonel Birch's first Royal London. Sang "the Soldier tired" to myself, but stop when I came to the quavers. Went to hire a donkey-cart, thought shy of the donkey with the loose ear, and sidled off to the other stand opposite Wick's war-baths. Hired a pony-chaise, quite genteel, and trotted to the camp. Wondered that I heard no drums and fifes. Passed the ditch, and found it a complete hoax: nothing but mounds of earth and dust. General Caesar decamped; and I dare say in debt to half the town. Went up to my bed-room, and counted my clean linen nine times over: so, ye laundresses require looking after. "Romeo and

Juliet "did not like the notion of "a Tragedy in Warm Weather." Began to reckon how soon I should win my bottle of Tom Turpentine, and hoped I should not die before it became due, like the starved man who translated the Bible. Washed five times, and fell asleep. Awakened by waiter with candles. Read the Brighton Herald quite through, including all its fashionable arrivals from Duke's place and Capel-court. Washed myself there, and thought Tom Turpentine no such fool. Pored over map of Sussex. Counted the knobs on the fender. Read half through the Army-list on the mantelpiece, thrust my feet into a pair of slippers without heels, and went to bed.

*Sunday.*—Chapel of Ease. Sermon for benefit of two free-schools. Plates held by Lady Seraphina and Earl of Elderbury. Happened to go out at Lady Seraphina's door. Meant to give only a shilling; but, plate being held by a dame of quality, could not give less than half-a-crown. Never so much as said "Thank-ye." Select society quite out of my books. Could not face the town, knowing that billiard-room and library were closed. Strolled as far as Broadwater-common. Aided by a crooked stick, amused myself with picking blackberries. Broke off a fine branch laden with fruit, which fell on the north side of the ditch. Went round two fields to get at it. When I arrived, found that I had left my crooked stick on the other side. Went back to fetch it. After great difficulty got hold of the branch. Quite refreshing to have something to do. Bore home my prize in triumph, and gave it to a child at the corner of South-street. Walked upon the beach, threw a large stone six feet off, and pitched ninety-nine little stones to try to hit it. Yawned heavily. Mouth so habitually open, began to fear it would never shut, and quite pleased at five to find that it would chew again. Evening pretty much like the last.

*Monday.*—Remounted Newman's patent safety. Never so happy as when I again crossed its front wheel. Seriously ill at starting, but better, as I approached wholesome London air. Sniffed the breezes of Bermondsey with peculiar satisfaction, and reached Tooley-street just in time to despatch the following letter to Tom Turpentine. "Dear Tom,—No more weeks at Worthing! Select society is all very well for select people. Yours to command, Kit Cannister."

#### HOW TO SEE THE DEVIL.

"Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver."—*Tempest*.

JOHN BULL is fond of sights,  
And of a disposition far too curious;  
In England any monster can,  
As Shakspeare tells us, "make a man;"  
For of his money Johnny's not penurious.  
In bottle-conjurors he much delights,  
Joiners of Incompatibilities,  
And workers of impossibilities—  
He's thus the dupe of ev'ry ignorant,  
And Europe's general cavalier payant;  
And that's the reason, one may see quite clearly,  
All Europe treat him very cavalierly.

To make the people stare,  
 And "raise the wind" — gave out the showman,  
 'Tis a superstition  
 Of remote tradition,  
 That (poor fellow!) the prince of evil  
 Can "raise the wind" where'er he please,  
 And blow down houses, churches, castles, trees.  
 Hence, when comes on a stoutish gale,  
 And passengers grow very sick,  
 The seaman, as he furls the sail,  
 Tells you it's blowing like Old Nick.  
 Up to the present hour  
 The Devil still holds, it seems, his wonted power;  
 For, soon as it was known throughout the town,  
 That in the fair  
 The prince of air  
 Meant to exhibit like Polito,  
 Each country lassie and each rustic clown,  
 Eager to view the horn'd monstrosity,  
 (In England there's no *San Benito*  
 To baulk a reasonable curiosity,)  
 Pit, boxes, galleries well cram'd,  
 And close as figs, or pickled herrings jam'd,  
 Waited "to see what they should see."  
 The curtain rose, and big with expectation,  
 These genuine samples of the British nation,  
 Half pleased, half frightened,  
 And with their very fears delighted,  
 Stared at the showman, who, they thought,  
 The Devil in a bag had brought.  
 "Ladies and gentlemen," quoth he,  
 "This most surprising purse you see!  
 Pray search it well,  
 Look in it carefully, and tell  
 What it contains—for that's the mystery."  
 So said, he flung the purse upon the table—  
 With much commotion,  
 And looks bespeaking deep emotion.  
 Each awed spectator in his turn,  
 Touching the purse as if it would burn,  
 Peep'd in it, thinking to descry  
 His most infernal majesty,  
 With all his court and grim companionable  
 But no such thing—With looks quite blank  
 As expectation sank,  
 Each disappointed clown  
 The purse put down;  
 And as he pass'd it on, with much contempt, he  
 Cried, "Zounds, 'tis empty!"  
 Well, gentlemen and ladies," then replied  
 The showman, as he glanced from side to side,  
 And bow'd to all with looks more arch than evil,  
 "I've done my task  
 For let me ask,  
 When in your purse you cast an eye  
 And nothing in its meshes spy—  
 Is't not the Devil?"



## COUNTRY LIFE IN ENGLAND.

Second Letter from Monsieur de B—— to Monsieur C. de B——, at Paris.  
From the French MS.

On returning to London a few days after our *sête champêtre* described in my last, I found the town in the most deplorable state of desertion. Pompeii or Herculæum could hardly present a more sombre or lifeless image of the grandeur and beauty of their former days, than St. James's-street now offered of what St. James's-street had been two months before. Then the very air breathed of gaiety, bustle, and pleasure. From three to six o'clock what an emporium of dissipation and fashion! what strings of equipages! what crowds of horsemen! what phalanxes and files of lancers! what an animating buzz on the pavement (a thousand times sweeter than Delille's buzz of the insects in the sunny fields at noon)—what rencontres of friends—what nodding of lovely faces from carriage windows,—not a vacant chair or an unoccupied *Morning Post* at a club-house. B—— in conning over a flaming speech in the back-room at Brooke's, and H——s beating up voters for the House among the country gentlemen (*gentilshommes de province*) at Bopple's. The Rue Vivienne is a mere *magazin de bas et de souliers* compared to St. James's-street; and the Boulevards, delightful as they are, are too large, too rattling, and too much thronged with *canaille*, ever to offer this delightful concentration of fashion, rank, taste, finery, caricatures, and club-houses. *A-propos, Vous ne savez pas ce qu'ils sont que ces Clubs. Je m'en tais vous dire.* A club is a grand hotel, in a fashionable street, with a handsome vestibule—*un Suisse à la porte*—a lofty saloon *qui donne* on the street with a bow-window, from which loungers exercise their spy-glasses on passers with great comfort and ease. The walls hung with maps on rollers rarely unrolled, an immense table covered with journals, newspapers, blue *Edenbourg* Reviews, court-guides, peerages, inkstands, and wax tapers. Noblemen and members of parliament, with boots and horsewhips, are lolling over the chaos of periodical literature; and young dandies, who have just escaped the black-ball, are yawning in the window—making bets on the numerical amount of the Ministers' majority, or the favourite horse at Newmarket—and scanning with languid *nonchalance* the passengers, who look up at this castle of indolence without being privileged to enter its sacred precincts. In an adjoining room a billiard-table helps to kill the hours for some stiff-cravatted dandies till dressing-time; and upstairs are card-rooms, with glittering chandeliers, where peers and squires often contrive to lose a year's rental at a sitting at short whist: all winnings and losings being transacted in the elegant ivory currency of the club, till the periodical *settling-day* brings a heavy account, often to be provided for by a mortgage on an Irish estate, or an annuity at 15 per cent. to a Jew broker. Just now there is quite a *manie pour les clubs* in London; for there is always some predominant *rage* here, even more than in Paris.—Every party, and even every little junta in politics have their head-quarters at one of these establishments. B——ks's, you know, is the *quartier-général* of the Opposition. To sit and vote assiduously on the Opposition benches, to attend summonses to divisions in the House sent round by my Lord D——, “the whipper-in of the party,” a *mechant wit* entitles him—to *surveiller* the interest of the party in the county or great borough—these are the only qualification

to sit with B———ka's clerks on the bench of the hot-bed of Tory statesmen, the focus of Pitt principles—the nursery of dandyism and orthodoxy of all sorts—of respect for existing institutions and existing fashions—where half-hedged Peers and embryo members have the advantage of studying the best models of courtiers and legislators; where Burke and the Racing Calendar are studied conjointly, and heedless senators are sworn on a volume of Bubb Dodgington (like young Hannibal) to uphold borough interest, to cleave to Eldon, and eschew H———d—to admire L———l and abuse G———y—to cheer C———g and cough at B———m; to be in at a division and out at the debate; and, above all, to abjure parliamentary reform, retrenchment, and the Deputé for Aberdeen. Besides these, there is B———le's, the rendezvous of fox-hunters and country gentlemen (where the Duke of B——— was, unceremoniously blackballed (*rejeté*) the other day)—there is a Lawyers' Club, christened after the great *Chancelier d'Etat* Verulam, and where young *avocats* drink deep, play high, and do every thing which the great *philosophe* never did—there is the Naval Club—the United Service Club—the Travellers' Club, where all the *beaux esprits* who have seen the Vatican and can talk about Pompeii and Parmegiano resort, and where no one is eligible until he can produce undoubted testimonials of his having been seen at least 170 leagues from St. Paul's. In short, no man can now show his face in London society unless he belongs to some one or more of these juntas, which have well nigh ruined, by their competition, all the *cafés* and *restaurateurs* of London, and which present so powerful a counter-attraction to the joys of home and a domestic life-side, that they are every day making rakes and *roués* of the *jolis garçons*, young and old, of the capital.

*Hélas!* on my return from——Park, these rendezvous of *ton* and dissipation were just any thing but what I have described them: not a dandy at W——s; not a radical at B——ks's; the *Avocats* were on the Circuit (of which more *tout-à-l'heure*); B——s was full of paint and bricklayers! at the Travellers' (at which we foreigners are most politely received and admitted) I found a solitary old Lord spelling the *Courier*, and two members of the *corps diplomatique* waiting in town to attend the funeral of the *feu pauvre Londonderri*. The cooks were *en vacances*, like every body else, and my *cotelettes à la Tartare* were baked to a coal by a *cuisinière en sous ordres*. At Paris you can form no idea of the utter desert which London, at least *habitable* London, presents in the month of August. We have no such marked division of the season: a few noblesse go to vegetate for four months in a dismal château; a few travel in Italy—more proceed *aux eaux*—and sea-bathing at Havre and Dieppe is now growing a little into fashion: but half of our *beau monde* still live all the year in the Fauxbourgs St. Germain and St. Honoré. Country-seats, country-pleasures, sea-bathing, *asisses*, and partridge-shooting, drain London deplorably; but have little effect on Paris. It is true, *la Chambre* closes, *l'Institut*, *la Bibliothèque*—the lions, in short, of Paris, have a few weeks of *relache*; but *Bigottini danse toujours*—the Opera is always well frequented, and society, *comme il faut*, is never absolutely wanting. You may conceive that solitude in a capital has few attractions for me. Two days sufficed to put an end to some tireless success and despatch a courier to——. I then packed up my baggage and put myself into the——mail, which passes through

the country of L——, and within two leagues of the sea, in my hospitable acquaintance Mr. H——, one of the finest old places of its size in the kingdom. I had for companions in the mail, a Yorkshire Baronet, full of agriculture and corn-laws, a Curate going to be ordained by the Bishop, at B——n, a young damsel just arrived by the steam-packet from New York, and—a brace of pointers. Fourteen hours carried us 130 English miles. No wonder *tout le monde* travels by the mail. A lazy, loitering stage-coach, with six persons inside, and a *diligence* in France, full of smoke and *cunaille*, high and low, sometimes afford a singular assortment and display of characters and manners; but the mail in England is the most silent and incommunicative of vehicles. The darkness of night, the rapidity of the motion, the distrustful ignorance of every passenger as to the looks and character of his coated and night-capped neighbours, wrap every one up in a selfish attention to himself, his luggage, his legs, and other appurtenances.

At a little inn by the road-side my friend's groom met me with a spacious buggy, in which we arrived in an hour at the village of S——, a neat cluster of thatched cottages, barns, and farm-houses, forming a picturesque little street, at the end of which stands the lodge and entrance to the park of S——. The village-church, with an antiquated tower half overgrown with ivy, stands just within the paling of the park, near the entrance. The parsonage-house, one of the most comfortable and picturesque residences imaginable, something between a cottage and a *château*, is situated with its front towards the village, enclosed in walls and gates, while its back-front opens on a beautiful lawn, only separated from the park and woods by a green sunk fence. Mr. B—— would, perhaps, find the parson somewhat too near a neighbour; but the worthy rector, you must know, is his younger brother, and the living a part of the family estate, and for many generations a regular *appanage* of a steadily-disposed younger son of the Squire for the time being. This is often the case with the benefices in England.—A wide sweeping gravel road winds for half a mile through fine plantations to the mansion. The dew was yet upon the grass, and the hares were frisking about and scudding into a pale preserve, as we approached. The house, a fine old turreted *château* of the time of James I. stands on a slight eminence sloping gently down to the little river N, which waters the bottom of the park. Mr. B—— and his amiable family received me most hospitably. My host I found *fou pour la chasse*—and possessing some of the finest manors and best-stocked preserves in the county. A *chasseur* in the month of August is rather an unhappy animal—with no present occupation on earth, and only saved from absolute *ennui* by the fidgets and anxieties respecting the amusements of the next month. Will the harvest be well off the ground? Are there many young birds? Are they strong and forward on the wing? How are the turnips and after-grass? Will there be cover enough for them to lie in? Is the ground sufficiently softened for the scent to lie? Are the dogs in good condition—the puppies well broken? Farmers, gamekeepers, grooms, are all kept in perpetual bustle for weeks before, in contributing their various assistance to preparations for the eventful 1st of September. You may conceive the laugh these inveterate sportsmen enjoyed at my expense, on my dinner, when I happened to admire *la Fontaine's* beautiful d of the mother-partridge's wiles in order to save her yo

En danger, et traitant sur une plume bleue,  
 Qui ne peut lui encore par les ailes le trépas,  
 Elle fait la blessée, et va traitant de l'aile,  
 Attirant le chasseur et le chien sur ses pas,  
 Detourne le danger, sauve ainsi sa famille;  
 Et puis quand le chasseur croit, que son chien la pille,  
 Elle lui dit adieu, prend sa volée, et rit  
 De l'homme qui, confus, des yeux en vain la suit.

The young ladies, however, all joined warmly in admiring the poet and commiserating the bird. *En attendant*, the resources of amusement at the Hall were not of the most varied or lively description. The fine Gothic library was well stocked with authors of the old school, but the *nouvelles* are not abundant. The newspapers came two days old, and the collection of Walter Scott's admirable *romans* had not proceeded farther than "The Antiquary." A ride before dinner; a fishing-party on the lake (a fine piece of water joining the river at the end of the park)—a game at billiards—a drive in the barouche with Lady B—and the young ladies to—the next market-town, to shop and do errands for the household, and flirt with some elegant young hussars, *enquies à la mort* in country-town quarters, and to whom the aspect of the open barouche, with its fair contents, was like a drop of rose to a traveller in the desert—such were our every-day expedients for passing away the sultry month of August. The young ladies were accomplished horsewomen; and when by accident two horses out of the score in the stable could be found at leisure from their ordinary exercise, of being scampered over the country after pointer bitches and setter puppies, orders to gamekeepers, and notices against poachers, their young mistresses were presently accoutred in their graceful riding-habits, and delighted to enjoy rare independence and release from maternal *surveillance* on the backs of their curveting and bounding coursers. Nothing can be more lovely than a handsome Englishwoman on her favourite steed—not a little shuffling palfrey, such as old lady abbesses and holy sisters used to amble upon *il y a trois siècles*. These fair Amazons disdain anything beneath the sleek, well-shaped, and high-bred hunter, whose docility is accompanied with spirit, and shows high birth and good breeding—who holds his head more erect and steps the more proudly for the fair and ornamental burden which sets him off to such advantage, and takes a pride in submitting his power and his fleetness to the lily hand which controls them with such gentleness. Though the county of L— possesses about as much picturesque as the *Département du pas de Calais*, yet our rides were sometimes very pleasant. Conversation is never more agreeable than on horseback—the animation of the motion, the feeling of independence and superiority that accompanies it, the rapid change of scene and objects, the facility of observing and exploring all that is worth notice, put every one in good humour with every other and with themselves. Sometimes we used to pay visits to families in the neighbourhood; though this was rather a *corvée* imposed on the young ladies by the mamma. Sometimes the young ladies would stop at the houses of the yeomen and cottagers to talk to favourite old servants, and pet cats, and to young farmers; and not unfrequently to make kind enquiries, and show compassionating attentions to the indigent and suf-

among the village poor. Englishmen are naturally inclined for these generous and unassuming offices of benevolence; and they devote almost exclusively to a life in the country. In London or in Paris, but especially in London, benevolence displays itself in magnificent institutions and the most universal subscriptions for objects of poverty and misery of every description. This is a splendid spectacle: but it is a more touching and enchanting one to see rank and beauty laying aside every worldly distinction and every selfish pleasure, exploring the scenes of village suffering, and personally consoling and relieving the sick bed of the humble peasant. The benevolence of cities is mixed with ostentation, and vague in its object: charity is there rarely brought into contact with its objects;—but that of the country flows directly from the heart, is accompanied by personal consolations, and kept alive by sympathy for sufferings actually witnessed.

Sometimes, in a delightful equestrian ramble among the green lanes, or a gallop over the greensward by the river, we forgot how time passed, and, on referring to our watches, were obliged to *rebrousser chemin* at full gallop, in order to reach home in time to dress for some tiresome *dîner de cérémonie*—more than once a venison-feast of some neighbouring squire, where we met all the Justice Shallows of the county assembled round a smoking haunch in a hot summer afternoon. Some rosy parson or cognoscent baronet, of approved skill and experience in such matters, is invested with the enormous carving-knife and fork, and, with sleeves tucked up and erect posture, plunges the pointed steel into the plump and juicy thigh. With what watering lips and glistening eyes this *coup-d'essai* is observed and expected by the knowing *squire-archy* around! When the first *échantillon* is brought forth rosy and smoking, and delicately laid on the ready steam-heated metal plate, what a peal of applause breaks forth!—what a series of profound remarks and critical judgments then succeed! what encomiums on the depth of the fat—the tenderness of the meat—the fine feeding—the long keeping—the happiness of the roasting, the beauty of the carving! Quintilian and Boileau might have learnt discrimination from the fine fitness of every eulogium. The health of the donor is pledged in bumpers of Madeira; and, as the charms of the haunch begin to cloy, those of the grape grow more irresistible. The champagne (*véritables Sillery*) pops and sparkles—the hock in green glasses conveys a pleasing idea of coolness to every sense, which, however, is entirely lost on the old Rector (*cure*), who announces with audible voice that he is “contented to stick to the port.” Then, when grace has been buzzed in *sotto voce* by the said ecclesiastic, what a change of attraction appears! what a pouring forth of Ceres’ whole horn! what piles of grapes, green and purple! what pyramids of peaches! what sacrifices of nectarines!—The whole train of liveried attendants is hardly sufficient to bear these blooming honours of the kitchen-garden; till the stately butler puts the *comble* to the whole, by placing the triumphant pine-apple in the elevated china vase in the centre of the table. The *serrechaud*, the gardeners’ walls, the aspect, then come in for criticisms and compliments. About this time a sallow nabob of bad digestion, perchance, grows eloquent on the exquisite heating of his hot-houses—his strawberries in March—and his costly garden of exotics: but a portly county squire soon diverts the conversation to a more healthy and congenial theme—a new inclosure of a fen, for which he is procuring an act of parliament.

Commons. But in a moment calls forth a zealous discussion of its advantages and demerits. Every body has a lively opinion on so interesting a subject. My lady seizes the opportunity, makes a significant movement, and rises, attended by the other ladies of the party (like Eve leaving Adam and the angel when entering on abstruse topics), while a young dandy, who has sat in silent *ennui* during the whole dinner, starts gallantly from his seat, rejoiced to extend his elegant form in opening the door for the retiring ladies, and simpering an observation to the young damsels as they pass.

The door being shut on the fair ornaments of the party, the master of the house deliberately rises with bottle and glass in hand, and walks to the upper end of the table, where he seats himself in the chair of the lady of the house—calls to the young dandy to ring the bell for a bottle of claret, while the whole party move up towards their President with that respect for constituted authority which distinguishes them. The debate on the proposed Inclosure Act is then carried on with renewed vigour, and its interest almost swallows up the occasional and less important topics of turnpike-roads, sessions-meetings, parish-bastards, partridges and poachers. The said county member, a Rev. Doctor of great skill in Burn and Blackstone and who acts as Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, and an old Justice of the Quorum, form the principal figures in the debate; and a pale young lord, who speaks and votes with Opposition in the House, and who appears much read in Malthus, Adam Smith, *et notre Say*, talks very elegantly against the plan, as tending to give an impolitic stimulus to population, and to increase that system of over-production which had beat down the price of produce, and occasioned such distress to the landowners. As your friend the *Conseiller Cottu* has observed, in his admirable book "*Sur la Jurisprudence Criminelle de l'Angleterre*," the English cannot exist without the pleasure of argument; and their after-dinner conversations assume something of the shape of a House of Commons debate. In France, conversation is considered a mere vehicle of amusement—a vent for high spirits and gaiety of constitution: in England, it takes a serious and instructive turn, and generally falls into a grave but animated, and often witty and sarcastic discussion of some book, some new law, some trial in the Courts, some question of politics or of literature. Before ten sentences on the point are uttered, the whole table are ranged on the two sides of the question; the ablest men take the lead and direct the combat—the others, and often the ladies (who have admirable reasoning heads, a rare excellence in women) join as auxiliaries. There are no personalities! no exclamations, no gesticulations, no talking all at once and at the top of the lungs, as with us in France—each person delivers his sentiments, and has an attentive and silent hearing: his adversary takes a pleasure in listening to arguments which he thinks he can triumphantly refute when his turn comes. Every one is too practised and too conscious a master of his weapons to take the slightest uncandid advantage; and an unfair sophism or misrepresentation is detected in a moment by the youngest lady at table, and only injures the cause for which it was advanced. These conversations, among intelligent persons, certainly afford a very high enjoyment both to actors and listeners, and give to English society a very peculiar zest, and one of a wholly distinct kind from the gay enjoyments of our metropolis. It is the true Horatian intercourse of reflective minds.

— "I villis comibusque aliis," &c. &c.—

— you know the rest by heart. — *A propos of "heart."* I send at foot a new epigram, which pray inscribe by proxy for me in Madame de G——'s album.

Horace's old *Certhus* was not wanting at our venison-feast; and rarely is absent in any party in any country. We had him in the shape of an old superannuated Member of Parliament, who had sat in the House since Mr. Pitt's *début*, and prosed forth eternal anecdotes of Burke, Lord North, and Charles Townsend, till a summons to coffee cut short his "*aniles fabellas*." The young ladies from the park gave us some delightful music from Don Giovanni; the old squires played long whist; and about eleven o'clock we packed ourselves into the family coach to drive our ten miles home to ——. As I am no great *amateur des perdrix*, and have eaten venison enough for this season, I shall return soon to London; but *on parle de courses des chevaux, bals, &c. &c.* which possibly may tempt me. Adieu. W.D.

Epigram on a certain House-of-Commons Orator, not remarkable for the constancy of his attachments, and whose eloquent speeches *sentent un peu la lampe*.

G—— has no heart, they say; but I deny it—  
He has a heart—he gets his speeches by it.

#### THE POTHIEH-STILL-WAKE.

IN the huge hull of a stranded ship, on the bleak coast of ———, dwelt Torwy O'Donil, commonly known as "The Merman of the Wreck." The spring-tide waves often washed over part of his roof, for the vessel lay imbedded in sand, on the brink of the waters, where a tempest had left her, after having been deserted and pillaged by her mutinous crew. She was shattered and laid bare to the winds in many places, but the strong sand, that yearly, accumulated round the bulk, kept her lower timbers tightly together, and Torwy enjoyed a warm, although rather a dangerous, retreat in the deep hold. For above half a century Torwy had been the wise man of the sea-shore. He foretold tempests and long calms, warned the bold and unwary fishermen against the delusive appearances of a promising morning sky, cured them of maladies, griefs, and the most potent spells of mountain-elves and sea-spirits, and, to the utmost extent of his power, protected the luckless mariners who were cast upon his coast, from the cruelties and piracy of his fierce inhospitable neighbours.

In the company of Gorry Duigenan and a party of his friends, I travelled across the country from the foot of the White Woman's Mountain, snowy-headed Sliabh-na-mann, (the summit of which, tradition assigns to have formerly been the dwelling-place of a mighty giant and his bride,) to the old Merman's wreck, by the sea-side. Gorry's father had met with O'Donil in one of his inland wanderings, shooting the strong salmon as they leaped from the green dewy banks of the fresh-water rivers at twilight; and, after the fashion of the country, the old man had agreed upon a match, over their whiskey, between young Duigenan and a lass whom the Merman cherished, as one of his own blood, in the heart of the imbedded ship. At the appointed time Gorry, accompanied by a troop of young men, proceeded to the wreck for his young wife, and the portion with which the Merman had promised to endow

her, if she approved of the unknown son of Old Duiganan for a husband. We found Torwy on the look-out, among the steep crags, seated in a wicker basket, which was safely strapped to the brawny shoulders of an athletic black. His eyes were concealed by a pair of shining perforated sea-shells, a bunch of dripping rock-weeds streamed over his brow, which, with the rest of his face, was purposely stained of a sea-green hue, several strings of coast-pebbles and scallops hung round his neck, and in his right hand he bore a short old-fashioned fusil. We had so often heard the Merman described, that we immediately recognised him in the strange figure before us, and unanimously performed the customary ceremony of sprinkling sand or sea-water on our heads in his presence. He was apparently above eighty years of age; and his long white locks fell over his bosom and mingled with the crisp woolly hair of his faithful black. He accosted us in a tone of mingled dignity and frankness, surveyed the intended husband of his lass from top to toe, and after pronouncing him to be a proper youth, and fit for a woman of the best blood in Erin, he led the way to the wreck.

His wooden citadel was separated from the land by a wide trench, into which the sea water flowed at all times; and that part of his wreck which lay at the verge of the beach, served as a dock and safeguard for his skiff, by which he could eventually retreat if forced from the shore by his rough neighbours, in one of their frequent moods of rage and discontent at his interference and attempts to stay them in their mad career of rapine and bloodshed. "They know," said he, "that I possess some little treasure, the honest gleanings of a long life, and would not scruple to fire my abode for the value of the dross. They idolize me when it is calm weather and there isn't a wreck upon the coast; but whenever the sky looks black, and a sail beats near the rocks, they wish me out of the way altogether. They are much too violent in their love, and I fear lest they may be one day sudden and deadly in their momentary phrenzy, or disappointed passion for lucre. Many a night have their hatchets been quivering over my head; and often have I wandered about at midnight to extinguish the false lights which the villains affixed to their horses' heads, for the purpose of drawing the ships off the coast towards the most dangerous parts of the shore. Thanks to Tim, my black, I can still go about though a cripple, and the rogues tremble at the sight of my sure-killing gun. I've a trusty gossoon, too, who watches the fort when I'm away; but the deaf and dumb black is my best treasure. Faithful in danger, and stronger is a young lion, he bounds over the rocks with me like a kid. Twenty years ago I was strong and able as the best of ye; but a timber from a ship that was blown up off the reef, crushed my legs to atoms. I had, however, previously saved my Tim from the waves, and the good lad bore my maimed body on his shoulders, the moment he could well support its weight. Often does he lie upon the sea-weeds with me, and as upon the spot where the ship, that bore, perhaps, all that he loved and treasured, was rent into a thousand spars. We have told this tale one to another a thousand times with our eyes,—nor will either of us ever forget it on the side the grave. It was a thick, heavy night, but the wind was stirring, but the sea was uneasy, and was no longer to be trusted, for he was on his back, not chasing onwards,



storm-like, but rocking and swelling up as if a great fire was raging below them. A long glare of light that expanded across the waters from a flame in the roads, like the tail of an angry comet in the heavens, glimmered upon me where I lay in my bed. I arose in alarm, and hastened to my glass. There was a brave ship in flames about half a league out, and beating right upon the shore. My neighbours were soon upon the alert, sighing for plunder, but scared from approaching the ship by the threatening swell of the waters, and the dreadful fire that ran up every rope, and coiled like lightning around the masts. In a little time my stout skiff was pushed off and struggling with the beach-waves. I tugged at my oars to get through them, and triumphed. The guns of the ship went off as the fire reached them,—the balls scudded along on the red surface of the waters, the main-mast fell a prey to the flames, and the wind began to puff heavily from the main and fan the increasing blaze; but no sooner had I cleared the surf, than the fishermen, taking courage from my example, put off their boats and made away to the ship. Plunder was their object—and they met with their reward. Many a widow still mourns that night;—but the fate of the victims did not deter the living from following their old ways.

"The stern of the vessel was still sound and staunch when I reached her. She was driving before the wind, which increased prodigiously, and kept the flames a-head. But fearful, indeed, was the spectacle aboard. The fire had burst out so suddenly that even their boats were destroyed. The survivors of the crew were huddled together on the quarter-deck. Some laughed aloud, others shrieked and bewailed their miserable situations. One man had drunk to excess, and, fearing the waters more than the fire, reeled forwards into the flames. A few ran to and fro without motive or object, and the rest sat despondingly gazing on the blaze. They were seared by the burning tackle that flew over them in every direction, but their deep internal agony and fear of death rendered them proof against any outward infliction that was less than mortal. I had made a circuit round the ship and approached her from the main, so that they did not perceive me until my boat was lashed to the rudder, and I was among them on deck. A woman with a child at her bosom stood nearest me. I lowered her in a moment to my skiff; but the sailors observed me in the act, and numbers of them leaped over the stern. I had now much ado to get into the skiff myself; but it was already so full that I knew too well we should never reach the shore. They did with her as they pleased, and pushed off with all their might, loudly shouting 'The magazine! the magazine! she'll be up in a moment!' The fishermen heard them not in the roar of the blaze, but madly climbed up the ship on every side, even while the despairing crew were leaping over their heads into the sea. We kept above the waters for a few minutes, but the swell increased; the sailors were ignorant of the coast, they were deaf to my prayers, and a cross wave suddenly over-ruled us close along the reef. Those who could swim escaped, but were very near the shore; but the greater part miserably perished. Mrs. Liss I snatched from her mother's arms as the skiff was about to sink, and for the black youth, (then a mere boy,) whom a sailor woman had taken among the crew as the boat pushed off, I found a few yards of

beach, just sinking beneath the waves. The moment after I landed, with my prizes, I dropped with fatigue at full length upon the beach. Immediately the magazine of the ship blew up:—Saint Stephen! what a shriek then burst from the spectators ashore!—Husbands, fathers, brothers, and children, were hurled at once into the air, and died in their guilt. A spar fell upon my legs, and shattered them to pieces; but Tim carries my cradle, and I've young legs beneath me again. Norah, my lass, is as fond of sailing over the place where the ship blew up, as Tim is of gazing upon it. She often puts off alone, when the waters are still, to the verge of the reef where her mother went down. I saw the fair woman struggling with the waves: Norah was clinging to my back;—it was before I had taken up Tim, and I hoped to save her too—but I was marred. Oh! my lads, that was the most bitter moment of my life. Listen, boys, and weep:—I saw her white hand quivering above the foam; I used all my strength, but the sea mastered me. Had but a child's strength been added to my own, I could have reached and saved her. But then poor Tim must have perished; so that all is for the best. Norah is tacking about the place at this moment, I'll engage; and 'twas better she was home, for yonder lurks an angry cloud between the two hulls, and the rank sedge bends before the wind from that point."

Duigenan immediately proposed to put off in the Merman's skiff and bring her to the wreck. Torwy gladly assented, and the whole of my young companions were quickly on the waters, leaving me on a bed of sea-weeds in the gossoon's birth. Tim, the black, had been absent longer than usual at the well for spring-water, and Torwy had inquired for him more than once, when, to our great surprise, he burst into the hold with horror and fury, distorting his features and gesticulating even beyond the comprehension of the Merman. While we were endeavouring to calm him, so that he might make himself understood by his usual method, the sight of a signal, which was suddenly erected on the beach, increased his perturbation. "It's only the fishermen," said O'Donnell, "praying for admittance to know my opinion as to the state of the weather—launch the raft into the moat, Phelim, and let one of them pass over." The black attempted to restrain the gossoon by force, and even went on his knees to the Merman, who remained in the utmost perplexity at his strange behaviour. In the mean time Phelim escaped to admit the fishermen, and we soon heard voices without. "There's more than one," cried the old man—"three of them, as I draw the breath of Heaven." Tim seemed to comprehend his soliloquy, and, giving over his fierce gesticulations, squatted sulkily in a corner, and fixed his eye on the doorway. The next minute three uncouth figures entered, and the following dialogue ensued between Torwy and their leader. "Shane O'Leary, is it you?" "It is, Merman: grace be wid me! We be come to ask,—will ye tell us all and about the sky, what winds we'll have and the like o'that, so please ye?" "And what made you bring black Rob, and your cousin the wick-scowl with you? You know my regulation, one at a time only will I admit. I think that, O'Leary, in future, and don't impose upon my gossoon." As to the weather, I think you may safely go out; for, although there's a black cloud cowering like a huge bird of prey over the valley, it is just put off to the good point, and it bids fair for a calm

"Ye lie, Merman," replied Shane, at the same time advancing towards the black, who was struck dumb by the unexpected response, and continued to stare with wonder at the brow-beaten O'Leary as he proceeded in his harangue. "'Ye lie, Torwy O'Donil," repeated he, "ye lie; and ye know it well enough, so plase ye. Look here, ye thief o' the world, your drowned man's hand drops sweat, and the sea flag is green and clammy. *Halderdash, Torwy*, ye know there's a storm brewing above us, but Divil a pebble care ye. Ye're an old pirate, Merman,—a shark. Long enough have ye sucked out best blood in tribute and tithe for telling us lies. But *no bockish, Merman*, the day is come for settling the score. Many a good prize have ye preached us out of, but we'll be word-worried no more. Distribute your gold among us freely and like a man; exact no more tribute for your prophecies; always tell us the truth o' the weather; let my cousin Kilrooney have Norah, and live wid us still. Refuse, and may this be my poison but we'll sew ye up with a forty-pound pebble in a smack-gib, and give ye away to the waves." So saying he took up the goblet of Torwy, who had now recovered his speech. "'Cur! villain!" cried he, "this is what I have long expected at your hand." At this moment we heard a loud shriek, followed by many shouts, and a confused uproar on the waters. O'Leary smiled, and said to the Merman in the whining tone of his county, "Sare enough, that's Norah. They've grappled her fast, and Kilrooney will have her in spite of ye, Torwy, and your gold must be ours too, or ——" "My gun, gossoon, my gun!" shouted the Merman, as Shane moved towards his seat, "give me my gun!" "Lo! it was already levelled with deadly precision at the head of O'Leary by the dumb black.

Phelim, the gossoon, now seized a spar, and levelled one of the villain's confederates. I reached a pistol from the roof, and for the first time started into view, while Torwy, for lack of a better weapon, grasped a huge boat-hook, and plunging it deep into the throat of black Rob, dragged him roughly across the floor. The triumvirate were in this degraded situation when Gorry Duigenan and his companions rushed into the wreck, bearing the comely young Norah in their arms, and several of the coast-men pinioned between them. They had seized on the maiden a moment before Duigenan and his friends came up to her boat: a short but fierce conflict ensued, and the whole of the aggressors were eventually made prisoners, and brought by the victors before Torwy the Merman. He expatiated with them in forcible terms on their villany and ingratitude, reminded them of the benefits he had conferred upon them, the diseases and wounds he had cured them of, the storms he had foretold, the good advice he had daily given, and the years which he had spent doing good among them and their fathers, until even the fierce-looking O'Leary was softened in heart. He ran blubbering up to old Torwy, and embraced his neck with all the fervour and affection of an offending but forgiven son. The others followed his example, and the Merman was almost in as much danger from the exuberance of their love as he had before been from their violence. We were at last obliged to rescue him by force from their embraces, and they departed downcast and repentant to their several abodes. The black's meaning was now made palpable. He had been present at their hasty arrangement of the plan of attack. They saw him not,

but he detected their villany by his sagacity in the construction of gestures and looks. They were ignorant of his arrival, or doubtless they would have deterred their intended exploit. To Duigenan and his friends Torry attributed the salvation of Norah, and she seemed to feel a dawning affection for Gorry. The sage Merman was delighted to see the state of her heart, and determined to leave his old wreck where he could never close his eyes in peace again, and pass the residue of his days with the young couple at the foot of Slabh-na-mann.

We departed at midnight, bending our course towards an uncultivated vale allotted for the celebration of a pattaru, or country-fair, which happened to be in the very zenith of its glory on our arrival. From the brow of a hill, we looked down for a few moments on the gay scene below us. The road which led to the vale from the more populous parts of the county was covered with waggons, sledges, and low carts, furnished with stools and featherbeds, creaking as they went with the unusual load of old men, gaily-bedizened girls, and many children, who were huddled together within them. The fiddle, the harp, and the bagpipes were heard from every tent, and numerous parties of young men and maidens were merrily dancing on the green turf to the half-heard music from an adjacent tent, to which they could not obtain admission. The piper's boys were, nevertheless, seen moving bareheaded among the groups, to collect the music-money from the youths, although the lasses who rested were obliged to join their voices to the faint notes of the tune. Several athletic men were enjoying the rough delights of a hunting-match without the boundaries of the pattaru; while others played at the Connaught cudgels, or indulged in shillala fights, wrestling, and racing for wagers over the hills. The penny-wiff-woman was there inviting the rustics to purchase her liquor in the rude rhymes of her trade; the fortune-telling "wise woman of the Sur" had erected her mirror and foreign adder's-skin over the entrance of a hut; the mendicants were scattered over every alley and knoll imploring charity from the devout; the buchaugh vended his nose-trumps, the ballad-maker his ditties; and the lunatic held out his palm for sweetmeats, which he stoutly claimed from all as a tribute to the legitimate King of the Pattaru. On entering a little temporary turf-hut to obtain some refreshment, we found one end of it already occupied by a purple, oily-faced, middle-aged man, in a canonical-cut habit and cocked-hat, with a clasped book by his side, who was diligently employed in drawing up a cicalice in his hose; while a dirty little boy was rubbing away the silver from a large pair of buckles in his shoes, and an old woman was sedately plastering his bald-head with unsifted flour. He was evidently a couple-beggar, and Duigenan would fain have the marriage-ceremony performed by him, but the Merman resolutely opposed him in his wish. While they were debating warmly together on the subject, a distant relation of Gorry entered the hut with young Columba O'Dowell, the daughter of a neighbouring middle-man, and requested the couple-beggar to do his office. "That will he then, darling," cried the old woman, "and bless his stars, too, for getting the luck of marrying such a pair. Divil bless the like o' yez again between the four seas! Joy be w'd yez! say I, for I know, by your looks ye've charity and good blood in your hearts, and won't pass away without crossin'." "I, of the dull soul who first welcomed yez to the

couple-father (keep him holy! I pray,) with some bawber or other. —  
*“Aisy, aisy, la bonne nuit!”* interrupted the couple-beggar; “remember the enemy of grace! — a sage, and don’t meddle with ought but the packet of hair-powder; patent ye know it is, and cost me a power of money the pound, so lay it away carefully, and get out of the hut, *graghol, alles bien, vourcen.* So now attend to me, children, and answer me fairly, without travelling a hair’s breadth from the right line of truth. *La mort, la mort, la mort,* spake truth while you live, but especially tell no lie to a man like myself, who has studied morality in the college abroad, and officiated at home; but let that pass. Well, now listen to me, young woman. Have you your parents’ consent to this match? Of course you have thought, or you wouldn’t be coming to me this way. That’s settled. *Tenez, vourcen,* has either of ye a spouse lawfully married, at this present time living? Naturally not; or you wouldn’t dare venture into this holy estate again. Marriage, you know, is — but that in good time; you’ll learn all about it soon enough, so why need I preach? *est temps perdu; allons!* And have you the priest’s fee ready? To be sure you brought it, don’t I see it there lurking in the bend of your fist.” After a few more preliminary questions, which the couple-beggar invariably answered himself, the ceremony was performed, and the whole of our party wished the young bridegroom joy.

We had scarcely emerged from the hut before the ragged king of the parruru ran up to the bride, and, accosting her by her new wedding-name of Swaney, told her that her father O’Dowell and his adherents were hunting about his dominions in quest of her, and that it was more than probable they would wreak summary vengeance on her husband, for stealing her away without the middle-man’s consent. He added, that he had only an old tub by the church-porch in the valley for a palace, so that he could not conceal them there; but he was ready to lead them away to the best still in the land, which lay in the heart of a neighbouring mount, and was worked by Phinney Macreagh, his cousin-german; who loved him “as well as his own heart’s blood,” having both been suckled by the same nurse. “I was robbed of the maiden I loved,” said he, “by a flinty-soiled middle-man; and I have often heard the ould women say, when they thought I was asleep, that the loss of Kathleen made me a lunatic; but, poor creatures, I pity them, they’re fools; and I’m king of the fair, and won’t suffer young hearts to be broken where I reign, by a middle-man. They tell me Kathleen is dead, but I won’t believe it, not I: for I hear her voice in the night-wind, and her song comes to me over the waters of Suir.”

“She’s the primrose of the country, she’s all my earthly care,  
 My love, my dove, my darling, my joy, and only dear.”

No other songs but those that Kathleen loves ever cross my lips. That one I often sang to her at home; — but come, boys, will you follow? I’m trusty, though simple, they say. Will you come?” — The shout of O’Dowell was now heard in the fair; and the Merman, having intimated a wish to pay one more visit to the womb of Pothien before he died, warmly supported the request of the bridegroom, that we should accompany him to the still-pit, and, as the friends of his relative Gorry, protect him, if necessary, against the middle-man’s fury. This was an irre-

sistible appeal to youthful blood; and we immediately quitted the pattaru, and followed the lunatic king towards the hills.

After walking for a considerable time, we at length discovered on the brink of a ledge, skirted by low shrubs and small detached pieces of rock, a deep-green spot of turf, still bright and sparkling with dew, although the sun had long been blazing upon it. Here our conductor fell upon his knees, and placing his brow upon the sward, cried, in a tone of delight, " 'Tis here—dew and wet with the spirit steam. Lay your heads to the turf, boys, and listen to the dull snore of the strong fire below—

It secretly burns, like the deep love-flame,  
When the heart feels what the tongue dare not name;  
Oh! nought burns so strong as the smothered fire  
Of bright hope, or revenge, or fond desire.

The Pothien boys are here, and look, yonder lies one of them.—Whurrah, spalpeen! arise." The free-spirit man, who was basking in the sun, started up in evident alarm at the cry of the fool. He was a tall meagre fellow, with a cadaverous complexion, fiery little eyes, matted red hair, and almost in a state of nudity. He eyed us askance as we approached, with the strange figure of the Merman, mounted on the black, at our head; and retreated towards a spot of wild garden-ground, where the earth appeared to have been recently upturned, and the mattock stood in the soil, as if the cottager had just retired for a temporary cessation from his accustomed toil. He was proceeding to dig again, when the voice of the fool arrested his operations: "Down with it, man!" said he, "hurl away the mattock and take the fire-rake. Your palm is too hot, your eye too red, and your cheek too shroud-like for a husbandman. The Pothien is upon your face, darling. The ould one of darkness might as well try to conceal his ox-foot as you your trade. We are all friends, so fear not; but lay by the spade, and show us the way to the still-pit. Lo, Sir, I am the King of the Pattaru, and Kathleen shall be my queen. Know you me now?" The Pothienier, who was akin to the chief of the pit, immediately recognised his relation, and, leaping over the fence, seized him in his arms, and carried him away to the back of a dilapidated cabin, which we now for the first time perceived, testifying his joy as he went by the most extravagant gestures and exclamations. He conducted him to the brink of a well behind the cabin, where he had raised an immense bucket with thatch from the roof, and placed Norah and Columba carefully within it. The old windlass creaked with their weight, and in a short time they were concealed by the narrow depths of the well. As soon as the last coil of the rope was spent, the free-spirit man slid from the brink, we followed with all possible caution; and by the aid of the bucket-rope, the regular steps in the wall, and the instructions of our guide, arrived in safety on a level with Swaney, Duigenan, and the pattaru king, who had previously descended to guide and support the crazy vessel which conveyed young Norah and the bride. The water was roaring below us, the stars twinkled in the heavens as in the depth of night, and on every side we heard the deep voice of confined flames, the bubbling of hot liquors, and a confused din of mingled lamentation and merry-making. We remained in a cluster at this spot until the Pothienier succeeded in removing a strongly-cemented mass of mortar and stones,



## SONG OF THE GREEKS.—BY T. CAMPBELL

AGAIN to the battle, Achæans!  
 Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;  
 Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree—  
 It has been, and shall yet be the land of the free;  
 For the cross of our faith is replanted,  
 The pale dying crescent is daunted,  
 And we march that the foot-prints of Mahomet's slaves  
 May be wash'd out in blood from our forefathers' graves  
 Their spirits are hovering o'er us,  
 And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah! what though no succour advances,  
 Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances  
 Are stretch'd in our aid—be the combat our own!  
 And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone;  
 For we've sworn, by our Country's assaulters,  
 By the virgins they've dragg'd from our altars,  
 By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,  
 By our heroes of old and their blood in our veins  
 That living, we shall be victorious,  
 Or that dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not,  
 The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not;  
 Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,  
 And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.\*  
 Earth may hide—waves engulf—fire consume us,  
 But they shall not to slavery doom us:  
 If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves,  
 But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,  
 And new triumphs on land are before us  
 To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day shall ye blush for its story,  
 Or brighten your lives with its glory.  
 Our women, Oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,  
 Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their hair?  
 Accursed may his memory blacken,  
 If a coward there be that would slacken  
 Till we've trampled the turban and shown ourselves worth  
 Being sprung from and named for the godlike of earth  
 Strike home, and the world shall revere us  
 As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion  
 Her inlands, her isles of the Ocean,  
 Fanes rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,  
 And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring  
 Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,  
 That were cold and extinguish'd in sadness;  
 Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white-waving arms,  
 Singing joy to the brave that deliver'd their charms,  
 When the blood of yon Musulman cravens  
 The blood of our heroes.



## LETTERS FROM ENGLAND. BY M. DE ST. FOIX.\*

## LETTER XIV.

London, —, 1817.

IN tragedy the English have, I think, more merely good actors, than we have; but a merely good actor is the most insipid person in the world to describe, so I shall tell you no more about them. But there is one tragic actor on the London stage by whom I have been so deeply interested, and whose powers appear to me of so extraordinary a description, that I shall take some pains to give you an idea of them. His name is Kean. The coincidence of name with our own celebrated *Le Kain* is remarkable. He is quite young—not more than six or seven and twenty, and this is only his second season in London; and yet he has already established a reputation nearly as great as that of Talma. I expect, too, that you'll be a little startled, if not scandalized, when I tell you that I think he deserves it—that he is, upon the whole, nearly as great an actor—that he possesses as consummate a judgment, as pure and delicate a taste, as clear, quick, and vivid conceptions, and as admirable and wondrous a power of embodying those conceptions. For physical powers he is about as much and as little indebted to Nature as Talma is; but it is remarkable, that whatever Talma wants, Kean has, and whatever Kean wants, Talma has. Unlike Talma, Kean's person is insignificant, and his voice is totally bad; and unlike Talma, also, his eye is like lightning, and his face has a power of expression that is perfectly magical. The action of Talma is less constrained and redundant than that of any other French tragedian; but Kean's is still less so than his. It has much more variety, and yet is much more simple and natural: his attitude in any given situation being precisely that which a consummate painter would assign to it. If I were to notice the general resemblance and the general difference between these two extraordinary actors, I should say that both draw their resources fresh and direct from Nature, and that both study her as she exists in the depths of their own hearts; but that Talma has more imagination than passion, and Kean more passion than imagination.—Not that Talma wants passion, or that Kean wants imagination; but passion is the characteristic of the one, and imagination of the other. When Talma exclaims in *Macbeth*, “*Il est là! là!*” the strength of his imagination kindles that of the spectators, till they absolutely see the image of the murdered king reflected from his face. His imagination is still more conspicuous in the tremendous power he gives to the words in the same play, “*Arrête, donc, ce sang qui coule jusqu'à moi!*” But surely the most splendid and astonishing of all theatrical exhibitions, and the effects of which are to be attributed to the realizing power of his imagination, is that of Talma in *Œdipus*, at the moment that he discovers his involuntary crimes. It is a thing to be seen once, and remembered for ever; but not to be described. Kean has nothing like this in the same class of acting. His characteristic, as I have said, is passion—passion under all its names and varieties—through all its windings and blendings—in all its delicate shades and most secret recesses. Its operation never for a moment ceases to be visible; for, when he ceases to speak, every motion of his thought is so

lutely legible in the astonishingly varied expression of his face, and eye, and action. Passion seems to be the very breath of his mental existence—or rather its vital stream—into which every thing else resolves itself. If he has to express love, his whole soul seems to cling to the being on whom he is gazing—his voice melts—his eye swims and trembles—and the words fall from his lips as if they were the smallest part of what he would express. And in all this there is no show; no endeavour; no pretence:—for real love is the most unpretending thing in the world; the most quiet; the most able to repose upon itself, and the most willing to do so. If hatred and revenge are his themes, it is hardly possible to imagine yourself looking at or listening to the same person. His eyes glare; his teeth grind against each other; his voice is hoarse and broken; his hands clench and open alternately, as if they were revelling in the blood of his enemy; and his whole frame seems to have imbibed the will and the powers of a demon. This actor's delineation of all the other violent passions—as remorse, jealousy, despair, &c. seem to me to possess alike a force, a truth, and a distinctness, which render them almost perfect. And all is done, too, without the slightest appearance of art or effort. It is scarcely possible, while you are seeing him, to recollect that he is an actor; and he himself seems never for a moment to feel that he has an audience before him. Kean's picture of remorse, as it affects Macbeth after the murder of Duncan, if it has not the overwhelming and terrific force of that of Talma in the same play, has, I think, more variety, more intensity, and more truth. There is no extravagant and hurried action; no loud and vehement tones of voice; there is no bursting forth of the flames: they are all within, and are only to be discovered by their torturing and withering effects upon the outward frame. The eye is fixed and vacant; the hands hang down motionless, or are clinched in the fruitless endeavour to suppress the agony of soul; the knees tremble, and scarcely support the body;—in the general and total convulsion of the frame, the tongue refuses to obey the will, and the voice becomes choked and lost in forced attempts at utterance. To all this succeeds a dead calm, which is not less fearful than the agitation which preceded. There is a point at which human suffering destroys itself. His agonized mind and exhausted body can endure no more; and they sink together into a motionless stupor. A loud knocking is at this instant heard at the gate of the castle; but there he stands in the open hall, with the bloody witness of his guilt upon his hands,—yet nothing can rouse him; and his wife drags him away by force to his chamber. I have no hesitation in telling you that I think this piece of acting (including from the time Macbeth quits the chamber of Duncan, till he is forced away to his own), though it is not so tremendous as some parts of Talma's *Oedipus*, nor so fearfully grand as his *Orestes*, nor so, what I should call, *beautiful* as the *Hamlet* of that actor, is, without exception, the most affecting and impressive exhibition I ever beheld.

Put there is one other character in which this actor displays still greater powers than he does in *Macbeth*: a character in which he appears to have reached the absolute perfection of his art, in the best class of it. This is the *Othello* of Shakespeare. You know I am very familiar with this celebrated English dramatist. But, since

I first saw Kean in *Othello*. I have taken great pains to make myself acquainted with this play in particular. I have seen it twice since, and read it twice; and though I have been a good deal puzzled by some of the odd phraseology, yet the more intimately I come to understand it, the more I am astonished at the writer who could draw so miraculously true a picture of the human heart; and the more delighted admiration I feel towards the actor who can turn this picture into a living human being, and place it before us in all the breathing reality of flesh and blood.

I wonder what the English would say to my admiration of their favourite actor; for he is their favourite, though they hardly seem to know it. At the theatre, indeed, the magical power of his genius sometimes works them up into something approaching to enthusiasm; but, when they get home again, it is all forgotten: and if you ask their opinion of him, they tell you that he is a very clever little fellow, with an indifferent person and a bad voice—and that it is a pity he is not more prudent in his private character: that he makes an uncommonly good Richard III.; but that in *Hamlet* he is not near so much of a gentleman as Kemble was\*, and that they don't think he could play *Coriolanus* at all!—and that is all they know about the matter! Even among the critics there is but one who has had the skill, the courage, or the justice, to speak of Kean as he deserves. How paltry this is, to withhold from a man the homage that his genius merits, merely because he is alive to receive and enjoy it!

The next English tragic performer who has struck me, is the young actress I have mentioned before, Miss O'Neil. She is, I believe, not more than twenty; and there is nothing very remarkable in either her face or figure, though both of them are perfectly pleasing. It is of her acting alone that I shall have to speak; and in this there is something so very peculiar, and at the same time so totally unlike any thing we have on the French stage, that I expect I shall find it very difficult to express to you what I feel about her. Her nature seems to be made up of two elements only—smiles and tears. She seems formed to experience but two emotions—joy and grief. At least, all others seem to be but modifications of these; and these two proceed from different movements of but one passion—that of love. She is, indeed, the chosen and devoted priestess of Love's temple. He weeps or smiles in her eyes—plays or droops about her mouth—grieves, or rejoices, or triumphs in the tones of her voice—moves in every movement of her form—she seems unable to think or feel, or exist, but by and through him; and those thoughts, and feelings, and that existence, seem at all times ready to be offered up as willing sacrifices at his shrine.

I mean to state this as the peculiar characteristic of her talents, or rather her gifts; for talent is much too formal a word to use with reference to any of the qualities that belong to her as an actress. Talent seems to imply something of study and acquirement; but she is purely a gifted being—the very ideal of feminine nature, as it was conceived by the English poets of the age of Elizabeth, and, with the exception of our own Rousseau, by them alone, either before or since—a being who, at a certain period of her life, that period at which poetry so de-

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\* The editor thinks John Bull is very right in this

lights to exhibit her; and of which alone I now speak, has and desires to have no existence but in the mind of him she loves—no possessions but his and her own affections—no happiness but in the creation and the contemplation of his; who knows no law (I had almost said no religion) but her love, no pride but her obedience, no glory but her self-devotion; whose thoughts are the images of her lord's—her fears the reflection of his—her wishes the offspring of his; who has no country but in his mind—no home but in his presence—no heaven but in his heart; for she feels no life, fears no death, and hopes for no futurity, but in and with him! By all this I mean that in the characters which suit Miss O'Neil best, she gives one the idea of precisely such a being as this.

Some of the critics here do not very well know what to make of this lady. The public found out her merits before they did, which has a good deal detracted from those merits. She has not the force of one dead actress, they say—nor the dignity of another—nor the grace of a third—nor several other incompatible qualities of several others; and accordingly they are not at all sure that she ought to delight the audience so much as she does. But they go to see her, (at least their readers do,) and the light of one of her smiles, or the breath of one sigh, disperses all their theory in a moment, and they have no more to say about her. This is just as it should be. That which is perfect in itself is not a fit subject for critics to meddle with. We know all about it without their help. We feel that it is so, and there is an end of the matter: for what more can they tell us? Undoubtedly, we have nothing like this lady in tragedy; but if the talents of Mademoiselle Mars had been turned in that direction, it is probable there would have been a great similarity between them; at least, if the purely artificial character of French tragedy had permitted any thing of the kind;—but it would not.

I have found so much to say of England's greatest tragic actors, that I must press my notice of those which remain into a smaller compass than I intended, or than their distinguished merits deserve.

If Kean himself is alone a fit support and ornament to the majestic fabric of Shakspeare's genius; or, at least, if he is the most fit to support that department of it which has been raised by the intervention of Nature herself, and bears her true and unmixed Doric form and impress;—there are other portions of it which are well and aptly upborne by the Ionic grace and elegance of Charles Kemble—the florid Corinthian of Young—and the Composite of Macready.

To quit metaphor, (which, I warn you, is not good for much as an illustration,—though it is not worth while to erase it): in the person and acting of Charles Kemble are united those attributes and characteristics which may be said to form the distinguishing differences between the best of ancient and of modern times,—the presence of which characteristics it is the fashion to indicate by the epithets CLASSICAL and ROMANTIC. He is equally fitted to impersonate the hero of an ancient epic, or of a modern romance:—Diomed, shouting to his blood-beanting followers at the siege of Troy—or Romeo, sighing forth his soul among moon-lit flowers beneath the window of Juliet. His air, his gestures, his face, his form, his voice, and the colour and complexion of his rich and enthusiastic mind,—which shines

out through all these,—mark him, as an especial favourite of Nature—chosen and privileged to do her best and lofliest windings. He treats the stage as if he felt himself to be a denizen of some other sphere, or some by-gone age—as if he were on the earth, but not of it. I can even fancy that he must have adopted the stage as a profession, merely because it afforded him occasions of cultivating and pampering those high imaginations in which his spirit seems to float as in a dream—because it enabled him actually to “live and move and have his being” in an ideal world of impossible grandeur and beauty;—impossible, because *past*: for that which *has been* can never be again, because it has been. It is done, and over. Even a new deluge could not restore the days of Priam and Achilles, or Plato and Pericles, or Caesar and Brutus; or even those of Amadis, Palmerin, and Orlando. Nothing can do it but “strong imagination.” The imagination of Charles Kemble, I have no doubt, does this for himself, whenever he is performing a character belonging to either of those ages; and its outward and visible results, aided by the omnipotent one of Shakspeare, do it in a degree, even for the spectator, who is at all qualified to appreciate the personations of this elegant actor.

Young is an actor of quite a different class from any other on the English stage. His style is neither finely natural, like that of Koan; nor a blending of the classical and romantic, like Charles Kemble’s; nor a mixture of all these three, like Maeready’s. It is not formed on any other model, and has at present no imitators; which I wonder at, because it is at the same time easy to imitate, and well adapted to catch popular applause. There is a proud, sweeping, oriental air about the acting of Young which is very effective in the particular line of characters which it suits; but which line is very limited indeed. It is true that Young can act almost any thing *well*; but there are only a few characters which no one else can act so well. The gorgeous flow of his action, and the regal richness of his voice, are admirably suited to illustrate the mere external attributes of the kingly or princely estate; the merely self-willed and selfish, the purely *external* passions of pride, anger, disdain, and the like—the most prominent of those passions, or rather those impulses, which usually appertain to the character and habits of Indian Caliphs and Persian Satraps, are exemplified to the very life by the peculiar qualities of mind and attributes of person which belong to this most eloquent of declaimers. But the delicate and subtil workings which take place only in the inward recesses of the heart, require other powers to develope them, and, indeed, other means of detecting them, than Young seems to me to possess. I do not mean to state this as a fault in the style of this actor; for I do not regard it as such. If he had possessed those qualities which he wants, he would inevitably have wanted those which he possesses; and in that case the English stage would have wanted, at least, one of its richest ornaments; for his style is ornamental, and is not the worse on that account.

Among all the ranting fooleries of modern criticism, I do think there is none so ridiculous as that of finding fault with this or that subject of remark, whatever it may be, on the ground of its not possessing qualities which are, according to all human experience, absolutely incompatible with those which it does possess. Thus, English critics are perpetually lamenting over Shakspeare’s want of a learned education.

as if, supposing him to have had one, he would have been Shakspeare. If it were worth while to speculate about a subject on which no conclusion can be arrived at, I think this would furnish an admirable occasion. "Certainly a very interesting if not a very instructive treatise might be written, to show what all our men of genius might have been, if they had not been what they were! But would it not have required the genius of them all united, to have written such a treatise?"

I cannot help thinking what a sensation Young would have created had he belonged to the French instead of the English stage. With a voice as rich, powerful, and sonorous as that of Talma—action, more free, flowing, graceful, and various; a more expressive face, and a better person,—he would have been hardly second in favour and attraction to that grandest of our actors.

D. S. F.

#### THE WISDOM OF LAUGHTER.

"Let those now laugh who never laugh'd before,  
And those who always laugh'd now laugh the more."

THEY have really brought puppet-shows to an incredible perfection. I have just been gazing upon one which infinitely transcends all the fantoccini, pantomimes, or dramas I ever beheld; the figures appearing to be actuated by human passions, and exhibiting in their looks, gestures, activity, and earnestness, such manifold tokens of mutual comprehension and intelligence, that were it not for the ridiculous actions they are made to perform, one might almost swear they were rational beings. Punch and Judy, even with the assistance of the Devil and the Monk, must be totally superseded by this more numerous and complete exhibition; and yet the puppets of which I am speaking are nothing more than a little modified earth, of so brittle and fragile a nature, that they were constantly frittering away into dust in the very midst of their dancing and struggling, when others instantly started up into their places, capering or fighting with as much eagerness as their predecessors,—so that the whole pageant was constantly renewing its actors without the smallest change or intermission in the incessant bustle of the performance. Here and there upon elevated stools I saw a few figures with glittering baubles upon their heads, who seemed not only miserable but giddy and intoxicated by the height from which they looked, and took their revenge by instigating the whole rabble beneath them to worry and beat one another to pieces, which the senseless figures seemed to enact with a most preposterous alacrity. On the lower benches I beheld grave and reverend-looking seigniors in robes, whose heads were enveloped in the hair of some animal, most ludicrously curled and greased, and who were solemnly pronouncing sentence of destruction upon others, while they themselves were perpetually exploding into similar nothingness. Here strutted a gay figure in scarlet, who had not only sold himself as a slave for the honour of wearing a little gold ornament upon his shoulder, but suffered his head to be shot at as a target, and his body to be used as a sheath for bayonets, for the amiable privilege of incurring the same treatment upon others. There I beheld a portly man in sable robes, who took money from his companions for pointing out then the way to the skies, while he himself kept contriving to get into the next direction; and in various quarters I beheld other subjects, whom I took to be nuncs, as they

laboured so hard at piling up heaps of shining ore that it seemed to threaten their existence; when younger ones ran joyfully up, and began kicking about the masses which had been so painfully accumulated. I cannot attempt a description of all the fantastical freaks which were exhibited; but I repeat that, with the exception of their actions, these ingenious puppets conducted themselves so exactly like rational creatures, that the absurdity of the whole scene, together with the contrast of their stupendous efforts and bubble-like existence, occasioned me to burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

It was probably some such meditation upon the weakness, vanity, and inconsistency, the gigantic projects and pigmy powers of man, that kept Democritus in continual laughter, and enabled him to convert both kings and peasants into materials of risibility. Being once at the court of Darius, when that monarch lost his favourite wife, he promised to restore her to life, provided they would give him the names of three men who had never known adversity, that he might inscribe them upon her tomb-stone; and upon the prince acknowledging the impossibility of complying with his request, he asked him, with his usual laugh, why he should expect to escape affliction, when not one, among so many millions, was exempt from calamity? Here was philosophy as well as laughter; and indeed I doubt whether there be any wisdom more profound than that which develops itself by our risible faculties. This convulsion, as well as reason, is peculiar to man, and one may, therefore, fairly assume that they illustrate and sympathize with one another. Animals were meant to cry, for they have no other mode of expression; and infants, who are in the same predicament, are provided with a similar resource; but when we arrive at man's estate, (the only one to which I ever succeeded,) both the sound and physiognomy of weeping must be admitted to be altogether brutal and irrational. The former is positively unscriptible, and we should never utter any thing that cannot be committed to writing; and as to a lachrymose visage, I appeal to the reader whether it be not contemptible and fish-like, beyond all the fascinations of Niobe herself to redeem. All associations connected with this degrading process are hateful. Perhaps I may be deemed fastidiously sensitive upon this point, but I confess that I feel an antipathy towards a whale, because it has a tendency to blubber; I abominate the common crier, simply on account of his name; I would rather get wet through than seek shelter under a weeping willow, and I instinctively avoid a birch on account of certain juvenile recollections.

"But hail, thou goddess fair and free  
In Heaven yept Euphrosyne,"

and before I go any farther, let me observe how abundantly the *Paradise* of heaven was provided with heart-easing mirth; for, besides the duncel we have mentioned, Venus is expressly termed by Homer the laughter-loving queen; the whole court of the immortals was often thrown into fits by the awkwardness of Vulcan; Jove himself was so fond of the recreation that he even laughed at lovers' perjuries, and Momus the jester, whose province it was to excite their risible faculties, was instructively represented as the son of sleep and night, whereby we are taught to go to bed betimes if we wish to have cheerful and hilarious days. But in this our *sombre* and anti-risible age, it has rather become the fashion to attack laughter, notwithstanding the covetice of

assaulting a personage who is obliged to be constantly holding both his sides, and is therefore incapable of other self defence than that of sniggering at his assailant. I am too old for laughing, they tell me; but it is by laughing that I have lived to grow old, and very many as well take my life itself as that whereby I live. "Laugh and grow fat" may be a questionable maxim, but "laugh and grow old" is an indisputable one; for so long as we can laugh at all, we shall never die unless it be of laughing. As to performing this operation in one's sleeve, it is a base compromise; no more comparable to the original than is a teeth-displaying simper to that hilarious roar which shakes the wrinkles out of the heart, and frightens old Time from advancing towards us. Fortune, love, and justice, are all painted blind: they can neither see our smiles nor frowns. Fate is deaf to the most pathetic sorrows; we cannot mend our destined road of life with a paviour's sigh, nor drown care in tears. Let us then leave growling to wild beasts, and croaking to the ravens, indulging freely in the rationality of laughter: which, in the first place, is reducible to writing—Ha! Ha! Ha! and should always be printed with three capital letters, and a prop of admiration between each to prevent its bursting its sides. (The very hieroglyphic makes one snigger, so festive, social, and joyous is its character.) And secondly, its delicious alchymy not only converts a tear into the quintessence of merriment, and makes wrinkles themselves expressive of youth and frolic, but lights up the dullest eye with a twinkle, and throws a flash of sunshine over the cloudiest visage, while it irradiates and embellishes the most beautiful. Including thine, reader, in the latter class, I counsel thee to give the experiment a frequent trial.

It just occurs to me, that I ought to have begun my essay with a definition of laughter and an argute inquiry into its causes; but it will come in as well at the end, and perhaps a *hysteronproteron*, in itself a common provocative to risibility, is more appropriate than any methodical arrangement. Lastly and imprimis, then, it is a great mistake to suppose that wit, which has been termed the unexpected discovery of resemblance between ideas supposed dissimilar, has any tendency to excite the giggling faculties. Quite the contrary; it elicits only the silent smile of the intellect; on which account (what-  
ever my writings may testify to the contrary) I have no great regard for wit, for I love to laugh with all my heart and none of my head. Humour, therefore, I deem preferable to—but I am not proceeding systematically. Well, then, this convulsion is of three different kinds. Animal laughter, which may be produced by tickling, or by that happy and healthy organization which occasions a constant flow of the animal spirits. Unnatural laughter, which sometimes accompanies the triumph of the most malignant passions, or bursts out upon any unexpected change of fortune, or assumes that ghastly smile or "jealous leer malign," designated the Sardonic grin, not, as a young lady of my acquaintance supposed, from the Sardones or people of Roussillon, but from the involuntary hysterical affection produced by eating that species of ranunculus called the *Herba Sardonia*. And lastly, (for the second time,) Sentimental laughter,—a compound operation combining jointly or separately from the head or the heart, and whose true seem to be a union or rather opposition of suitableness and unsuitableness in the same object, or any unexpected ludicrous



combination. I shall not notice the subdivision of Sympathetic laughter, which is a mere infection; or of that which is stimulated by the consciousness that we ought not to laugh, which gives a poignant zest to the ebullition, and reminds one of that profligate lover of pig, who wished he had been born a Jew, that he might have had the pleasure of eating pork and sinning at the same time.

Talking of incongruities puts me in mind of the steam-boat, and of a conversation between two parties, one conversing of their children, the other settling the ingredients of a wedding-dinner, whose joint colloquies, as I sat between them, fell upon my ear in the following detached sentences. "Thank Heaven! my Sally is blessed—with a calf's head and a pig's face."—"Well, if I should have another baby I shall have it immediately—skinned and cut into thin slices."—"I do love to see little Tommy well-dressed—in the fish-kettle over a charcoal fire."—"To behold the little dears dancing before one—in the frying-pan."—"And to hear their innocent tongues—bubble and squeak."—"My eldest girl is accomplished—with plenty of sauce."—"I always see the young folks put to bed myself—and smothered in onions."—"And if they have been very good children, I invariably order—the heart to be stuffed and roasted, the gizzard to be peppered and deviled, and the sole to be fried."

Broken metaphors are not less laughable than these ludicrous games of cross-purposes; and the risible public are much indebted to the Editor of a loyal journal, who lately informed them that the radicals, by throwing off the mask, had at last shown the cloven foot; congratulated his readers that the hydra-head of faction had received a good rap upon the knuckles; and maintained that a certain reformer was only a hypocritical pretender to charity, who, whenever he saw a beggar, put his hand in his breeches pocket, like a crocodile, but was only actuated by ostentation. While we are upon this subject, let us not forget our obligations to the country curate, who desired his flock to admire the miraculous force which enabled Sampson to put a thousand Philistines to the sword with the jaw-bone of an ass; nor let us pass over the worthy squire, who being asked by his cook in what way the sturgeon should be dressed, which he had received as a present, desired her to make it into à-la-mode beef; and upon another occasion, when interrogated whether he would have the mutton boiled or roasted, on how? replied, "slow,—and let it be well done."

If the classical reader ever improved himself when a school-boy by composing nonsense verses, it is possible that prose of the same description may produce a similar result, of which this essay may be considered an experiment. I know not a nobler or more *naïf* self-eulogy than that expressed by Scarron when on his death-bed. He exclaimed to his weeping domestics, "Ah! you will never cry halt so much as I have made you laugh;" and were I on the point of bidding adieu to the public as a scribbler, I should not desire a prouder epitaph than to be truly enabled to repeat the same phrase. In the mean time I do not seriously and sadly exhort my readers to be comical, admonishing them, that in these gloomy and puzzling times, when the chances are three to two against the landlord, when the five per cent are four, and things in general at sixes and sevens, a hearty and innocent laugh is the most effectual way to take care of numbers.

## MY HEAD'S SEVEN AGES.

"*Early Green*," ere I mount a human wrong,  
 My locks, pruned by nothing but Nature's warm tongue,  
 In colour well match'd with the Colchian fleece,  
 Unpunish'd by powder, ungarnish'd by grease,  
 Half way down my back, as then worn by the young,  
 In many a corkscrew bewitchingly hung—  
 Whoever in print young Napoleon has seen,  
 May form a good notion of me at fifteen.

But soon, like a Visigoth marching on Rome,  
 The barber rush'd in with his scissors and comb,  
 Poor Nature was presently push'd to the wall,  
 And shriek'd, like Belinda, to see my locks fall:  
 My hair scorch'd and frizz'd at the top became horrid,  
 Hard knobs of pomatum were dealt on my forehead,  
 I look'd like a linnet just caught in a cage,  
 So wide of it's first was my head's second age!

Ere long my vex'd hair, which, pomaded and sleek,  
 Hung straight as John Wesley's adown either cheek,  
 By combs metamorphos'd, assumed a new shape,  
 No longer a pigtail swung black at my nape:  
 The queue, with its ligatures spiral in twists,  
 Gave place to a knocker, as big as my fists:  
 Whoever the late Major Topham has seen,  
 May form a good notion of me at nineteen.

Now knew I the joys the three Sisters prepare  
 For those who depend on the dressers of hair:  
 The dandies, who now "seek that bubble repute"  
 In the cut of a coat or the bend of a boot,  
 Can feebly imagine my often-felt woes,  
 With my watch in my hand and my nose on my nose:  
 When lo! the huge knocker retired from the head,  
 And back came the pigtail to reign in its stead.

*O caput humanum!* dark dungeon of doubt,  
 Spite of Spurzheim, a labyrinth, inside and out,  
 How fleeting is all that dwells under a hat—  
 The late Duke of Bedford now brought in a plat!  
 Jack Martin and Peter abolish'd their queues,  
 I quickly changed mine for a well-powder'd noose:  
 My head, at that time, will at once re-appear  
 To those who have ever seen Palmer in Sincer.

No sooner had I, spite of wisdom's rebuke,  
 Pinn'd the faith of my head on the plat of a duke,  
 When sudden his grace much astonish'd the town  
 With an unpowder'd pate, in its natural brown.  
 Away flew pomade: barbers shut up their shops:  
 Their harvest was ruin'd by too many crops:  
 While I, with a nob ev'ry morning brush'd clean,  
*Da-capo'd* the tresses of "early fifteen."

E'er since, Fashion vainly has left me alone,  
 For Time works the changes neglected by Ton.  
 My locks, erst so intimate, distant are seen,  
 Their visits are few and the space far between:  
 Old Time, too, has made me my forelock resign,  
 It never seized his, yet the dog has seized mine,  
 And seems to exclaim—"Prithee pay me my wages:  
 : our head has arrived at the last of its ages!

THE LOUVRE IN 1832.

During the present dearth of novelty in the Fine Arts, it may be not uninteresting to the English reader, if I occupy his attention with a notice of the present state of what was once the grandest emporium of Art the world ever knew; and which, even now, as a whole, affords a sum of matter for study and admiration that may be sought in vain elsewhere: to say nothing of every footstep we take in pacing these magnificent halls being holy ground: for here the APOLLO has radiated forth its majestic beauty, and filled the place with an air of power that cannot pass away;—here the VENUS, still more dear to the memory of us merely “human mortals,” because endowed with more of merely human beauty, stood shrinking from that loving admiration which she seemed conscious of deserving;—here the DYING GLADIATOR has lain, with the breath of life hovering on his lips, yet never to leave them,—dying for ever, yet never to die;—here the LAOCOON has writhed in immortal agonies; rendering suffering subservient to grandeur—making misery sublime. Here, too, on the right, about half-way down the grand gallery, hung the Pietro Martire—one among the very highest achievements of the art. Let not the reader suppose I am about to describe this wonderful picture. I should know better than to attempt that, even if I had seen it: I mention it only to lament over a folly, the effects of which I have as yet been unable to repair; and which the sight of the spot where the picture does *not* hang, brings back the sense of more vividly than any thing else has done in the interval; more than even the eloquent enthusiasm of H—— in thinking aloud about it, or the classical taste and discrimination of N—— in detailing its beauties. I passed by this picture at the time it was in the Louvre, merely glancing up at it to be sure it was there, and determining to, at least, pay it the respect of a formal visit for itself alone, and not to blend the recollection of it with that of any others. I passed by the spot where I knew the treasure lay, deferring to what I considered a fitter opportunity the luxury of exploring its nature, counting up its amount, and carrying away what I could of it with me, laid up for future use in the storehouse of memory. But when I returned, it was gone, and its very place knew it not. It had, for me, vanished like a vision of the night; and all I now know of it is that I have at once seen and not seen it. I should never cease to lament this folly, if I did not see before me at least the possibility of repairing its consequences. And, to say the truth, if I ever do see this picture, I had much rather see it where it is than where it was, both as a matter of feeling and of taste; for though I have as little respect as need be for the views and motives of those who professed to teach a “great moral lesson” to Europe in removing the treasures of the Louvre from France, yet I do not the less believe that that lesson was a fit one, and required to be taught. Justice and wisdom are themselves, whencesoever they may proceed. Shakespeare puts his wisest sayings into the mouths of fools; and a judicious teacher, when he is compelled to punish a wicked boy, generally *lays* him (as the phrase is) on the back of a dunce. But let us not meddle with politics: when the question is of works like the one alluded to above, they are little better than an impertinence. The authors of “great moral lessons,” and inventors of Holy Alliance are the

growth of every day and of every soil; springing up and flourishing for awhile, only to scatter abroad their seeds, and produce their like, each in its kind, and then pass away and be forgotten; but Titian and Raphael, if they have not the same power of re-producing their like, bloom for ever,—filling the world with the odour of their sweetness, even when, from the perishable nature of the materials of which their works consist, they cease to be any thing but a name. The names of Apelles, of Zeuxis, of Parrhasius, although their works have passed away for ever, are as real a possession to our imagination as those of Phidias and Praxiteles; for Fame is too just to let the stability of her decrees depend on the nature of any thing but desert alone.

But I am wandering from my subject. Here—to allude to one more, and that the greatest in its kind, of the late possessions of this splendid treasure-house—here, on the left hand, near to the bottom of the long gallery, hung the divine TRANSFIGURATION—divine from its subject, divine from its conception, divine from its miraculous execution. When I think of this picture, I am half inclined to feel that justice might have been satisfied with depriving France of it alone. It was the glory of the place; and its absence would have left “an aching void” that nothing else could fill or atone for. But a truce to this thinking of what has been! it is but too apt, in all cases, to make us forget, or unjustly appreciate, the good that is before us.

Turning at once to a consideration of the Louvre as it is, we need have little scruple in affirming it to be incomparably the noblest gallery of Art now existing in the world. Its stately halls are still graced by works unrivalled in their kind; and I must think that, as a collection, it is even more valuable than when it possessed the objects I have alluded to above. This may sound paradoxical; but it is not intended to be so. The Apollo is, in fact, not an object fit to be placed in a gallery at all. It is a possession for a city, or a country—a sight to make a pilgrimage to see: and I doubt if it is in human nature to see it with proper effect, without some preparation of this kind. Certain it is, however, that its presence must throw into an undeserved shade and distance, objects worthy in themselves of all admiration, and certain of exciting it if seen under fit circumstances. Speaking for myself, I can safely assert that it gives me more pleasure, as well as instruction, to go through the Louvre now, than when it contained all its most valued treasures. A gallery, as well as an individual, may be *too rich*. Nay, I cannot but think that even Mr. Angerstein's *six* magnificent Cluude's in one room, are “something too much.” It is not that they cloy upon the sense: they can only do that for those who have no sense properly susceptible of being affected by them; but the quantity of their beauty, not being able to act as one sum, is apt to distract the imagination, without steadily exciting it, and to disturb the fancy and feeling without satisfying them. A man might as well be wedded to six beautiful wives at once;—a practice happily and naturally confined to Turks and Barbarians.

On entering the Louvre by the principal door, we immediately (almost immediately) find ourselves in a lofty vestibule, surrounded by colossal busts, &c. with a splendid Greek vase in the midst of finest workmanship, and breathing the very air and spirit of the ancients. Nothing can be a finer preparation for what is to

follow. Among the busts is one of wonderful beauty and perfection (9). It represents the vain but noble-looking Lucius Verus. There are no less than four busts of this emperor, all of nearly equal beauty; and perhaps for taste and elegance of manner, and elaborateness of execution, there is nothing of the kind surpassing them; particularly the one in this vestibule, and the largest of those in the hall of the Centaur.

Passing through the arcade leading from this vestibule to the hall of the Roman emperors, I must notice a small statue, known by the name of the *Sauroctone* (19). There is no very great merit in the execution of this work; but it is exceedingly curious and interesting as an authentic antique copy of a work in bronze, by Phidias himself, which is mentioned by Pliny. It represents a young Apollo, who has just launched a dart at a lizard. It was from this action that the original statue took its name.

The hall of the Roman Emperors contains, as its name indicates, many excellent statues and busts of the emperors; but there is nothing calling for particular notice, except a colossal head in relief (40), executed with great spirit, yet in a very severe and grand manner. Passing on to the hall of the Seasons, we find a most charming Venus (46), uncommonly perfect as to preservation, full of grace and nature, and, upon the whole, not greatly inferior to any thing else of the kind I am acquainted with. I should cavil at calling this lovely representation of a mere human being a Venus, but that the beauty as well as the power of the Greek gods and goddesses consisted chiefly in their being little better, either in mind or body, than the people who worshipped them. In fact, the Greeks worshipped personifications of their own good qualities, without knowing it; which was perhaps the best method that could have been hit upon of preserving and improving those qualities. Here is also a noble and most poetical Greek head (54)—probably of a wounded warrior. He is casting his regards upwards; while pain is breathing beautifully from his lips, and sitting on his brow as on a lance. There is a spirit of life in these Greek busts which has never been given to marble since. Busts were afterwards, and indeed are even in our own time, executed with great taste, spirit, and effect; but they want that air of vitality which we meet with in these relics of antiquity alone.

Quitting this hall we enter the hall of Peace; the principal ornament of which is a noble statue of Demosthenes (92). He is in an attitude of deep meditation. The head is instinct with life and genius; and there is an air of simple nature cast over the whole figure, which renders it altogether a most interesting work. In the hall of the Romans, which joins to the above, there are several objects worthy of particular remark. The first is an exquisitely preserved bust of Geta (97), the brother and colleague, and at length the victim of Caracalla. It is curious on account of the great rarity of representations of this emperor, as Caracalla is supposed to have taken particular pains in having them destroyed after Geta's death. This bust is no less curious on account of the perfection of its preservation, and the extreme beauty of the workmanship. It is finished like a gem, and in this respect may rank with those I have mentioned of Lucius Verus. There is also a very interesting statue of Julia (118), the wife of Septimius Severus, and mother of the above-named emperors. It has the appearance

section of having both the hands antique, which can be said of very few other statues, here or elsewhere. The arrangement of the drapery about the head and body, the fashion of the hair, &c. together with the character of simple matronly beauty pervading the whole figure and attitude, make this statue highly deserving of study and attention. It may be regarded as one of the very best we have of the time to which it belongs. In this room I shall only mention one other object, partly on account of its intrinsic merit, but chiefly on account of an interest it derives from the striking resemblance it bears to our great tragic actress. The work I allude to is a colossal bust, called in the catalogue *ROME* (116); and if it really was intended to typify that city, the resemblance I have noticed is very remarkable; for, if ever a human being existed, whose air, features, and expression were calculated to symbolize to the imagination Imperial Rome in its "most palmy state," that being was Mrs. Siddons.

Entering the hall of the Centaur, the first object claiming attention is the exquisite work which gives name to the place (134). For admirable truth and distinctness in the details, force and vivacity in the expression, and ease and spirit in the general effect, perhaps there is nothing finer than this statue in existence, unless it be the Faun and Infant called *Silenus* and *Bacchus*, to be noticed hereafter in the hall of the *Caryatides*. The complicated and involved nature of the action (the hands of the Centaur being tied behind him, and his head and body turned nearly round to look at the infant genius which is supposed to have subdued him, and is seated triumphantly on his back), and the truth with which the anatomical effects of it are made out, indicate at once a theoretical knowledge, and a practical facility of eye and hand, that are truly wonderful. I scarcely know whether to admire or lament the modesty, or want of courage, whichever it may be, that prevents our modern artists from attempting subjects of this kind. It is humiliating to suppose that we are naturally incapable of grappling with such subjects; and there seems no reason *a priori* why we should be so: yet I am afraid the mere fact of our *not* attempting them proves that we *are* incapable of them;—for there is an instinctive feeling in the human mind as to its own powers, which scarcely ever deceives it. There is little doubt that when we are capable of rivalling the Greek artists, we *shall* rival them. But even if that period ever should arrive, we must not hope to feel ourselves on an equality with them in point of merit; for it must never be forgotten that *they* created the art which we can at best but revive. This work has the additional interest of being an antique repetition, and probably by the same hands, of two smaller ones still existing at Rome, and bearing the names and country of the artists,—*Aristeus* and *Papias*, of *Aphrodisias*.—In this same hall we have a most charming statue of *Bacchus* (148), redolent of rich, graceful, and voluptuous beauty. It seems to breathe into the air about it a sentiment of elegant repose which is to be felt in no other way than through the medium of works of this kind; a sentiment which has ceased to exist as a reality, and can be enjoyed in imagination alone: but perhaps it is not the less desirable or the less effective on that account. It is in this hall that we meet with the three exquisite busts of *Lucius*, to which I have alluded above (140, 145, 146). It also contains, one other, of *Marcus Aurelius* (138), of similar workmanship.

The hall of Diana, besides a magnificent fountain in the centre, and several other admirable works, contains the celebrated Diana from which it is named (178). This is undoubtedly a work of great beauty; but I hardly think it merits the reputation it bears. To me there is somewhat of a modern air about it, which seems to indicate that it was done by an inferior hand, and probably in an inferior age. It is executed with great taste and precision; but it wants that freedom and facility, and also that natural truth and simplicity of character, which belong to the best works of the best age of Greece. Without pretending to possess any better ground for the opinion than that of mere feeling, I should conceive this statue to be of Roman and not of Greek workmanship. The hall of the Candelabra, which we now enter, takes its name from a most splendid tripod (208), which, if it really were what it seems to be, would be unrivalled in its kind. It is still, however, very curious and interesting on account of its having been constructed by the justly celebrated Phanes, as an ornament for his own tomb. The different parts of which it is composed are all antique; but they have been collected from different sources, and the present arrangement of them as a single work is altogether arbitrary and modern. Perhaps this renders the work, elegant as it is, somewhat out of place in the present collection. It is, however, the only one of which this complaint can be made.

We now, on entering the hall of the Tibri, stand before one of the loveliest and most perfect pieces of workmanship in the world; and one peculiarly interesting to us of the present time, as being an acquisition of our own day. I allude to the Greek statue now generally known by the name of the Venus Victrix, which was discovered in the year 1820, in the island of Milo, the ancient Melos. This exquisite work, of which there is no account in the catalogue, was dug up in several fragments by a Greek peasant, and by him sold to an agent of the Marquis de Rivière, French ambassador at the Ottoman court; who presented it to the Royal Museum. The French, when they happen to possess themselves of a really valuable acquisition of this kind, are apt to make more stir about its merits than an impartial examination of them will warrant; but it must be confessed that in the present instance they have not subjected themselves to this imputation: for in fact they could not do so. The Venus Victrix, or whatever name it may be entitled to, for we will "smell as sweet by any other name," is well worthy of all the admiration, not only that has been, but that can be bestowed upon it. Words cannot speak its beauties, much less overrate them. It is faultless in its class, and its class is the highest in art. It is a perfectly pure and natural representation of perfectly pure and natural female beauty, and if, according to the opinion of some of its critics, it is *no more* than this, to have been more it must have been less. If the genius of the artist has endowed his Promethean creation with nothing beyond the breath and motion of merely human life, it is not only because he knew of nothing beyond these, but because he knew, that even if he could have achieved anything beyond, it would not have been calculated permanently to affect either the feelings or the imagination of merely human beings. In paying the homage of our admiration to the ineffable beauties of this divine statue, we worship—not a vague and abstract notion of that "which was on sea or land," but a real actual image of that which was on sea or land.

is, and is to come. *Great beauty* is a contradiction in terms, as it respects the human imagination, and refers to the expression of the human form; and it means less than nothing, where it does not mean an image of real remembered beauty: combined and assorted, indeed, but not invented. In fact I conceive that art departs from its due and appointed course, where it attempts to *create* any thing but combinations alone.

I have next to speak of the Gladiator (262), in the hall of that name. This statue is perhaps upon the whole the most valuable in the present collection, both on account of the style and character of its execution, and the perfect state of preservation in which it remains. In fact, it is little if at all inferior to any thing of the kind in existence. It represents a naked warrior, in the act of at once receiving and returning a blow, which, if not warded, must evidently be mortal on either side. By the peculiar attitude of the figure, the imaginary enemy must either be on horseback, or in a war-chariot. For admirable skill and truth in the anatomical details, this work may rank with the noble fragment named the Ilyssus, from the Parthenon; and for characteristic spirit and force in the general effect, as a single figure engaged in a certain action, and expressing a certain moral and physical purpose, it is no less admirable and perfect. It tells its own story better than any inscribed words could do for it. In its living features we read, as in a book, added to the consciousness of comparative safety arising from superiority of skill, the knowledge of impending danger, the collected will to meet it, and the cautious preparation to return it tenfold on the bringer. As a single figure, this excellent work claims to rank in the same class with the Dying Warrior, or Gladiator, of the Capitol; and it also in many respects resembles the celebrated Discobolus, which is the chief ornament of our own collection at the British Museum. This statue possesses the additional interest of having the sculptor's name (Agasias of Ephesus, the son of Dositheus) engraved on it; and it may perhaps be considered as the most ancient one claiming this distinction.

Having been led to devote more space than I at first intended to a few of the principal works in this noble collection, I find that my limits compel me to pass over the remainder with a very slight notice; and I regret also that I have little room left to speak of the many admirable pictures which still grace the gallery above stairs. I can merely name a few of the principal objects which enrich the halls that we have not yet passed through. In the hall of Pallas there is a statue of Polymnia (306), curious from the uncommonly clever manner in which it has been restored, or rather created, from a mere hint of the original fragment. No part of it is antique but the drapery round the lower part of the body and feet. The colossal Pallas (310), which gives name to the hall, is also well worth study and attention. Its style and character are similar to those of the grand figure of Melpomene (318), which is the chief ornament of the next hall. In the hall of Isis, which joins to that of Melpomene, we find three most curious and interesting objects: a statue of Isis (359), in black marble, of admirable workmanship, in which the Greek and Egyptian styles are singularly blended together; a statue of Egyptian workmanship (361), probably the best specimen we possess of the state to which art had reached before it arrived at absolute perfection among the Greeks; and a magnificent



Altes (378), dedicated to the Twelve Gods, in very low relief, and in a scarcely inferior to that of the great work formerly enriching the walls of the Parthenon.

In the three following halls we meet with several charming statues, and some admirable bas-reliefs, but nothing calling for very particular notice, except the Hermaphrodite (461), in the hall of Hercules. This fine and singular work is a repetition or imitation of that in the hall of the Caryatides; and they are both equally worthy of admiration. The last statue I shall notice is the Faun and Infant (706), (called Silenus and Bacchus) in this last department of the sculpture. In its way I conceive that this statue cannot be surpassed. Added to an inimitable degree of ease, elegance, and graceful repose, there is a rich racy spirit of joyous exhilaration, exuding, as it were, from every part of the work, which is truly wonderful, considering the material of which it consists. It has more of the rich nut-brown effect of one of Titian's figures (some of those, for example, in his Bacchus in Naxos), than of a cold marble statue. The anatomical details, too, are inimitably fine and true.—I cannot quit this hall without expressing the delighted admiration that never fails to seize and wrap me all about, whenever I gaze on that exquisite work, the Borghese Vase (711), which so nobly occupies the centre of this chamber. It is the finest anacreontic that ever was written: and moreover it transports us to the “*Bella età dell'oro*,” with more expedition, and in a fitter condition to appreciate and enjoy it, than all the labour of Sir Philip Sidney can, added to all the voluptuous ease even of Tasso himself.

I the less regret having left myself little space to speak of the collection of pictures belonging to this Museum, as, notwithstanding the magnificent effect it produces as a *coup-d'œil*, the gallery which contains them is the worst adapted for its purpose of any that ever was erected. In fact, on account of the lights all coming from *side* windows, not more than one picture in four can be seen at all; and none can be seen with any thing like their full effect. Besides which, this gallery, though it possesses many admirable pictures, and some few that are first-rate, and even unrivalled, is far from being either a very agreeable collection, or a very complete one. There is, moreover, a strange and incongruous mixture of old and modern masters, which produces an effect altogether displeasing and French.—The finest picture in this collection is unquestionably the Deluge, by Poussin (120). There is a depth and a truth of imagination infused into every part of it, which give it a character of power and sublimity, that its small size and the high finish of its execution cannot take away. There is not a person introduced in the picture who is not felt to be dying many deaths instead of one; and nothing can be more impressive, and at the same time more natural and judicious, than the means by which this effect is produced. Though this is one of the smallest, it is perhaps the very finest of all Poussin's works. It exhibits all the good qualities by which his pencil was distinguished, and not a single one of his faults. Here are some admirable portraits by Titian, and some others of his pieces; but the portraits are incomparably the best. Among the finest of the latter are those of Alphonso d'Avalos and his mistress (1126); of Francis I. of France (1125); of the Cardinal Hypolito de' Medici (1124); and one inimitably fine, of a man dressed in black (1127).—Among several

other admirable pictures by Leonardo da Vinci, there is one (982) (said to be a portrait of Monna Lisa, the wife of a gentleman of Florence) which, for intense sweetness and depth of feminine expression, I have never seen equalled. There is also a portrait of Bagio Bandinelli (1103), by Sebastian del Piombo, which is perfect in its kind, and in no respect inferior to the best of Titian's. Leaving the Italian school, of which there are few other works that struck us as possessing a surpassing degree of merit,—it only remains for me to notice the Flemish and Dutch works contained in this gallery.—By Rubens we have the whole of the Catherine de' Medici pictures, from the Luxembourg gallery: a series of pictures too well known to need description. They have been taken from their much more appropriate situation in a gallery exclusively their own, and placed here among more than a thousand other pictures, where their peculiar merits can neither be seen nor felt.—By Van Dyke there are several noble pictures, chiefly portraits, in his very finest and richest style. In Rembrandts the gallery is very poor, except in a few cabinet works, one of which (579) (Jesus breaking bread with his Disciples at Emaus) is curious as well from its other merits, characteristic of this extraordinary artist, as from its being finished equal to Gerard Dow.—By the Flemish landscape-painters here are few works claiming particular notice, except a lovely Paul Potter (565), sweet and bright as nature itself, and three most exquisite gems by Cuyp (354, 5, 6), glowing with light and life, and equal to any of his works.

In concluding this slight notice of THE LOUVRE IN 1822, I cannot but feel how inadequate must be any thing I have said, or could have said, to satisfy the feelings of those who have visited this magnificent emporium of Art, or to convey a just notion of its splendours to those who have not: but it should be remembered, that all I have attempted or hoped has been, to recall to the former of these what cannot be too often present with them, and to enable such of the latter as may only have an opportunity of taking a cursory view of this vast collection, to fix at once upon those portions of it which are, as it seems to me, the most worthy of their attention and admiration.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I SAW, while the earth was at rest,  
And the curtains of Heaven were glowing,  
A breeze full of balm from the west  
O'er the face of a sleepy lake blowing.  
It ruffled a wave on its shore,  
And the stillness to billows was broken;  
The gale left it calm as before;—  
It slept, as if never awoken.  
Not thus with the dull tide of life:  
One cheek may be furrow'd by weeping,  
While, free from the breezes of strife,  
Another in peace may be sleeping.  
The wave once disturb'd by the breeze  
Can tranquilly sleep ag. in never  
destiny chill it, and freeze  
The calm it had broken for ever.

## HYPOCHONDRIACS.

"Ægrescitque medendo."—*Ascham*.

ONE half of mankind appear to be constantly devising means for throwing away their lives, whilst another, and far from inconsiderable portion, are occupied in endeavours to prolong their mortal leases. Here we see the flame extinguished by carelessness, there it burns faint from constant fanning. The former class seem to suppose that they bear a charmed life, that the better part of Keliama's curse is upon them, that heat will not injure, nor cold chill, nor water drown them; and that, like Major Longbow himself, they cannot die if they would. The latter, on the contrary, love "the pomp, pride, and circumstance" of sickness, and have a strong natural taste for physic, flannel, and barley-water: they weigh their meat, drop their wine, feel their pulse till it flutters, are hourly examiners of the tints of their tongues, know every symptomatic shade of red, white, and brown, and consider those as the best-employed moments of their existence in which they are sipping water-gruel, taking alteratives, or promoting gentle perspiration. These unfortunate creatures, if asked how they live, might answer, like the victims of the Mal-aria, "We die;" for they eat, speak, and act as if they saw the sword of Damocles constantly suspended above their heads. We allude not, of course, to those who are really ill, and to whom care and caution are duties, but to that tolerably large class of invalids who, if they did not think of their ailments, would have no ailments to think about. "When the head's soul, the body's delicate," and food for the mind would in some cases be more beneficial than physic for the body. Single women without lovers, and married ones without children, if they have not a party to prepare for, a flounce to embroider, or a new novel to read, are sometimes obliged to lie on a sofa, do nothing, and think of their nerves. It has been said, "Te felice, o pastorella, che non sai che cosa è amore." But I would translate this as follows:—

"Hiest above her sex the lady  
Who knows nothing about nerves "

The less these sensitive cobwebs are thought about, the better it is for the peace of their owners: ignorance of them may, indeed, be called a blissful ignorance.

In our climate, intellectual discipline and exertion are particularly required, in order to counteract the effects of the varying pressure of the atmosphere. This will, in a few hours, increase from one hundred weight to half a ton, and what can become of the head which has only a vacuum to oppose to so enormous a pressure? The busy man complains of the day, but have no time to think of its effects, while the idle remark every slight sensation in their frames, smell to ether drink camphor juice, and threaten the nelves with fever, asthma, or poplexy.

Et je sais même sur ce fait  
Bon nombre d'hommes qui sont fâchés "

One might as well be in an apothecary's shop or dissecting- in company with one of the *malades à gémir*—so much does magnesia and ipecacuanha lozenges, so strong a smell of poppy and other, so much said about the various secretion and of a

of the human body. They talk of bile till their hearers are sick ; praise rhubarb, camemile, and asafoetida, as if nastiness were the pledge of wholesomeness ; are always qualmish or feverish ; have a strange throbbing in their temples, or an alarming palpitation of the heart, and perhaps make one feel their pulse, or look down their throat in search of an ulcer or an elongated uvula. They would think it a disgrace to say they were well, and apparently would reverse the Italian proverb, "*Chi ha la sanità è ricco e non lo sa.*" The society of a real invalid is much more agreeable than that of one of these fanciful people. The former describes the symptoms and treatment of but *one* complaint, but the latter cannot condescend to have less than a complication of disorders. A Fezzan proverb says, "Give a Morzoukowi your finger, he will beg first the elbow, and then the shoulder-bone as keepsakes;" and of a hypochondriacal patient one may with truth affirm, "Grant him a cold in the head, and he will make you pity him for pleurisy or peripneumony." In real illness, too, there is often a resignation and reserve, a sort of shrinking from pity and disclosure ; while the fanciful draw on your compassion till you are wearied, and describe circumstances and effects, till minuteness excites disgust. Strange, indeed, it is that any should voluntarily clothe themselves with infirmity ! Alas ! there is enough in a sick chamber to lower the pride of the proudest, the vanity of the most vain. Terrible is the tax there paid to the mortal part of man. There the mind quails under the power of the dust it tries to despise ; there delicacy suffers martyrdom, energy faints, fortitude is overcome, genius extinguished, temper lost. There strength and independence are propped on pillows and fed by another's hand ; there heroism learns to weep, and patience to complain ; the philosopher is surprised at the superiority of opium to reasoning ; the Christian starts at his own unwilling murmurs. There all that once pleased becomes wearisome ; the imagination loathes music, mirth, and feasting ; the memory flies from scenes of wild joy and laughter, of splendour, gaiety, and show, and lingers round those calm resting-places which once perhaps seemed dull and cheerless ; there lessons are learned in an hour, which a long life had failed to teach.

I went lately to see a friend in Northamptonshire, with whom I had been at college. We had not met for many years, but, being in his neighbourhood, I wrote to announce my intention of paying him a visit. I received a friendly reply, in which Mr. B. requested me to spend a few days with him, begged me to excuse the habits and hours of an invalid, and informed me that he dined at two o'clock. At Oxford he was gay, stout, and healthy, and I was grieved at the sad change which his letter indicated. I arrived at his house about one, and was shewn into a drawing-room, full of the insignia of sickness : sofas, foot-stools, easy-chairs, in more than customary profusion ; a few phials and pill-boxes on the mantelpiece ; a wine-glass and spoon, a tea-pot, a baked apple, and some orange-chips ranged on a small table, and a red silk night-cap on one of the cushions of the sofa, which stood near this collection of invalid necessaries. The only things that appeared inconsistent with the general style of the apartment, were some battledores and shuttlecocks, a skipping-rope, and a pair of dumb bells which I observed in one corner of the room. On a cabinet lay a few books, which I found to be *Buchan's Medicine*,

a Dispensatory, "Sir J. Sinclair on Health and Longevity," a well-thumbed volume called "Peptic Precepts," "The Diary of an Invalid," of which only a few pages were cut, and two or three devotional publications of a rather melancholy cast. I began to suspect the nature of my friend's complaint; and just as I was murmuring Seneca's reflection, that "Retirement and leisure without letters are death," the door opened, and Mr. B. entered the room. In person he was little altered, but the expression of his countenance was totally changed. There were lines of discontent on his forehead, wrinkles of complaint on the upper part of his nose, and constant self-compassion had drawn down the corners of his mouth. His voice, too, as I found when he spoke, had acquired those tiresome, whining tones which usually accompany beggary and hypochondriasis. The first compliments paid, I inquired after his health, he shook his head, and with a smile of melancholy resignation replied, "*Moriturus te salutat*," (a dying man salutes you.) I ventured to rally him on lowness of spirits, and to compliment him on his looks, but my remarks seemed to fret him exceedingly, and to exasperate his ailments. He threw himself languidly on a chair, took out a vinaigrette, said he was heated by the agitation my arrival had occasioned, that his pulse was much accelerated, that no one knew what he suffered but himself, that nothing could be more deceitful than outward appearance; that at that very moment his heart was palpitating in the most alarming manner, that he believed he had an enlargement of the heart, or water on the chest. To all this there was no reply to be made but expressions of pity and condolence; these seemed to soothe his temper, but to lower his spirits. Every minute produced a fresh complaint; his liver was ulcerated, his lungs inflamed, he had a determination of blood to the head; life was only preserved by his own incessant care and the constant attention of his physician, but nothing could repair the natural weakness of his constitution, increased as this had been by the sad life he had led at college.

As I had always considered him a remarkably regular man, I could not help asking what he meant by "*a sad life*." "What do I mean, Sir?" replied my friend. "Did I not drink beer at my meals? Did I ever masticate my food properly; ever assist the gastric juice? Had I ever even heard of the gastric juice? Why I have frequently drunk strong coffee without milk, wine after cream, custard after fish! I am often surprised how my wretched constitution resisted such indiscretion."

"But, my dear Sir," replied I, "if so strict a regimen were universally necessary, the nation would be extinct ere long."

"You might all live longer, if you would," said Mr. B. "Galen lived to one hundred and forty years, by nursing a delicate constitution. But I am a particular instance, and ought not to regulate myself by common rules. Perhaps you are not aware, my dear Sir, of the misfortune to which I allude; perhaps you do not know that I was a seven-months' child, which is, in my opinion, little better than an abortion."

The solemnity with which the latter part of this speech was uttered, and the contrast between the tall strong-built man before me, and the image which his words had called up, proved almost too much for my gravity: fortunately the ringing of a bell drew off my friend's attention; it was a signal for him to take two or three pills; and I left him

in the interesting employment, while I repaired to my room to dress for dinner.

Our meal was a transaction of considerable length, as Mr. B. was the most deliberate eater I ever dined with; and he seemed to think no time or pains should be spared where the interests of the gastric juice were concerned. He was to himself a more strict physician than Sancho's tormentor: he seemed to apprehend poison in every dish, except his half raw mutton-chop, and his insipid bread-pudding. Indigestion, like a tremendous phantom, glanced terribly from puff-paste and stewed cucumber; gout was, as it were, personified in a made-dish; flatulency blew its horrors out of the soup-tureen, and jaundice, grim with yellowness, peeped out of the butter-boats. My poor friend drank nothing at dinner, in obedience to Abernethy, and sipped his one glass of wine in conformity with Dr. Kitchener's advice, who, I found, was Mr. B's oracle at present, and to whose "Peptic Precepts" he referred on all occasions. He was the author of that inestimable book; his *Peristaltic Persuaders* it was that I had seen swallowed half an hour before dinner. In obedience to him, too, my friend, immediately after dinner, threw himself on the sofa, and endeavoured, by silence and sleep, to afford leisure to all the energies of his body to assist in the most important office of digestion. While I ate fruit and drank wine, cruelly regardless of troubling my gastric juice, Mr. B. lay in obedient quiescence, unallured by the peaches which, from my plate, "a savoury odour blew;" and it was not till he had devoted three quarters of an hour to this amiable employment, that he sat up and began to play the host, and converse with his guest.

Conversation, however, flagged terribly for some time. In vain I tried politics, literature, science: Mr. B. spoke with languor and indifference on all, and seemed to be more occupied by varying his position every five minutes, in order to promote brisk circulation, than by the state of the nation, the prospects of the Greeks, or "The Fortunes of Nigel." He observed, indeed, that the House of Commons was too small, and that the air must be corrupted in half an hour; of any other description he thought and cared but little, and the state of the members' lungs seemed a matter of more importance than that of their principles or opinions. When I asked him if he had quite given up our old friends the ancients, he answered in the affirmative, and said there was nothing to be learned from them but the custom of lying down at meals, and that of destroying weakly children, which ought to be adopted in all countries. "What were their heroes," continued he, "but fools and madmen? What was Alexander himself but an impudent boy, who would fall asleep under a tree, bathe when he was heated, and drink till he was ill?"

Recollecting that I had seen "The Diary of an Invalid" among the books in the drawing-room, I asked if Mr. B. did not find it very amusing. "As to amusing," he replied with considerable asperity, "I know not what those may think it, who read for descriptions of churches and pictures; but of this I am certain, that it is the most complete imposition ever published. I am astonished that any respectable book-keeper could lend his name to so gross a deceit. Attracted by the title, I bought it immediately, and was impatient till it arrived. I expected to find a collection of symptoms and treatment, of medical practice

abroad, of the effect of climate, modes of living, &c. on a weak constitution; I expected a list of physicians and chemists, directions where to get the best drugs, &c.; in short, I expected "The Diary of an Invalid," and I found a mere book of travels."

Against such accusations as these I had nothing to offer in Mr. Matthews's defence; and in order to change the conversation, I asked what sort of society Mr. B.'s neighbourhood afforded.

"Very bad, Sir, thank God! very bad, nothing but foxhunters and sportsmen. To this circumstance I owe my life. Pleasant society would divert me from proper attention to my health. I should forget the peculiarities of my constitution, I should forget I was a seven-months' child without strength or stamina." "But, my good friend," replied I, "you must be terribly dull; you ought to marry: a Mrs. B. would amuse you when well, and nurse you when ill."

"A Mrs. B." he hastily interrupted, "would kill me in three months. No, no, Sir, there is not a woman in the world fit to be my wife. I should be obliged to sleep on a feather bed with the curtains drawn round me; I should be made to go out in an east wind, then be brought into a room heated like an oven; perhaps I should be quizzed out of my flannel waistcoat, and laughed at for putting on this silk cap when I find myself in a perspiration. Then how would it be possible to get my digesting nap after dinner? or how could my weak nerves bear the thoughtless perseverance of a lady's conversation? No, I am not fit to marry; I am much happier by myself. A wife would be of no use except to play at battledore and shuttlecock with me; and that one of my servants does every morning when the weather will not permit me to take other exercise."

"Upon my honour, Sir," said I, "your life must be particularly dull and uncomfortable: it seems one long act of privation and penance. When did your health first fail you? Ten years ago you seemed as strong and hearty as the best of us."

"All deception, all deception. I was young and thoughtless, and disdained to think of illness; but disease was stealing slowly upon me. When I came to this estate, which was soon after I left College, I had forgotten the misfortune of my birth, and the natural weakness of my constitution. But I soon felt a sort of languor creeping upon me. I gave up horse exercise, I felt fatigued if I read only half an hour. I grew rapidly fat, I had a constant nervous yawning, my spirits fell, I slept ill, and a thousand strange sensations came over me in the course of twenty-four hours. I consulted Buchan, and soon discovered that my symptoms were of the most alarming nature. I discovered indications of epilepsy, erysipelas, and water on the brain. I sent immediately for a physician, who was fortunately a remarkably clever man. I tried various medicines, was bled and blistered, but grew worse rather than better. At length my medical attendant pronounced my complaint to be general debility, and to proceed from a constitution naturally delicate and feeble. At once conviction flashed upon me, and I remembered the long-forgotten lessons of the two old aunts with whom I had spent the first twelve years of my life, those kind misjudging creatures who had taken so much pains to rear the weakly baby of their favourite niece. How often did they remind me that I was a seven-months' child, that I was not dressed till I had been born eight days, that I had

been wrapped in wool like an unfledged bird, and must not act or eat like those who had been duly prepared for existence. I had heard these things a thousand times; but my aunts died, I was sent to school and college, lived like the rest of the world, and forgot the weakness of my constitution till it was too late to repair it. Nevertheless, by the assistance of Dr. Kitchener's invaluable lessons, I hope to drag on a few more years of precarious life."

Mr. B. was so eloquent on his own complaints, that I suffered him to give me a full account of them all, and encouraged him to proceed by assuming an interest in the subject. No lover could be more delighted when permitted to descant on the charms of his mistress—no soldier when asked to describe the Battle of Waterloo—than was my unhappy friend while rioting among fever, ague and palsy, and eulogizing bark and calomel. He seemed to forget his ailments while he described them, and *talking* of medicine appeared as efficacious as *taking* it. Such conversation, however, could be endured no longer than *one evening*: I took my leave early on the following day, and left Mr. B. to idleness, hypochondriasis, and "Peptic Precepts."

W. E.

SONNETS FROM PETRARCH.

"Uuo spirto celeste—nn vivo sole  
Fu quel ch' i' vidi.

HER faded eyes had lost their dazzling ray,  
Her lips their bloom, her cheeks their healthful glow;  
I watch'd each varying tint with silent woe,  
But hope still pointed to a happier day;  
Till once—when near her bower I chanced to stray  
Not seen nor heard—beneath a cypress bough  
I saw her in her garden bending low,  
Breathing in silent prayer her soul away;  
Then gazing on her mild Heaven-lighted brow,  
Her pale mute lips, her soft blue watery eyes  
Upraised in meek devotion to the skies,  
(She seem'd too fair to linger long below)  
Sweet seraph, this vile world is not for you!  
Inly I said—and almost sigh'd adieu!

"Fiera stella (se 'l cielo ha forza in noi  
Quant' alcuna crede) fu sotto che io nacqui.

O BY some stern inscrutable decree  
From clime to clime predestined still to roam,  
Whirl'd round the world without a hope or home—  
When shall thy wanderings cease—thy soul be free?  
Earth's transient joys—O what are they to thee?  
False fires!—that feebly light the watery gloom,  
Then shifting, leave thee to a darker doom,  
Tost like a wick upon a shoreless sea!  
Hush thy vain sighs—though Danger's haggard form  
Hang on thy steps, this proud resolve may cheer—  
To lift thy fearless spirit to the storm,  
And smile in scorn when others shake with fear—  
To bid unblench'd the tempest take its will,  
And rise amid the rock unconquer'd still!



## A SUMMER'S DAY AT OXFORD.

IN inviting the reader to place the arm of his imagination within mine, and join me in completing our stroll through Oxford, I must remind him that he has nothing better to expect than simple unadorned descriptions (as like as I can make them) of inanimate objects. I think a work like ours should not be too witty, gay, and agreeable; but should occasionally put forth articles which its readers may safely pass over if they choose, assigning to themselves as a reason for so doing, that they are "only" about so and so. Now the present paper is modestly intended to be one of these desiderata. It will contain no wise reflections that it would be unwise not to reflect on—no important facts indispensable to be known—no pithy saying that will be read and remembered—no piquant anecdotes that one must be acquainted with. In this respect my article will have a manifest advantage over many others that from time to time enrich this miscellany. The reader may do as he pleases about it—which is always pleasant. A Poem by —, or an Essay by —, leaves us no choice. We must read them; and what is more arbitrary still, we must admire them. Now the present paper is not one of this peremptory kind; on the contrary, it claims the singular merit of being adapted to all classes of readers,—those who do choose to read it, and those who do not: and I hope the worthy proprietors of the New Monthly Magazine have given it *sedes* accordingly!

Of what remains to fill up the rest of the day, and complete our hasty view of a few of the architectural and natural beauties of Oxford, I shall choose the splendid collection of buildings forming and adjoining to Radcliffe Square—Christ Church, with its noble avenue of elms, and the sweet and romantic walk round its meadow—and lastly, the evening scene on the Isis. Once more, then, after having partaken of a light repast at our pleasant inn, let us sally forth into the High Street, and passing up on the left by the side of St. Mary's Church, we shall find ourselves in a square open space, the four sides of which are formed by the back of St. Mary's, the front of Brazen-Nose College, one side of the principal quadrangle of All-Souls, and a portion of that venerable and impressive building called the Schools; and in the centre of this space, detached from any other erection, stands the stately dome of the Radcliffe Library. In order to convey some idea of the unrivalled architectural wealth collected together on this spot, and its immediate vicinity, I will add, that, on passing through the quadrangle of the Schools, you arrive in view of three more of the richest and most characteristic buildings belonging to the University,—viz. the Theatre for examinations, conferring degrees, &c. — the Clarendon Printing-house, and the Ashmolean Museum. That these buildings may be something more to the reader than a collection of mere names, I shall endeavour to convey a slight notion of the character of each; from which it will be seen, that they are as rich in contrast and variety, as they are in every other species of architectural attraction. For pure and delicate beauty, unquestionably, the most conspicuous object in this collection is the back elevation of St. Mary's Church, which forms the southern side of Radcliffe Square. It is a perfectly regular erection, consisting of a rich pointed portal, flanked by three pointed windows,

to correspond on each side, and surmounted by that lovely spire, of which I have spoken before, and which produces so exquisite an effect in all the distant views of the city. The lower series of windows in this front are surmounted by four smaller ones arched in a different manner, and a parapet enriched at intervals by those singular knotted pinnacles which so greatly enhance the general effect of buildings of this kind. Harmonious sweetness is the character of this matchless work of its kind. It seems to breathe forth into the surrounding space an air of deep quiet—of imperturbable peace. For perfect beauty, I do not scruple to place it above any other religious temple I have ever seen. Some of the Continental cathedrals may have been equal to it when in their perfect state; but I doubt if they were not all on too large a scale to admit of their possessing that peculiar *sweetness* of expression which belongs to this lovely object.—That portion of All-Souls which forms the eastern side of Radcliffe Square consists of the screen, gateway, and cupola, which I described in my account of the quadrangle of that magnificent college. Immediately behind this screen rises the singularly beautiful double tower, which I also described. The western side of the square is formed by the front of Brazen-Nose,—a building not claiming very particular attention; though its plainness and sobriety of character are well adapted to contrast with the riches that surround it. The remaining, or north, side of the square is occupied by an elevation forming one side of the quadrangle of the Schools. This is a building which, from its bare, and almost barbarous simplicity of character, excites a peculiar interest, in connexion with the venerable associations that belong to it, and in contrast with the rich and almost fantastical variety of ornament by which it is surrounded. Its perfectly flat and unornamented walls, rising immediately out of the earth like the side of a cliff looking to the sea,—its plain square windows, as if cut out of its face—and its low simple parapet, directly perpendicular with the line at which the walls rise out of the earth—all this, dark and grey with age, yet firm and unimpaired as if of yesterday, produces a striking and impressive effect.—The Radcliffe Library—which rises in the midst of these buildings, and gives to them, as well as receives from them, a look of grandeur and richness—consists of an elevation which may be regarded as comprising, externally, three compartments; namely, the substructure, which is of rustic work, and of a double octagon form, containing eight open portals, all of which lead to one open vestibule; above this rises the circular hall or chamber containing the library, the outer elevation of which is extremely elegant and well imagined—consisting of couples of Corinthian pillars connecting windows and niches alternately, and supporting a graceful entablature surmounted by an open balustrade;—finally, within the balustrade rises the grave and commanding dome, which is finished by a turret and cupola of appropriate character and dimensions. One would think that all these structures, grouped together in a space not exceeding that of one of our ordinary squares, presented an assemblage of architectural grandeur and beauty sufficiently imposing. But as if to defy all competition or comparison between similar assemblages elsewhere, there are, added to the group I have just described, three other buildings, each totally different from any of the above-mentioned, and from each other, and each appropriate to its object, and excellent in its kind. These are the

Theatre, the Clarendon Printing-house, and the Ashmolean Museum. My space will not allow me to describe these admirable buildings with any minuteness; but an idea of their character and general effect in the picture may be gained by mentioning, that the Theatre is raised on the model, or at least its external elevation is an imitation, of those of the ancients, though of course on a very small scale, and I believe it is the only modern building of its kind;—the Clarendon Printing-house is also a perfectly classical erection, consisting of an elegant Doric portico connecting two uniform wings, and surmounted, at the corners of each pediment, of which there are four, one over each front, by statues of the Muses;—the Ashmolean Museum is an elegant modern structure, extremely correct and tasteful in its proportions as well as ornaments, and though of a character different from all the other objects in this group, yet admirably consorting with the whole of them.

We must now abruptly quit this magnificent portion of the city, and repose our senses (almost satiated with the contemplation of architectural grandeur—perhaps on account of its possessing the one fault of not being sufficiently, or rather not at all, blended with the beauties of Nature) among the sweet yet cheerful stillness of Christ-Church meadows. To this end let us proceed to the western extremity of the High Street, and turning on the left down St Aldate's Street, we shall presently find ourselves before the most magnificent structure as well as endowment in Oxford. We cannot stay to admire its nobly simple front, or the gorgeous mosque-like towers of its gateway; for we must, if we would do it with proper effect, no longer delay to contrast, as well as combine, the contemplations arising from the scene we have just left, with those which are sure to be suggested by that we are seeking. Passing silently, therefore, through the great quadrangle of Christ's, and the somewhat lumbering, un-uniform, and much too modern one called Pickwater, and continuing our course to the little meadow in front of vine-covered and ivy bound Meiton, we shall speedily enter "a Temple not made with hands"—"a pillared shade high overarched"—the effect of which, it must be confessed, sinks the works of us mortals into insignificance, and at the same time lifts our thoughts to a height which their own unassisted power can scarcely enable them to reach.—See!—We stand within the Elm Grove of Christ Church—the grandest of Cathedrals! Between its massy pillars the descending sun darts its slant rays, and the innumerable company of leaves above and about us cast their green and quivering shadows on the natural pavement below. The breeze, perfumed with sweet incense from the field-flowers around, chaunts forth its evening hymn; at intervals pealing along the fitted roof, like a dim organ note, still sounding after the touch that awakened, has quitted it. Above, the birds flit hither and thither, like attendant spirits of the place. Before us and around, unconscious worshippers pass silently along, their steps solemnized, and their looks lifted upwards, in token of uplifted thoughts.—To give a bare description of this noble spot would be idle, since nothing but being present within its influence can call forth feelings appropriate to its character. Pass we on, then, to another scene, "different, yet O how like"—different as a tragedy of Eschylus differs from a pastoral of Tasso—alike, as those two are alike, inasmuch as both are *poetry*. The lovely Walk round Christ Church Meadow is very dear to the memory of all who have

trod its sweet windings—dear for itself, and dearer for the many pleasant images and associations that the mere recollection of it cannot fail to call forth; but it will not bear much describing—especially after what I have said of a similar walk belonging to Magdalen College. The one before us resembles that in being artificially planted, and raised on the borders of a clear meandering stream; but it differs from that in being much less still and secluded—more open, extensive, and various in the views it affords—and more gay, lively, and picturesque. Including the Elm Walk, it is more than a mile in length; and yet every part of it is kept in the most perfect order. The turf which clothes its sides down to the water's edge is like a velvet carpet—not the smallest tuft of grass is ever seen to disfigure its firm gravelled footway—not a twig of its innumerable shrubs is suffered to grow disorderly, or a plant to wither without having its place instantly supplied. If I were compelled to confine myself to one of these walks, I should certainly choose this of Christ Church; yet not without confessing that the other possesses more unity of character, and is upon the whole more unrivalled, consistent, and complete.

We have sauntered under these delightful shades till the evening is closing in upon us, and there is scarcely light enough left to shew us yonder gay and glittering scene on the Isis. It is as if all Oxford were abroad, sporting and making holiday on the bosom of her beautiful river. But it is so every summer evening during Term time. Brightly painted boats of all sizes,—from the eight-oared cutter to the little skiff small enough to be taken up under the arm of its single occupant, are skimming the surface of the sun-lit waters. Some of these latter are floating heedlessly along, at “the river’s own sweet will,” or making their way into secluded nooks, and lingering by the side of emerald banks, while their rapt inmates, perchance smitten with the love of old romance, are slumbering over “this ignorant present,” and living a thousand years before they were born. Let us leave them to their imaginations: they cannot be more happy in them than I have been in mine, while thus conjuring up for myself and the reader another *Summer's Day at Oxford*.

*On a pretty but poor Girl going to a Rout.*

“Nihil invitæ tristis custodia prodest,  
Quum peccare pudet Cinthia tutæ sat est.”—PROPERTIUS, lib. 2.

FIVE hundred and more make the set,

The finest museum of Art—

Though strangers, perhaps, when they met,

They'll be very warm friends ere they part.

What a stranger will Fanny appear

Amidst all this fashion and crowd here!—

Instead of a wig, her own hair,

And blushes instead of red powder!

Were her lovely blue eyes made of jewels,

Were her teeth form'd of pearls from the East,

I suppose a round dozen of duels

Will be fought for her—fortune at least.

Will her suitors will hear she is poor,

Will her merits discuss,

Will her admirers their glasses will lower,

A cry, “She is not one of us!”

*An Ancient Tale for Modern Times.*

*Qui capit ille facit.*

STOUT Hercules, the dragon slayer,  
Protected Omphale the fair,  
And, like fresh lovers, overkind,  
His club into her hands resign'd,  
But when his love began to wane,  
Wish'd to resume his gift again,—  
But Omphale, too wise by half  
E'er to resign this useful staff,  
Reserved it for some good occasion,  
To show her love of—domination  
Ye sage *protectors* young and old,  
Who once as Hercules were bold,  
That of your former loves repent,  
And would recall the settlement,  
But find regret will not avail—  
What think ye of this ancient tale?

*On a Bad but Safe Man.*

*Livor inest vitium.*

WILT is jealous and malicious,  
And sickens at a friend's success,  
And would, no doubt, be very vicious,  
Did not his fears his ire repress.

Will's heart is ice, his head all fire,  
A fierce chimera of a man,  
Of what his passions might inspire,  
His lack of wit would mar the plan  
By imbecility and fears  
Will is restrain'd from doing ill;  
His mind a porcupine appears,  
A porcupine without a quill.

*City Lore.*

*Et bene nummulum decorant Suadela Venusque.*—HOR

SIGHING and ogling and all that,  
And all a lover's idle chat  
I have no taste for, and no leisure,  
Let those in courtship use such trash,  
Who boast of much more wit than cash,  
Or deem such follies pleasure.  
In making love let poor men sigh,  
But love that's ready-made is better  
For men of business,—so I,  
If inadam will be cruel, let her  
But should she wish that I should wait  
And miss the 'Change—oh no, I thank her,  
I court by deed, or after date,  
Through my solicitor or banker.

JOHN STOCK.

*Lloyd's Coffee-house.*

# SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR.—NO. III.

## *Hall of the Four Courts, &c.*

It was my intention to have proceeded in the present number with a separate notice of another of our learned neighbours, Mr. Saurin probably, or, a better subject (I mean for a sketch), his great political antagonist, Mr. O'Connell; but I am reminded that a good deal that I shall have to say of these and other individuals may not be perfectly intelligible on this side of the channel, without a short general description of the particular theatre upon which they move, and of certain local peculiarities to which allusions must of necessity be often made. I shall endeavour to prevent, or rather to supply this defect; for I feel that what follows should, in strict order, have been originally prefixed to the entire series.

The law, and the practice of the courts, in Ireland, are, with some trivial exceptions, precisely the same as with us\*; but the system of professional life in the sister-island is in some respects different. One of the particulars in which they differ may be made a source of interest and recreation to a stranger in Dublin, at least it was so to me. I allude to the custom, which the Irish Bar have long since adopted, of assembling daily for the transaction of business, or in search of it, if they have it not, in the Hall of the Four Courts. The building itself is a splendid one. Like the other public edifices of Dublin (and I might add, the private ones) it is an effort of Irish pride, exceeding far in magnificence the substantial wealth and civilization of the country. In the centre of the interior, and overcanopied by a lofty dome, is a spacious circular hall, into which the several courts of justice open. I was fond of lounging in this place. From the hours of twelve to three it is a busy and a motley scene. When I speak of it as the place of daily resort for the members of the legal profession and their clients, I may be understood to mean that it is the general rendezvous of the whole community; for in Ireland almost every man of any pretensions that you meet, is either a plaintiff or defendant, or on the point of becoming so, and, when in the capital, seldom fails to repair at least once a day to "the Hall," in order to look after his cause, and, by conferences with his lawyers, to keep up his mind to the true litigating temperature. It is here too that the political idlers of the town resort, to drop or pick up the rumours of the day. There is also a plentiful admixture of the power orders, among whom it is not difficult to distinguish the common litigant. You know him by his mantle of frieze, his two boots, and one spur, by the tattered leese, fit emblem of his tenement, which he unfolds as cautiously as Sir Humphrey Davy would a manuscript of *Herculaneum*, and, best of all, by his rueful visage, in which you can clearly read that some clause in the last ejectment-act lies heavy on his heart. These form the principal materials of the scene;

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\* There are no regular Reports of the Irish cases. All the new authorities are imported from England, so that the accident of a fair or foul wind may sometimes affect the decision of a cause. "Are you sure, Mr. Plunket, (said Lord Manners one day) that what you have stated is the law?" "It unquestionably was the law half an hour ago," replied Mr. P. pulling out his watch, "but by this time the packet has probably arrived, and I shall not be positive."

but it is not so easy to enumerate the manifold and ever-shifting combinations into which they are diversified. The rapid succession of so many objects, passing and repassing eternally before you, perplexes and quickly exhausts the eye. It fares still worse with the ear. The din is tremendous. Besides the tumult of some thousand voices in ardent discussion, and the most of them raised to the declamatory pitch, you have ever and anon the stentorian cries of the tipstaffs bawling out "The gentlemen of the Special Jury to the box," or the still more thrilling vociferations of attorneys, or attorneys' clerks, hallooing to a particular counsel that "their case is called on, and all is lost if he delays an instant." Whereupon the counsel, catching up the sound of his name, wafted through the hubbub, breaks precipitately from the circle that engages him, and bustles through the throng, escorted, if he be of any eminence, by a posse of applicants, each claiming to monopolise him, until he reaches the entrance of the court, and plunging in, escapes for that time from their importunate solicitations. The bustle among the members of the Bar is greatly increased by the circumstance of all of them, with very few exceptions, practising in all the courts\*. Hence at every moment you see the most eminent darting across the hall, flushed and palpitating from the recent conflict, and, no breathing-time allowed them, advancing with rapid strides and looks of fierce intent, to fling themselves again into the thick of another fight. It daily happens that two cases are to be heard in different courts, and in which the same barrister is the client's main support, are called on at the same hour. On such occasions it is amusing to witness the contest between the respective attorneys to secure their champion. Mr. O'Connell for instance, who is high in every branch of his profession, and peculiarly in request for what is termed "battling a motion," is perpetually to be seen, a conspicuous figure in this scene of clamour and commotion, balancing between two equally pressing calls upon him, and deploring his want of ubiquity. The first time he was pointed out to me, he was in one of these predicaments, suspended like Garrick in the picture between conflicting solicitations. On the one side an able-bodied, boisterous Catholic attorney, from the county of Kerry, had laid his athletic gripe upon "the counsellor," and swearing by some favourite saint, was fairly hauling him along in the direction of the Exchequer—on the other side a more polished town-practitioner, of the established faith, pointed with pathetic look and gesture to the Common Pleas, and in tones of agony implored the learned gentleman to remember "that their case was actually on, and that if he were not at his post, the Court would grant the motion, costs and all, against their client." On such occasions a counsel has a delicate task; but long habit enables him to as-

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\* The custom that prevails in Ireland of counsel dividing themselves among the several courts, produces, particularly, in important cases, an inconvenience similar to one that Cicero complains of as peculiar to the Roman forum in his day—the multiplicity of advocates retained upon each trial, and the absence of some of them during parts of the proceedings upon which they have afterwards to comment. Respondemus iis quos non audivimus; in quo primum sæpe aliter est dictum, aliter ad nos relatum. Deinde magni interest coram iudice me, quem idcirco adum adversarius de quaqua re asseveret, in xime autem quem admodum queque res audiatur.—*De Claris Oratoribus.*

sume a neutrality, if he has it not. In the instance alluded to, I could not sufficiently admire the intense impartiality manifested by the subject of contention towards each of the competitors for his learned carcass; but the physical force of the man from Kerry, aided perhaps by some local associations, for the counsellor is a "Kerry-man" himself, prevailed over all the moral wooing of his rival, and he carried off the prize.

The preceding are a few of the constant and ever-acting elements of noise and motion in this busy scene; but an extra sensation is often given to the congregated mass. The detection of a pickpocket (I am not speaking figuratively) causes a sudden and impetuous rush of heads with wigs and without them to the spot where the culprit has been caught *in flagranti*. At other times the scene is diversified by a group of fine girls from the country, coming, as they all make a point of doing, to see the courts, and shew themselves to the junior bar. A crowd of young and learned gallants instantaneously collects, and follows in their wake: even the arid veteran will start from his legal reverie as they pass along, or, discontinuing the perusal of his deeds and counterparts, betray by a faint leer, that with all his love of parchment, a fine skin glowing with the tints that life and nature give it, has yet a more prevailing charm. Lastly, I must not omit that the Hall is not unfrequently thrown into "Confusion worse confounded," by that particular breach of his majesty's Irish peace, improperly called a "horse-whipping." When an insult is to be avenged, this place is often chosen for its publicity as the fittest scene of castigation. Besides this, particular classes in Ireland, who have quarrels on their hands, cherish certain high-minded and chivalrous notions on the subject. The injured feelings of a gentleman, as they view the matter, are to be redressed, not so much by the pain and shame inflicted upon the aggressor, as by a valiant contempt of the laws that would protect the backs of the community from stripes; and hence the point of honour is more completely satisfied by a gentle caning under the very nose of justice, than by a sound cudgelling any where beyond the sacred precincts.

But this scene, though at first view the emblem of inextricable confusion, will yet, when frequently contemplated, assume certain forms approaching to regular combination: thus, after an attendance of a few days, if you perambulate the arena, or stand upon some elevated point from which you can take in the whole, you will recognize, especially among the members of the bar, the same individuals, or classes, occupied or grouped in something like an habitual manner. On the steps outside the entrance to the Court of Chancery, your eye will probably be caught by the imposing figure, and the courteous and manly features of Bushe, waiting there till his turn comes to refute some long-winded argument going on within, and to which, as a piece of forensic finesse, he affects a disdain to listen:—or, near the same spot, you will light upon the less social, but more pregnant and meditative countenance of Plunket, as he paces to and fro alone, resolving some matter of imperial moment, until he is roused from these more congenial musings, and hurnes on to Court, at the call of the shrill-tongued crier, to simplify, or embarrass some question of equitable altercation:—or if it be a *Nisi Prius* day in any of the law-courts, you



may observe outside, the delight of Dublin Jurors, Mr. H. D. Grady\*, working himself into a jovial humour against the coming statement, and with all the precaution of an experienced combatant, squibbing his "Jury-eye," lest it should miss fire when he appears upon the ground. Or, to pass from individuals to groups, you will daily find, and pretty nearly upon the same spot, the same little circles or coteries, composed chiefly of the members of the junior bar, as politics or community of tastes, or family connexions, may bring them together.—Among these you will readily distinguish those who by birth or expectations consider themselves to be identified with the aristocracy of the country: you see it in their more fashionable attire and attitudes, their joyous and unworn countenances, and in the lighter topics of discussion on which they can afford to indulge. At a little distance stands a group of quite another stamp;—pallid, keen-eyed, anxious aspirants for professional employment, and generally to be found in vehement debate over some dark and dreary point of statute or common-law, in the hope that, by violently rubbing their opinions together, a light may be struck at last. A little farther on you will come upon another, a group of learned vetoists and anti-vetoists, where some youthful or veteran theologian is descanting upon the abominations of a schism, with a running accompaniment of original remarks upon the politics of the Vatican, and the character of Cardinal Gonsalvi. Close to these again—but I find that I should never have done, were I to attempt comprising within a single view the endless and complicated details of this panoramic spectacle, or to specify the proportions in which the several subjects discussed here, respectively contribute to form the loud and ceaseless buzz that rises and reverberates through the roof.

This daily assemblage of the Irish Bar, in a particular spot, enables you to estimate at a glance the extraordinary numbers of that body, and to perceive what an enormous excess they bear to the professional occupation which the country can by possibility afford. After all the Courts are filled to the brim, there still remains a legal population to occupy the vast arena without. I was particularly struck by the number of young men (many of them, I was assured, possessed of fine talents, which, if differently applied, must have forced their way) who from term to term, and year to year, submit to "trudge the Hall," waiting till their turn shall come at last, and too often harassed by forebodings that it may never come. It was not difficult to read their history in their looks: their countenances wore a sickly, pallid, and jaded expression†; the symbols of hope deferred, if not extinguished;

\* I must, in passing, observe of this gentleman, that as a mere actor of broad humour, he is equal to any I have ever seen upon our stage. His manner, too, has the merit of being all his own; his conceptions are transcendently droll; but, to be appreciated, he must be heard in court, for he conscientiously keeps all his good jokes for the service of his clients.

† I have heard several medical men of Dublin speak of the air of the Courts and Hall, as particularly unwholesome. Besides the impurity communicated to the atmosphere by the crowds that collect there, the situation is low and mucky. The building is so close to the river, that fears have been entertained for the safety of the foundation. Formerly, before the present quay was constructed, the water in high tides sometimes made its way into the Hall. The mention of this reminds me of one or two of Curran's jokes:—upon one occasion, not only the Hall, but the subterraneous cellars in which the bar-dresses are kept, were inundated. When the counsel went down to robe, they found their wigs and gowns afloat, Curran

there was even something, as they sauntered to and fro, in their languid gait and undecided movements, from which it could be inferred that their sensations were melancholy and irksome. I was for some time at a loss to account for this extreme disproportion between the supply and the demand; so much greater than any ever known to exist in England. During my stay in Dublin, I accidentally fell into conversation with an intelligent Irish gentleman, who in the early part of his life had been connected for some years with the profession of the law. I mentioned what I had observed, and asked for an explanation: he gave it pretty nearly as follows; and, allowing now and then for a little national exaggeration of manner and expression, I am inclined to confide in what he stated as substantially correct.—“Your remark is just, that our bar is grievously overstocked; and crowds of fresh members are flocking to it every term, as if for the sole purpose, and certainly with the effect, of starving one another. If the annual emoluments of the profession were collected into a common fund, and equally distributed among the body, the portion of each would not exceed a miserable pittance. The ordinary explanation of this is, that the profession of the law is like a lottery, where the greatness of the prizes allures an extraordinary number of competitors: this is true to a certain extent in England, as well as here; but I suspect with this difference, that in England almost every person, before he purchases a ticket, assures himself, that he has, not only some chance of the highest prizes, but a great chance of the intermediate and smaller ones; whereas with us not more than one-fourth of the holders have the slightest ground of calculating upon either the one or the other. This inordinate preference for the profession of the bar in this country arises from many causes. As one of the chief, I shall mention the preposterous ambition of our gentry, and their fantastic sensitiveness on the article of ‘family pride.’ All our distresses and humiliations have not yet tamed us into right notions upon the most important concerns of life. In every thing we still prefer glare to substance,—in nothing more than in the choice of a profession for our sons. An Irish father’s first anxiety is to give his son a calling in every way befitting the ancient dignity of his name; and in this point of view the bar has peculiar attractions. It is not merely that it may, by possibility, lead to wealth, or, perhaps, to a peerage, or a seat in the privy council, though these are never left out of the account, but, independently of all this, an adventitious dignity has been conferred upon it, as a profession, by the political circumstances of the country. Until the act of 1792, no catholic could become a barrister; all the emoluments and dignities of the law were the exclusive property of the privileged few; and they were so considerable, that the highest families in the kingdom rushed in to share them. This

for whom a cause was waiting, seized the first that drifted within reach, and appeared in court, dripping like a river-eel.—“Well, Mr. Curran,” asked one of the judges, “how did you leave your friends coming on below?”—“Swimmingly, my Lord.” In the course of the morning, one of these learned friends (who, from missing his footing, had come in for a thorough sousing) repeatedly protested to their Lordships, that he should feel *ostended* to offer such and such arguments to the Court.—Curran, in reply, complimented him upon his delicacy of feeling, which he represented as “truly a high and rare strain of modesty, in one who had just been dipped in the Toppa.”

stamped an aristocratic character and importance upon the profession. To be a "counsellor" in those days was to be no ordinary personage. Many of them belonged to noble houses; many were men of name and authority in the state; all of them, even the least distinguished, caught a certain ray of glory from the mere act of association with a favoured class contending for the most dazzling objects of competition. Much of this has passed away; but a popular charm, I should rather say a delusion still attaches to the name; and parents, duped by certain vague and obsolete associations, continue to precipitate their sons into this now most precarious career, without the least advertence to their substantial prospects of success, and in utter ignorance of the peculiar habits and talents required to obtain it. It is a common by-word, with us, 'that no one who really deserves to succeed at our bar will fail.' This may be very true; but what a complication of qualities, what a course of privation, what trials of taste, and temper, and pride, are involved in that familiar and ill-understood assertion. A young barrister who looks to eminence from his own sheer unaided merits, must have a mind and frame prepared by nature for the endurance of unremitting toil. He must cram his memory with the arbitrary principles of a complex and incongruous code, and be equally prepared, as occasion serves, to apply or misapply them. He must not only surpass his competitors in the art of reasoning right from right principles—the logic of common life; but he must be equally an adept in reasoning right from wrong principles, and wrong from right ones. He must learn to glory in a perplexing sophistry, as in the discovery of an immortal truth. He must make up his mind and his face to demonstrate, in open court, with all imaginable gravity, that nonsense is replete with meaning, and that the clearest meaning is manifestly nonsense by construction. This is what is meant by 'legal habits of thinking;' and to acquire them he must not only prepare his faculties by a course of assiduous and direct cultivation, but he must absolutely forswear all other studies and speculations that may interfere with their perfection. There must be no dallying with literature; no hankering after comprehensive theories for the good of men; away must be wiped all such 'trivial fond records.' He must keep to his digests and indexes. He must see nothing in mankind but a great collection of plaintiffs and defendants, and consider no revolution in their affairs as comparable in interest to the last term report of points of practice decided in Banco Regis. As he walks the streets, he must give way to no sentimental musings. There must be no 'commercing with the skies;' no idle dreams of love, and rainbows, and poetic forms, and all the bright illusions upon which the 'fancy free' can feast. If a thought of love intrudes, it must be connected with the law of marriage settlements, and articles of separation from bed and board. So of the other passions; and of every the most interesting incident and situation in human life—he must view them all with reference to their "legal effect and operation." If a funeral passes by, instead of permitting his imagination to follow the mourners to the grave, he must consider, how far the executor may not have made himself liable for a waste of assets by some supernumerary plumes and hatbands, beyond 'the state and circumstances of the deceased;'—or if his eye should light upon a requisition for a public meeting, to petition against a

grievance, he must regard the grievance as immaterial, but bethink himself whether the wording of the requisition be strictly warrantable under the provisions of the convention act.

"Such is a part, and a very small part, of the probationary discipline to which the young candidate for forensic eminence must be prepared to submit; and if he can hold out for ten or fifteen years, his superior claims may begin to be known and rewarded. But success will bring no diminution of toil and self-denial. The bodily and mental labour alone of a successful barrister's life would be sufficient, if known beforehand, to appal the stoutest. Besides this, it has its many peculiar rubs and annoyances. His life is passed in a tumult of perpetual contention, and he must make up his sensibility to give and receive the hardest knocks. He has no choice of cases; he must throw himself heart and soul into the most unpromising that is confided to him. He must fight pitched battles with obstreperous witnesses. He must have lungs to outelamour the most clamorous. He must make speeches without materials. He must keep battering for hours at a jury that he sees to be impregnable. He is before the public, and at the mercy of public opinion, and if every nerve be not strained to the utmost to achieve what is impossible, the public, with its usual good-nature, will attribute the failure to want of zeal or capacity in the advocate—to any thing rather than the badness of the cause. Finally, he must appear to be sanguine, even after a defeat; and be prepared to tell a knavish client, that has been beaten out of the courts of common law, that his 'is a clear case for relief in equity.' The man who can do all this deserves to succeed, and will succeed; but unless he be gifted with the rare qualifications of such men as Curran, Bushe, and Plunket, or be lifted by those fortuitous aids upon which few have a right to count, he cannot rationally expect to arrive at eminence in his profession upon less rigorous conditions.

"Hitherto," continued my informant, "I have been speaking of such as come to the bar as simply and solely to a scene of professional exertion; but there is another and a still more numerous class who are sent to it for the sake of the lucrative offices with which it abounds. It was no sooner discovered that our bar was uninfluential, and likely, on occasions, to be a troublesome body in the state, than the most decisive measures were taken to break its spirit. Places were multiplied beyond all necessity and all precedent in England. By a single act of parliament, two and thirty judicial offices were created, to be held by barristers of six years' standing, and averaging each from five to eight hundred pounds a year. This was one of the political measures of the late Lord Clare, an able lawyer, and excellent private character; but, like many other sound lawyers and worthy gentlemen, a most mischievous statesman. He had felt in his own experience how far the receipt of the public money may extinguish a sensibility to public abuses. And he planned and passed the bar-bill. The same policy has been continued to the present day. The profession teems with places of emolument; and the consequence is, that every subdivision of the 'parliamentary interest' deputes its representative, to get forward in the ordinary way, as talents or chance may favour him, but at all events to receive in due time his distributive portion of the general patronage."

"The views of Lord Clare, and his successors, have been to a certain extent attained. The Irish bar no longer takes any part as a body in public concerns; but if it were expected that they were to be disciplined into a corps of corrupt and violent partizans, the plan, for the honour of their country and their profession, has failed. I could collect that it is very unusual for any of these, either expecting or enjoying the favours of the government, ever to make themselves unworthily conspicuous, by clamouring for a continuance of the system under which they thrive. If they have not the high virtue to sacrifice their personal interests to the public good, they at least have the dignity to abstain from all factious co-operation with the party to which they are considered to belong; and, in Irish politics, neutrality of this kind is no ordinary merit.

"I must also add, as highly to the credit of the Irish bar, that their personal independence, in the discharge of their professional duties, has continued as it used to be in the best days of their country. The remark applies to the general spirit of the entire body. There may be exceptions that escaped my observation; but I could perceive no symptoms of subserviency—no surrender of the slightest tittle of their clients' rights to the frowns or impatience of the bench. I was rather struck by the peculiarly bold and decisive tone, with which, when occasions arose, they asserted the privileges of the advocate. An idea has prevailed of late, let me hope incorrectly, that with us a political defendant has a difficulty in finding an advocate, upon whose nerves and zeal he can rely. Such a suspicion has never been entertained in Ireland. Humbled and exhausted as she has been, her bar has not yet been drained of its purity and strength. In that country an obnoxious defendant has much to fear, and from many quarters; but when the hour of his trial approaches, he has, at least, the consolation of knowing that he can never want the support, and to any number he may wish, of able and honourable men, in whose loyalty to their trust, and intrepidity in discharging it, he may confidently repose.

"While I am upon this subject, I cannot omit a passing remark upon another quality, by which I consider the gentlemen of this bar to be pre-eminently distinguished—the invariable courtesy of manners which they preserve amidst all the hurry and excitement of litigation. The present Chancellor of Ireland, himself a finished gentleman, was struck upon his arrival 'by the peculiarly gentlemanlike manner in which he observed business transacted in his court.' I have given an instance of this forensic suavity in my notice of Mr. Bushe.—He is the great model of this quality. He hands up a point of law to the bench with as much grace and pliancy of gesture, as if he were presenting a court-lady with a fan. This excessive finish is peculiar to himself; but the spirit which dictates it is common to the entire profession. Scenes of turbulent altercation are inevitably frequent, and every weapon of disputation—wit and sneers, and deadly brain-blows must be employed and encountered; but the contest is purely intellectual: it is extremely rare indeed that any thing approaching to an offensive personality escapes. I confess that I far prefer this systematic respect for the high feelings of the gentleman to the less courtly usage of our bar,—where I have not unfrequently heard flat contradictions, and unqualified imputations of professional ignorance, very liberally bandied to and fro between the learned combatants. Nothing of this ultra-forensic

warmth occurs in the Irish courts. It is avoided on common principles of good taste : it is also prevented, if I am rightly informed, by the understood feeling that any thing bordering upon personal rudeness must infallibly lead to a settlement out of Court."

When I first frequented the courts in Dublin, I went entirely with the view of witnessing the specimens of forensic talent displayed there. The result of my observations upon these will come in more naturally in connexion with the particular characters of whom I propose to treat. But I found more than I had expected; and one circumstance that very forcibly struck me demands a few words apart. I would recommend to any stranger wishing to obtain a thorough insight into the state of manners and morals in the interior of Ireland, without incurring the risk of a visit to the remoter districts, to attend upon a few motion-days in any of the Irish courts of common law. A large portion of these motions relate to ineffectual attempts to execute the process of the law; and the facts that daily come out, offer a frightful and most disgraceful picture of the lawless habits of the lower, and also, I regret to add, of the higher orders of the community. One of our judges in Westminster Hall would start from his seat in wonder and indignation at the detail of scenes to which the Irish judges, from long familiarity, listen almost unmoved, as to mere ordinary outrages of course. The office of a process-server in Ireland appears to be, indeed, a most perilous occupation, and one that requires no common qualities in the person that undertakes it: he must unite the courage and strength of the common soldier with the conduct and skill in stratagem of the experienced commander; for woe betide him, if he be deficient in either. The moment this hostile herald of the law is known to be hovering on the confines of a Connaught gentleman's domain, (that sacred territory into which his Majesty's writs have no right to run,) the proud blood of the defendant swells up to the boiling point, and he takes the promptest measures to repel and chastise the intruder: he summons his servants and tenants to a council of war; he stiffens their fidelity by liberal doses of "mountain-dew\*;" they swear they will stand by "his honour" to the last. Preparations as against a regular siege ensue; doors and windows are barred; sentinels stationed; blunderbusses charged; approved scouts are sent out to reconnoitre: and skirmishing parties, armed with cudgels and pitchforks, are detached along every avenue of approach. Having taken these precautions, the magnanimous defendant shuts himself up in his inmost citadel to abide the issue. The issue may be anticipated; the messenger of the law is either deterred from coming near, or, if he has the hardihood to face the danger, he is way-laid and beaten black and blue for his presumption:—if he shews the King's writ, it is torn from him, and flung back in fragments in his face. Resistance, remonstrance, and intreaties are all unavailing; nothing remains for him but to effect his retreat, if the power of moving be left him, to the nearest magistrate, not in the interest of the defendant, where with the help of some attorney that will venture to take a fee against "his honour," he draws up a bulletin of his kicks and bruises in the form

\* *Uisce beatha*—so called, from being generally distilled on the mountainous tracts.

of an affidavit, to ground a motion that "another writ do issue;" or, as it might be more correctly worded, "That another process-server do expose himself to as sound a thrashing as the last." This is not an exaggerated picture; and in order to complete it, it should not be omitted that the instigator of the outrage, as soon as he can with safety appear abroad, will to a certainty be found among the most clamorous for proclamations and insurrection-acts, to keep down the lawless propensities of his district.

I have offered a specimen of Irish society, as I could collect it from affidavits daily produced in court; yet, shocking and disgusting as the details are, I confess it is not easy to repress a smile at the style in which those adventurous scenes are described. The affidavits are generally the composition of country attorneys. The maltreated process-server puts the story of his injured feelings and beaten carcase into the hands of one of these learned penmen; and I must do them the justice to say, that they conscientiously make the most of the task confided to them. They have all a dash of national eloquence about them; the leading qualities of which, metaphor, pathos, sonorous phrase, impassioned delineation; &c. they liberally embody with the technical detail of facts, forming a class of oratory quite unknown to the schools,—*"The Oratory of the Affidavit."*—What British adviser, for instance, of matters to be given in on oath, would venture upon such a poetical statement as the following, which I took down one day in the Irish Court of Common Pleas:—"And this deponent farther saith, that on arriving at the house of the said defendant, situate in the county of Galway aforesaid, for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he the said deponent knocked three several times at the outer, commonly called the hall-door, but could not obtain admittance; whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock a fourth time, when a man, to this deponent unknown, holding in his hands a musquet or blunderbuss, loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent has since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of said house, and, presenting said musquet or blunderbuss at this deponent, threatened, 'that if said deponent did not instantly retire, he would send his, this deponent's, soul to hell;' which this deponent verily believes he would have done—had not this deponent precipitately escaped." Truly a judicious selection of these interesting documents would present a very lively and edifying picture of society in many parts of the Sister-Island. In the present taste for the semi-barbarous, I do not even see why a spirited national tale might not be founded upon the romantic adventures of an Irish process-server. As far as broken heads and hair-breadth escapes are concerned, the writer would assuredly find no want of materials.—Mr. Colburn should look to this.

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## MODERN PILGRIMAGES.—NO. VII.

*Tiroli and the Sabine Valley.*

" *Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,  
Nec tam ~~Elissæ~~ percussit campus optimæ,  
Quàm domus Albunæ resonantis,  
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda  
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.*"\*

It is now some years, thank Heaven! since I left the University—not that I bear any grudge to the learned body; quite the contrary, more love than is either worth reading or writing of—but that the interval spent in what they would call idleness has restored to my mind the freshness that enables it to enjoy the beauties of the classics. He,

" That abhorr'd  
Too much to conquer for the poet's sake,  
The dull'd dull lesson forced down word by word  
In his repugnant youth, with pleasure to record  
Aught that recall'd the daily drug which turn'd  
His sickening memory,"

and who by-the-by has quoted so intimately, that he seems to have read the poet since, concludes,

" So farewell, Horace, on Soracte's ridge we part."

The learned annotator to "*Childe Harold*" begs to be excused from joining in this farewell; and so do I, who might have said,

" Good morrow, Horace, on Soracte's ridge we meet."

It is, to be sure, a monstrous antidote to taste, to have the noblest works of genius associated with school drudgery, and to have every beautiful ode or poetic effusion of the classics linked in our minds with disgrace and flagellation. The mere thought of having ever suffered corporal punishment, is an idea so full of disgust, and horror, and degradation, that the strongest feelings of pleasure must vanish when so accompanied. Yet, if we can set aside such recollections, and recur to the spirit of boyhood, we shall most likely discover in its early classic food the germs of those few noble principles that maturity has left us. Imagine for a moment a boy, under whose observation nothing has come but the petty acts and pettier motives of those around him, and who in the way of compelled study can have learned nothing but mere terms from his grammar, and not so much from the flowery English prose, of which he is made to read cursorily a daily portion—Imagine a Virgil, with Goldsmith's Histories of Greece and Rome, put into his hands—Can this be looked upon as less than a second birth? The boy cannot skim over his Virgil, without conceiving a single idea, after the manner that he reads his English; he must pore for hours over a few lines, must construe every word, and is shut up with poetical images and personages, as we are with the shadows in a dream, from which there is no escaping, and which seem so huge and so near, that they stun us into a belief of them. There are few boys of imagination that are not, in a degree, Pagans in their youth. The Gods of Olympus, sung in the verses of Homer and Virgil, cannot be read of without being sensibly imagined; and cannot be once so

\* Our country readers must excuse us this once from the duty of translation: it would be here impossible.



perceived, without being often present. The mind of youth becomes unnaturally extended in endeavouring to grasp these mighty objects, and the mental vision acquires a magnifying quality, which it takes many years of vulgar life to reduce to a less noble, though a fitter standard.

Virgil is the schoolboy's favourite. Horace costs more trouble, and is never understood by him; yet, for this very reason, is read and re-read so often, scanned and learned by rote, that the memory in general preserves more scraps of his verse, than of those of any other writer. His short pieces, various subjects, and strange metres too, are more calculated to lay hold on the recollection. The beautiful scenes of Virgil fade from our minds as we grow up, and we soon begin to look even with contempt on the heroism, the love, and the mythology of the classics. In the passage from boyhood to manhood we grow inclined to moralize not a little, being the age when passions and remorse are alike strong in producing both temptation and penitence. The mind then employed in forming its own character, and satiated with poetry, recalls in preference the pithy morality of the satirist: his common-place diatribes against avarice and prodigality have not yet become common-place to us at that age. And when the spirit of man is young, the simple precepts of philosophy—such poetical laws as the "*Iustum et tenacem*," the "*Be just, and fear not*," command that reverence and awe which is scarcely produced on the mind of more years, even by the fearful mysteries and denunciations of religion.

A little distance from Civita Castellana, the ancient Veii, I came in sight of Soracte. Although neither the "*altâ stet nunc candidum*" of Horace, nor "*the long-drawn wave*" of Byron, it was endeared by the memory of both;—an August sun forbade any snow upon its summit, and it is only from Rome that Mount St. Oreste, as Soracte is now called, answers the description of Byron. The Parnassus of Horace is not lofty: seen from the south, from Tibur and the farm of Horace, merely the round summit of the mountain is descried: to the Perugia road it presents a ridge, and undulating outline, not without beauty. But like the country in which it is situated, its chief attraction must be its poetical associations.

"The pilgrim," says Mr. Hobhouse, "may take leave of Horace upon Soracte; not so the antiquary, who pursues to the city and country, to Rome and Tivoli, and hunts him through the windings of the Sabine valley, till he detects him pouring forth his flowers over the glassy margin of his Blandusian fount."

The poetical pilgrim justly scorned a place so bevisited and be-pictured as Tivoli. But we, whose pen travels on foot, *Musa pedestri*, and who cannot afford a pair of wings to our shoulders, are contented to trace the vestiges of genius with the plodding antiquary

"*Ibam forte Viâ Sacrâ,*"

and turning to the left of the Colosseum, proceeded up the Esquiline to the Baths of Titus; not that I cared for either Titus or his baths, but sought the House of Mæcenas, which that Emperor made use of as a foundation for his most modern edifice. I penetrated by torch-light into the chambers, now subterraneous, but once resounding with the voice of Virgil and the jokes of Horace. Of the very decorations, the painting and gilding, in those chambers that had not yet been exposed to the air and light,

the ground-colour seems universally to have been red, and beautiful little figures of eagles, swans, and loves, are to be seen still in good preservation. Lofty as these chambers are (thirty-three feet), the ornamental figures of the vaulted roofs, like all those of the ancients whether in painting or stucco, are exceedingly minute. As may be supposed, more bats than cares are now to be found, in contradiction of the poet, flying about the "*laqueata tecta*." From the various and more recent petty compartments into which this edifice appears to have been divided, it is considered to have been let out to private individuals, subsequent to Titus. The corridor that served then, as a common entrance, was for the first time excavated by the French; and a curious inscription found, generally thought to be of the time of Caracalla, notifying, that the twelve greater Gods, and especially Jupiter and Diana, would be very angry with whoever did any thing naughty against the walls.\*

It was in vain looking for Horace's town-house among the vineyards and shapeless ruins of the Esquiline, where Canidia might once more find herbs and solitude enough for her magic calling; so that the next morning found me on the road to Tivoli, jolting over the same old stones of the Via Tiburtina on which trotted Horace and his mule. Not only is the broad pavement, but even the elevated foot-path of the Roman road preserved in many places. Passing the lake of Solfatara, and being obliged to hold my nose against the infernal stench, I could not recollect any mention in Horace of this nuisance, which sorely annoys Tivoli when the wind is westerly, and must have annoyed him. Here antiquaries place the Oracle of Faunus, and the groves of Albunæ; the former conjecture is probably right, a bad smell being ever with the ancients a sign of prophetic power.

Tivoli, the ancient Tibur, "*Argæo positum colono*," is one of the most beautiful spots in Christendom, overlooking one of the most barren deserts in it. It was evening at the time of my arrival, and, ere entering the gate, I turned to look back towards the eternal city. The sun was setting, and for a brief moment lighted with crimson Tivoli and the rocky summits above—to the right its dying rays were on Soracte, to the left upon Mount Algidus, while before us lay the olive-planted hill we had just mounted, sloping down to the Campagna; and afar over that dun, undulating plain, that stretched like a sullen and motionless sea, were the spires of Rome and the dome of St. Peter's, minute, but clearly relieved against the rich flush of the horizon. The scene seemed a struggle between the picturesque and the sentimental. Near where I stood had been the villa of Sallust, "*inimice lammæ, Crispe Sallusti*;" and as the eye could not reach the most classic ground, along the Anio, which lay to the northward of the town, I contented myself for that evening with contemplating the interminable ruins of Hadrian's villa.

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\* The inscription is as follows:

DVODECIM DEOS ET DIANAM ET IOVEM  
OPTIMVM MAXIMVM HABEA' IRATOS  
QVISQVIS HIC MINXERIT AVT CACARIT.

Beneath it is painted a tripod supporting a basket, seemingly of flowers, with a rod on top, and each side is a snake, representing the *Genii loci*.

"Purge duos angues. Pueri, sacer est locus, extra  
Mejite," &c. PERSIUS, *Satyr.* 1.

The morning brought ~~the~~ renewal of the pleasure. I visited the Temples of the Sibyl and of Vesta, and descended to the Grotto of Neptune, a scene of unrivalled splendour—it resembles the inside of a petrified volcano; indeed not only resembles, but is so. Thence the talkative *Cicerone* led the way round to the other side of the valley, in order to obtain an opposite view of the Cascatello. The valley, which is open towards Rome, so as to afford from all its points a splendid view of the Campagna, is formed by mountains covered with olive-trees. On the height to the southward is Tivoli; half-way between which and the river at bottom is situated the celebrated villa of Mæcenas, with two or three of the Cascatello rushing from beneath the arches on which it is built. Before the visitor arrives opposite this villa, he is shown the situation of that belonging to Catullus; and almost opposite are the remains of the supposed mansion of Horace, together with that of Quinctilius Varus, whom the poet addressed,

“Nullam, Vare, sacrâ vite prius severis arborem  
Circa mite solum Tiburis, et mœnia Catuli.  
Siccis omnia nam dura Deûs proposuit.”—

and Augustus more pathetically, demanding his lost legions. To use the distinction of the sublime and beautiful, the Cascatello possess the latter quality above any fall of water I ever beheld. They do not fall in a straight line, or precipitately, but appear, from the opposite side, like immense skeins of silver thread elegantly disposed along the declivity; yet they suggest no idea of pettiness, and, seen from above on their own side, are not without grandeur. The Cascata itself, or great fall of Tivoli, is nothing—if I may be allowed to judge, who but saw the place dry, the water having been turned into another channel for the sake of mending the cataract.

The villa of Mæcenas, at least that part of it next the valley, called “The long Gallery,” was converted by Lucien Bonaparte into an extensive forge, worked by machinery. Curious fates houses undergo:—once noisy with the tongues of Virgil, Varius, Horace, and Catullus, it is now much more so with the sound of hammer, file, and saw. The cemented roof is in astonishing preservation: it is almost incredible, that mortar thus flatly laid, and open to the heavens, could have lasted upwards of eighteen centuries; yet we see nearly the same thing in the Colosseum, in those upper ranges that were open to the air, and of whose antiquity there can be no doubt. Part of the court-yard and its façade are entire. This was supported by a long arch, which crossed the old Tiburtine way; and, to give light to the travellers that passed below, there are large square apertures, which open from the court-yard down to the ancient road. Having seen the hundred fountains of the Villa d’Este play, and having spent the rest of the day in Hadrian’s villa, we girded our loins next day for the Sabine Valley.

There was little to be seen there beyond the face of the valley itself, which the poet so often alludes to, and which in one instance he promises to describe “eloquaciously:” he as usual breaks his promise, and runs off into morality:

Capitui montes, nisi dissocientur opaca  
Vallo. sed ut veniens dextrum latus aspiciat Sol,  
Lævum decedens curru fugiente vapores  
Temperiem laudes: &c

J. E. 16

Beyond this general appearance, there is little to be seen but a bit of mosaic and a fountain, and even this last has not escaped the doubts of the incredulous.

"Before the discreet traveller girds himself for this tour," says Mr Hobhouse, "he is requested to lay aside all modern guide-books, and previously to peruse a French work, called 'Researches after the House of Horace.' This will undeceive him as to the Blandusian Fountain, which he is not to look for in the Sabine Valley, but on the Lucano-Apulian border where Horace was born."

The proof brought forward is incontrovertible as far as it goes, and is founded on a bull of Pope Paschal, that mentions the "*Castellum Blandusæ*," and in enumerating the churches, to which it is addressed, describes one as "*in Blandusino fonte apud Venusiam*," which leaves no doubt that there was a Blandusian fountain where Horace was born. But a distant fountain could scarcely be the object of an ode and a vow, and it is very unlikely that Horace, "*satis beatus unum Sabina*," possessed a residence elsewhere. Perhaps the poet, finding a nameless well in his farm, which he sought to elevate into his Helicon, and to dignify it by an appellation, called it *Blandusina* from that near his native place. The controversy is of little moment, the well in the Sabine Valley, if it be not the actual "*Fons Blandusæ, splendor ritus*," is consecrated, independent of that ode, in the epistle to Quinctus,

"Fons enim rivo duc nomen idoneus, ut nec  
Frigidior Thracum, nec purior umbra Hebrus,  
Infirmis capiti fluit utilis, utilis alvo"

So much for Horace—too much, perhaps, for one every way unworthy of reverence, unless as possessed of poetic power. It should be the boast not the regret of England, that she has few Horaces to defy her Cæsars, and that her best Mæcenas are her princely booksellers. In this light, may she never have her Augustan age! R

### Cupid and Time, an Eclogue

- Time* NAY, little urchin, do not fly,  
I must o'ertake you by and by  
Besides, related are our hours,  
Since aged men will wed young spouses,  
And lead their lives so gay and blithe,  
And never think of my old scythe  
I will not steal your darts or bow—  
My scythe more potent is, you know,  
Than all your toys, for when my sway  
I exercise, it is to slay
- Cupid* I know you do, there's no resistance,  
So, Mr Scytheman, keep your distance  
Yet learn, gun Mower, it is found  
That many feel that I can wound  
Then, Ovid says, no herbs can heal  
The sorrows that poor lovers feel
- Time* I tell you such wounds by which no man dies  
And none can fear except young Dandies,  
And all the pains that they endure  
I do not instantly can cure

*The Literary Trio.*

A CRITIC and a Poet met,  
And at one table down were set  
To mutton and old port :  
For a rich Printer, now and then,  
Would feed these heroes of the pen  
In verse and chapter court.

The glass went round; the Critic's brow  
Became more smooth, the verses flow  
From the gay Poet's tongue ;

The candid Critic cried encore,  
The merry Printer call'd for more—  
And more the echoes rung.

Ho ! quoth the Editor, I see  
How bards and critics may agree,  
And amicably chum :

For we all briskly drive a trade,  
Since generous port is wisely made  
"The circulating medium."

*The Fair Sophist.*

Occidis sæpe rogando.      Hon.

"No, no, my dear, I'll ne'er discover—  
It is the secret of a friend :

But, were it mine, so fond a lover  
To mystery could not pretend."  
Whilst thus with phiz so grave I prosed,  
My Chloe seem'd to mirth disposed ;  
Then with a kiss, and such a leer  
As every lover thinks sincere,  
The nymph exclaim'd, "Ah, why withhold  
This secret I have half been told ?  
With me you may entrust it well,  
You know 'I never kiss and tell,"

*On Visiting an old Armoury.*

—Credas simulacra moveri  
Ferreæ, cognatoque viros spirare metallo.      CLAUDIAN

UPRIGHT and stiff, and large of limb,  
Of visage most austere and grim,  
Brimfull of feudal pride and rage,  
These heroes of the "iron age"  
Exhibit in tremendous rows  
Dire symptoms of impending blows.  
Yon battle-axe and twisted mail  
Would make a modern foeman quail.  
Though all this dress, they look so great in,  
Shows they could bear a world of beating  
For then no villainous salt-petre  
Gave war its most terrific feature ;  
They deem'd the body safe and well,  
Unless the foeman broke his shell,  
And with his spear strongly at work  
Pull'd out his carcase with a jerk  
Thus have I seen a boy's eye twinkle  
When he attacks a periwinkle  
With a long pin, and by the snout  
Wiggles the periwinkle out

## LES VÊPRES SICILIENNES.\*

LOREDAN makes some compensation for the feebleness of diction in which the avowal of her guilt is conveyed, by the force of his invective and imprecation.

Your treachery stands  
Unparallel'd, accursed, detestable.  
You are pale and blanch'd, Amelia,—you are pale,  
And shudder at the anticipated doom.  
Live! life be all your punishment: and live  
As I have lived—as you have made me live.  
May all your days be wasted in such tears  
As I have shed for you—their fountain be  
As black and as envenom'd as the source  
Of passion in this bosom; and for him,  
For whose bad sake you have abandon'd me,  
As perjured as yourself, let him arouse  
The self-same furies in your maddening heart  
With which you have distracted me. Be all your tears  
Paid back with scorn deliberate as e'er  
Set on the smiles of perfidy, your love,  
When it comes warm and gushing from your breast,  
Be turn'd at once to ice, and frozen down  
With a repulse as heartless. Then, Amelia—  
Then will you think of me!

Loredan continues his invective against Amelia in verse of great force, which our limits will not permit us to extract, and bids her retire lest the vehemence of his emotions should hurry him to an extremity. She complies with his injunction. This scene, though well written, is, when taken with reference to the plot, objectionable, upon the ground that it does not forward the progress of the play, and contains no new event or intimation of some future incident on which expectation can be fed. This is a defect into which every author not acquainted with the stage is apt to fall, but it is most injurious to dramatic interest, which, though it may not constitute a very important merit, and may be attained by writers of inferior capacity, is yet indispensably necessary for success. We have seen whole acts of tragedies abounding with poetry and filled with character, which were rendered wholly unfit for representation by this fatal blemish. In general, the French authors, who, with less vigour, have yet more intimate perceptions of effect than the writers who have reached a high reputation in England, are free from the commission of this error; and the work before us is sufficiently free from it to render the scene to which we have alluded less imperfect than if it were a link in a long series of irrelevancies. The rest of the act is rapid and precipitate. Procida enters, and informs his son that Gaston, whose wariness was such an object of alarm to the conspirators, has been despatched. Procida exhorts him to make reparation for his offence by some great achievement, and the selection of a noble victim. The conspirators enter, and, in order to reconcile the improbability of their holding their assembly in the hall of Montfort's abode with any resemblance of likelihood (the objection which has been so often made to Cato, and which arises from too

\* Concluded from page 390

scrupulous an observance of the unities), it is supposed that they arrive for the purpose of soliciting the forgiveness of Montfort, and that he lies asleep in his apartment, overcome by the heat of the day. Procida takes advantage of this interval of his absence and of their re-union together to excite them to some sudden act of vengeance, which may instantaneously accomplish the national freedom. He inspires them with enthusiasm, and after delivering several very eloquent speeches, the length of which would perhaps be objected to upon our stage, but which, if properly delivered, would, upon any stage, be productive of signal impression, exclaims—

*Procida* The people are assembled : they kneel down  
In thousands at the altar : now 's the time—  
The sacrifice is horrible ; but just,  
Because 'tis necessary. Let us rush  
Into the sanctuary ; and be our swords  
Nakedly brandish'd, and with hands all hot,  
And red with blood, our cry be liberty—  
Revenge and liberty !—and at the sound  
Let the infuriated multitude  
Start up into an army : we can boast  
Two hundred veterans left us, and be they  
These new-created soldiers, more matured,  
But not less fierce associates ! let us break  
At once through the thin ranks that round these gates  
Stand as their feeble guard, and be this steel  
Your guide as your avenger Haik ! the bell !  
It sends its invocation to us all,  
And with its brazen voice cries out to us,  
The time is come for Sicily ! you start  
At the transporting summons. Countrymen,  
Death 's in the sacred signal : on, my friends,  
My brothers in revenge ! eternal right  
Is the great cause we fight for.—By the thought  
Of wife and sister—by that maddening thought,  
All reeking with pollution, I call up  
The thirst for blood within you : bathe yourselves  
In massacre. Sicilians strike ! and be  
Each blow remorseless as 'tis deep : 'tis God,  
'Tis God that makes them over to our hate :  
And be that hate like their own guilt.—Come on  
Our victims ! throats are ready : God in heaven,  
God is our guide to carnage !

*Salvati* Hold a moment !  
Montfort yet lives. Let Montfort be the first  
To feel the poniard.

*Lorédan.* What ! against one heart  
Should all your swords be lifted ? Montfort sleeps  
One blow should be sufficient.

*Procida.* Who should strike it ?

*Lorédan.* This arm !

*Salviati.* That ! dare you say so ?

*Procida.* The first stab  
Is mine of right, and in that sacred right  
I can transfer my privilege— you were  
My son—and I would have you so again—  
Go—be reborn !—when I can grasp this hand  
Wet with a tyrant's blood I will claim

Call you the son of Procida. My friends,  
I stand his host, and I put my life  
On his revenge: remember it. Come on!

This scene is sweeping and rapid, as it ought in such an emergency to be. The conspirators precipitate themselves from the stage, with Procida at their head, to accomplish their sanguinary purpose, of which the outrages committed by the French afford a sufficient extenuation, to divest the leader of this enterprise of that horror with which our imaginations would have arrayed him, had not his dreadful deed been palliated, to a certain extent, by the enormity of those offences against his country which he was sworn to revenge. A more unmitigated villain is an undramatic personage. He excites no other sentiment than that of detestation, as unmingled as his own atrocities. Unmodified depravity may be occasionally introduced for the purpose of bringing other characters into relief, and making their good qualities more conspicuous from the depth of shadow which borders on their delineation. But, in general, cold-blooded malignity should be banished from theatrical representations. Procida commits a deed repugnant to all our notions of morality and honour; but it receives from the injuries which he has endured a partial alleviation. The author should, perhaps, have dwelt at greater length upon the outrages of the French, and entered into more minute details of their barbarities; but he was writing for a Parisian audience, whose vanity would have recoiled from the spectacle of their national atrocities, and upon this account he was, in all probability, induced to sacrifice to the necessity of pleasing a people so sensitive upon every subject connected with the honour of their country, what was at once due to justice and to dramatic propriety. To return from this deviation: Lorédan remains upon the stage, having undertaken to put his friend and benefactor to death. This is a fine situation, and is managed by the author with exceeding skill. A person unacquainted with the stage would, probably, have indulged himself in a long soliloquy upon an occasion of this kind, in which he would have scrupulously and minutely anatomized the feelings of Lorédan, and have made him, at great length, descend upon his misfortunes, and indulge in much lachrymatory egotism and self-contemplation. But the author knew better, and accordingly he is satisfied with putting into the mouth of Lorédan a few lines, the brevity of which is their chief merit; because in such a situation the audience, who are awakened into the most intense expectation, and pant for the event, would listen with impatience to the finest poetry that was ever edited.

Thus the author has, with singular dexterity, brought Montfort upon the stage in a moment that assembles in its compass so many deep and thrilling interests. It is likely that an English writer, who thinks that there is even a merit in breaking the unities, would have led Lorédan to the couch on which Montfort was reposing. For our own part, we conceive that the unities ought never to be violated during an act, except where some great object, incompatible with their observance, is to be attained. The sudden appearance of Montfort, awakened by the call of Lorédan, is infinitely more impressive than any change of scene, which in the hands of one of our melodramatists would have presented Montfort to the audience talking, in all likelihood, in his sleep. Upon Montfort's entrance he says—



- Montfort.* What mean these cries, my friend?—what shouts have scared  
Sleep from my eye-lids? I have vainly called  
Upon the watchful Gaston—he is gone  
Perchance to crush some wild seditious broil,  
That sends it's tumult hither.
- Lorédan.* Why hast thou come?
- Montfort.* What brings thee to my presence?
- Lorédan.* Strange, indeed:
- Montfort.* You tremble and turn pale.
- Lorédan.* Do you seek to die?
- Montfort.* What dost thou say to me?
- Lorédan.* Approach me not:
- Montfort.* Fly hence—begone,
- Lorédan.* Fly!
- Montfort.* Fly! for I have sworn—
- Lorédan.* What?
- Montfort.* I have sworn to kill thee!
- Lorédan.* Strike—
- Montfort.* I dare not
- Lorédan.* I thought and wish'd to hate thee. Gracious heavens!
- Montfort.* Where shalt thou go? Thy troops are perishing  
Beneath the infuriate people.
- Lorédan.* They shall see me,  
And tremble
- Montfort.* Madman, whither wouldst thou go?
- Lorédan.* You are disarm'd—defenceless. Hold! this weapon  
Was that wherewith you swore me for your friend.  
Take it—defend thyself—nay, take it—there—  
And perish like a soldier.
- Montfort.* They shall perish  
Beneath its brandish'd might.
- Lorédan (stopping him.)* For the last time,  
You were my friend—for the last time, my friend!—*(Embracing him.)*
- Montfort.* Oh, Lorédan!
- Lorédan.* 'Tis done! we are foes for ever  
Go, perish for your master;—as for me—  
Oh, God! let me expire for Sicily!

We are sensible that we do great injustice to the force and brevity of the original in this loose and hasty translation. Encumbered as the author was with rhyme (which so often obliges a French writer to dilate his ideas into a tedious amplification) he has swept through this excellent verse with equal smoothness and rapidity, and concluded it by touching the heart with an instance of noble and manly friendship, in which he has wrought a complete and instantaneous, and therefore a most dramatic revolution, in the feelings of Montfort and Lorédan, which sends them into the streets of carnage with all the sympathies of the audience for their anticipated fate. But this verse demands acting of the first order, without which it would be flat and insipid, and press upon the spectator a sense of improbability, which, if once awakened, would mar the noblest writing, and divest it of that which is the very life and essential spirit of the drama.

Thus ends the fourth act; and we regret to be obliged to state that our praise must terminate with it. The fifth act is crudely and feebly composed. We shall dispose of it in a few words. Amelia and her servants enter for the purpose of describing the massacre to the audi-

ence, which was perfectly unnecessary, as it was easy to conceive its horrors, to which no verse could furnish an adequate delineation, and whose description retards the progress of the play, which at such a moment should hurry to its catastrophe. If we may venture on the illustration, a dramatic work should possess "the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below." Fine poetry itself becomes an interruption, where the passions are all in a state of excitation, and curiosity is trembling for the result. The result in this instance is, we must confess, little calculated to satisfy the emotions which the author had previously succeeded in exciting. Lorédan enters, and informs Amelia that he has put Montfort to death to save his father, against whom the former was raising his sword, at the moment that Lorédan plunged his poniard in his heart. Lorédan raves in the usual style of insanity, into which it is so convenient for dramatic writers to precipitate their heroes when their own invention is stranded. Montfort, however, who has not been wounded to instant death, enters bloody and expiring. Lorédan discloses to him that he is his murderer, and receives his forgiveness. Montfort dies. Procida enters at the head of the triumphant conspirators, and Lorédan stabs himself upon the body of his friend. Procida exclaims (and the conclusion is certainly a fine one)

Oh my country!

I have saved thine honour, and I have lost my son!

I can scarce keep these tears: be they forgiven me.

*(He stands in silence for a moment and then turns to the conspirators.)*

Soldiers, be ready for the fight to-morrow!

Our limits prevent us from indulging at any length in any farther observations, which might be suggested by this tragedy with reference to the present state of our own stage. We shall take some future opportunity of pointing out what we consider to be the cause of the little hold which modern tragedy has taken of the public, when compared with the enthusiasm manifested in France upon the appearance of "*Les Vêpres Siciliennes*." That there is no want of poetical talent in England at this moment, is universally admitted; and the disrepute into which tragedy has fallen, and the failure, in a great degree, of every person who has attempted it, is a curious subject of speculation. Our acquaintance with the green-room will enable us to supply some elucidation of this fact; for which it may, at first view, seem to be difficult to furnish a satisfactory solution. In the interval we cannot refrain from expressing a wish, that our stage could produce a tragedy equal to that of which we have given this imperfect outline.

## A SABBATH IN LONDON.

BY A SEVEN YEARS' ABSENTEE.

An Englishman who has passed seven consecutive years on the Continent, might be fairly reckoned an eighth sleeper. His eyes have been open, 'tis true, but he has been virtually visionless—a wonder-seeking somnambulist; cheated by a dream of splendor and variety, but unblest by any “sober certainty of waking bliss,” or actual reality of comfortable enjoyment. Comfort! how that word will come into the sentence in spite of me! It is hacknied, worn out, threadbare: I know it is. But what then? Must I discard it on that account? must I not speak the truth, because it is a truism? must I not bask in the sunshine, because the sun has shone since the creation? must I inly adore and idolize this word, but never utter it, like the Hebrew who closes his lips on the sacred syllables of the Cabala uprising from his heart? It is in vain to think of baulking my fancy. Reader, I cannot write this paper without *comfort* being its staple, for I write it in the central sanctuary of happiness—in the *penetralia* of enjoyment—at home. Home and comfort: these are, indeed, our own peculiar words. Well may we be proud of them, for they are *not* understood beyond our shores. Let England be my home, then, and comfort and cleanliness my *Dii Penates*, and I freely grant to cavillers against common-place the right of laughing at my prejudice.

The steam-boat, like a great sea-monster winging its way through the waters, bore me across the Channel in three hours, and disgorged me and a hundred other passengers on the Quay of Dover, one Saturday afternoon in the month of September last. The weather was calm, the sea smooth, the sun clear. Every thing, in short, conspired around the shores of England to give the lie to those prattling imper tinences, which I had been latterly accustomed to, about eternal fogs, and clouds, and vapours. But on landing I was electrically struck by observing the compact and diminutive look of every thing. I had been so long surrounded by extravagant and disproportioned combinations, that the thrill of pleasure on touching the *solum nativæ* was for a moment checked. I shrunk, like Mimosa at the touch of mortality, or, by a plainer and better illustration, like a snail into its shell. But when I got fairly within the comfortable contraction, I was much more at my ease, and I experienced a relief as instantaneous as little Poucet must have enjoyed when he hung off the jack-boots of the Giant. I was at once reduced to my fitting scale and level, and an instant sufficed to make me appreciate the contrast of what I felt with what I had been feeling. I saw at a glance that all I had been so long accustomed to was unnatural and artificial; that the whole surface on which I had for years been floating, was swelled out beyond its due proportions; society puffed up like the frog in the fable; bloated bubbles waiting only to be pricked to make them burst; and men, so many political Titans, raging war against Nature, and buried under the elements they are unable to wield.

These were rapid associations running down the chain of thought; yet all this, and much more, rushed on my mind on looking at the short-set, small-windowed, narrow-doored, two-storied residences ranged on the Quay of Dover. Every thing which followed was qua-

lified to strengthen this impression. The snug parlour in which I dined, the light carriage in which I placed myself to start for the metropolis; the narrow roads, compact inclosures, neat gardens, and natty cottages, as we rattled out of the town—all made me understand that I was no longer in Brobdingnag. The very boots of the postilion taught me a lesson of humility.

It was evening when I quitted Dover. The sun was sinking behind the Kentish hills, throwing a rich glare on the hop-gardens—a million times more lovely than the vineyards of Italy or France; and he was covered as he went down by a huge cloud, its edges fringed with his golden beams, and its broad shades throwing a solemnity on the effulgence of his descent. The full moon soon rose upon us, almost as bright as day; and with the beautiful country thus illuminated for me, and my heart penetrated with “a sacred and home-felt delight,” I travelled the whole night without closing my eyes. At five o’clock in the morning the carriage entered the yard of the Golden Cross. Every thing was still as we drove over Westminster-bridge, and up Whitehall—no labourers of any kind to be seen. The repose seemed more than natural, but was not the less impressive on that account. It was quite unlike what I had remembered of a summer morning in London; but I believe it was the first *Sunday* morning I had been in the streets so early. By ten o’clock I had got rid of the discomforts consequent on three nights’ travelling—had given vent to my admiration of the comparative cleanliness of this inelegant inn with the state of the most magnificent foreign hotel—and had finished my breakfast of tea and French bread, as they call those rolls; which are, by the way, as like *French* bread, as some other necessities of life, which the French call *à l’Anglaise*, are like their originals. I then sallied out to pay several visits, where I hoped to make some fine experiments of the effects of a pleasant surprise. I proceeded straight towards Grosvenor-square, and stepping up to the door of an old chum of mine, I raised the brazen visage that served for a knocker, and struck a blow, strong and heavy, with that ponderous implement. The sound reverberated through the house, answered by the cheerless echoes of emptiness. A woman, however, came out into the area below, and called shrilly, “Why, what the devil d’ye make that noise for, d’ye hear? couldn’t you ring the bell, eh? what d’ye want?” “Rough manners, thought I, but this is English independence, which levels ranks and soars above distinctions of sex,” “Why, mistress, I want your master, by your leave.” “Do you, indeed? an you want him, e’en go and look him out near Norwich, d’ye hear?”—and muttering something, God knows what, but certainly nothing civil, she retired into the passage, and I lost her—perhaps for ever. I comprehended perfectly that my friend T. was down at his place in Norfolk, for the partridge-shooting; but I was sadly puzzled to know the meaning of his housekeeper’s want of ceremony. I looked at myself right and left, saw that my coat was good, a watch in my fob, and various other indications of gentility, all as they should be;—but my English readers will scarcely credit, that it was three hours afterwards before sundry such receptions reminded me that a single knock at the door was an official announcement that the hand which struck it was plebeian; and that all ranks are now-a-days dressed so much alike, that the man who has not the dandy knack

for tying his cravat, may vainly hope to escape being occasionally confounded with his servant.

Several other attempts had the same success—for what with the sea and Scotland, the country and the continent I found that London was nearly depopulated. "Well, well," said I, as I turned into Burton Crescent, "I am sure of finding my old friend Mrs. W. and her maiden daughter at least; they are none of your migratory misses, who take their annual flight to wells or watering places; they are sure to be in London all the year round." "Will you have the goodness to tell Mrs. W. that a gentleman wishes to see her, Ma'am," said I, touching my hat to the scullion-looking wench, who opened the door—for I began to learn humility. "Sir," replied she, "Mrs. W. is at Fonthill, with her daughter." "What! at Mr. B.'s?" "Yes, Sir, I believe that's the gentleman's name." "Indeed!" exclaimed I, "guests at Fonthill! and ladies too! Heavens! how times and customs are changed since I was in Wiltshire!" But the newspapers told me the secret next morning.

But this is too bad, thought I; no one in town—all my friends absent—and I a perfect stranger in the land! Come, come, I will bend my steps to my old camp-companion R—, who has thrown aside his sword as assistant-surgeon, and taken up his pestle as a master-apothecary. He will moralize with me on thousands of past scenes—he will tell me, with his old good-humoured quaintness, the merits of the last new actor—detail to me the *minutæ* of the last pitched battle, and shake my right hand with the same honest grasp as when he put me into the Dover coach seven years ago, slipping into my left a box of anti-bilious pills, with strenuous advice to get rid of the effects of my fever, and avoid every thing heating but ginger and Cayenne pepper. In the direction of his well-remembered residence I accordingly proceeded; and, after many wanderings in divers beautiful streets, crescents, and quadrants, and wonderings at disorders of architecture, unrivalled in the wildest absurdities of Moorish, Chinese, or Egyptian design, which are, to quote an old author describing what must have been the prototype of Regent-street, &c., "licentious, fantastical, wild, and chimerical, whose profiles are incorrect, and whose imagery lamentable;" after exhausting my admiration at the general improvements of this part of the town, and my astonishment at the absurdity of their details, I was at last constrained to ask my way to the house of my old acquaintance. Imagine, good reader, my utter amazement when I learned that the spacious and splendid opening in which I proposed my inquiry to an old Irish applewoman (who decorated a corner, and puffed off the contents of her wheelbarrow, with a twang of the brogue and a touch of the blarney that to me was most mellifluous) was nothing less than the old, tottering, filthy passage, designated in my days of boyhood—i. e. seven years ago—Swallow-street, and that still, as if in mockery of the past, it retained its pristine appellation. But not the most gentle of my readers can well suppose the shock I received, upon learning from my sympathizing informant that honest Jack R— was no more; that not a vestige of his house, nor the remnant of a pill-box, not a grain of his powders, nor a drop of his phials, but were many a day buried in the rubbish of the old crazy habitation, and its very site forgotten but by two or three poor patients

and prisoners, who went now and then, as the old applewoman told me, "to drop a salt tear upon the spot, to preserve the memory of the kindest-hearted sowl and most cliverest potecary, as ever gave comfort to a sore heart, or physic to a sick stomach."

I was sick at heart myself, and as I strolled some time longer in the noontide stillness of the squares and streets, a solemnity of feeling stole insensibly across my mind. There was something powerfully impressive in the contrast exhibited by this Sunday solicitude in the midst of the most populous city of Europe, with the bustling holiday enjoyment of continental towns. When I thought of the Corso of Rome, the Prado of Madrid, and the Boulevards of Paris, I could not help moralizing and philosophizing awhile. The novelty of the actual scene before me struck forcibly on my senses, and its policy gave ample employment for reflection. Some hours' pondering on the question resolved themselves to a decision, and I thought myself then, and I think so even now, tolerably fitted to come to a fair judgment; for I had the seven years' force of prime-of-life observation on the one hand, and the whole strength of three times that period of early impression on the other—all kept in balance by the temperate and unbiassed desire for determining with truth. I think, then, decidedly that the Sunday recreations of the Continent are, after all, to be preferred to the Sabbath solemnity of England. That the permission to be gay on one day in the week is more likely to raise the mind in cheerfulness to Heaven than the command to be dull. That the evils consequent on dancing are light in comparison with those which attend on drunkenness: and that policy, piety, manners, and morals, stand, every one, a better chance of being served in the ball-room than in the gin-shop. I do not, however, while advocating universal enjoyment, object to occasional humiliations; and I think an occasional day of denial and gloom might produce on the multitude an effect such as I myself then experienced, but which a weekly recurrence unquestionably fails to bring about. The Fasti and the Festivals, the Saturnalia and the Carnival, of ancient and modern Rome, have caused, and do cause, by their frequency and their licentiousness, but a weariness of dissipation, which it is vain to call pleasure. Arguing by analogy, I may safely say that the rigid observance of our Sunday is productive less of religion than of lassitude; while the incongruity of throwing wide the public-houses, and closing up the most harmless exhibitions, makes me blush that in a land of such true and wise enjoyment, cant and hypocrisy should be found sufficiently strong to sanction and uphold the degrading anomaly.

But I am afraid of treating flippantly this serious subject. It has puzzled wiser heads than mine; and I can only repeat that the impression made on me was certainly great, and I believe good. My thoughts seemed to run in quest of some object to repose on, or at least of some place where they might fittingly pursue their serious and measured march. I felt raised above the vanities of the world, and indifferent to its fantastic pomps. I felt a sort of pious pride amid my loneliness: and I dwelt pleasedly on the literal truth—*Magna civitas, magna solitudo*. I had no longer any desire to meet an acquaintance or recognise a friend. I avoided the way to the lounging places, and strolled thoughtfully on to the Regent's park, near which I lost myself in a wilderness of

cottages and villas, that had sprung up like magic since my last visit to London. One little piece of classic curiosity here struck particularly my attention. It was a brass plate on a door, with the inscription "DIGAMMA COTTAGE," which was chosen, I suppose, to puzzle the vulgar; while the *D* placed above it, though comprehensible to the learned, serves only to announce to the common eye, through its resemblance to one of the characters of our alphabet, the name of the celebrated owner. This information I obtained from a butcher's boy, who was passing, and who assured me that "the *D* stood for Foscolo, the great Italian poet, and that Digamma was the Latin for *Die Game*," which proved, what all the world said, that he was a true patriot into the bargain!

Evening was closing in. I bethought me of my distance from any place likely to afford refreshment, so I turned my face to the east, like the ancient Haruspices, when they contemplated a sacrifice or a feast. The streets became gradually more and more deserted, and I walked on listlessly through the whole line of squares, till I found myself opposite the peristyle of St. Martin's church. I gazed awhile in admiration of this beautiful edifice, and stooped down astonished to perceive that I strolled upon tomb-stones in the very highway, whose half-worn inscriptions I puzzled myself to decypher, with as much earnestness and as little success as attended Doctor Clarke's attempts to elucidate the meaning of the hieroglyphics of the pillar of ON in the land of Goshen. While thus occupied I caught a low murmured succession of monotonous sounds, which seemed to come from within. A door was half open. I cautiously entered the church, and the hollow accents of the curate's voice, and the nasal tones of the clerk, who snuffled out the responses of the evening service, told me that I was in the house of prayer; where literally two or three were gathered together. What a contrast to the gaudy, fine-dressed, flaunting display, assembled under the same dome that morning! But the immediate and direct appeal to the heart came too forcibly to allow me to indulge in reflections of bitterness. The most brilliant congregation in the universe—the most overflowing appearance of piety and pomp—could not have done me half so much good as the twilight loneliness of the church, the faint ray falling through the stained glass on the white surplice of the curate, whose calm demeanour, Welsh accent, and simple garb, assorted so well with the homeliness and humility of original Christianity. The service went slowly on—no hurrying or slurring, because the great folks of the parish were away, and the blessing being over, the worthy minister walked from the reading-desk, preceded by the clerk, and advanced in the direction where I stood leaning against a pillar. When he reached the north-west corner of the church, I discovered, to my great surprise, three women and as many men, each couple provided with an infant, all of whom had slept as soundly during the service, as the bishop is said to do during an ordination sermon. The little things were now, however, roused by their intended godfathers and godmothers, and the ceremony of the christening commenced. Its simple solemnity was really and irresistibly affecting. The quiet conduct of the women, and the pastoral air of the minister, the steady visage of the old clerk, and the absence of all the stateliness of superstition, formed a combination of much which must have attended the primitive plainness of our religion, when it held no mystery and knew no trick. I contrasted all this

with the gilt-gingerbread processions and paltry mummeries I had had before my eyes for the last seven years. I was considerably moved by the scene before me. I am not ashamed to acknowledge even, that when the clergyman read the beautiful passage from the Gospel of St. Mark, beginning "They brought young children to Christ," I felt my eyes brim-full of tears, and when I heard the plaintive cries of the little innocents, as he sprinkled them with the water for "the mystical washing away of sin," my cheeks were bedewed with a moisture, which seemed to me, at the moment, not quite un sanctified.

When the parents retired with their precious charges, and the shadow of the clergyman faded in the distance of the side aisle, and the feeble step of the old clerk died away at the door of the vestry, I went out into the street. It was almost dark. The little lamps began to throw forth their twinkling light, mingled here and there with the brilliant illumination from a gas-conductor. I pursued my way rapidly to my inn, avoiding to cast my eyes to the right or the left, for fear of being shocked by the opening orgies of the night-revellers; those sabbath-offerings of the dissolute, which, in my actual mood, would have been insupportably revolting.

G.

## SONG.

"Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing"

Our topsails by the breeze are fann'd,  
The anchor's weigh'd—at length we part;  
Then fare thee well, my native land,  
I leave thee with an aching heart.  
And none will blame me if I shed  
In this dark hour, a parting tear;  
Or sigh at every step I tread,  
As though the deck were pleasure's bier.

For link'd, my native land, with thee  
My heart hath been from earliest days,  
And long, the pride of infancy,  
Hath been the theme of manhood's praise.  
And still, though every pleasure dies,  
And sorrow lays her chilling hand,  
The star of hope, if it arise,  
Shall rise o'er thee, my native land!

Those happy hours have pass'd away,  
When time flew by on fresher'd wing,  
And left me, as it found me, gay,  
For life was in its early spring  
But like the dear and soften'd dye  
The clouds have when the sun is set,  
They cannot altogether die,  
For memory brightly gilds them yet



## COZENING COUSINS AND CAUSTIC COMPLIMENTS

"I am no herald to enquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues."—SIDNEY.

"I do fawn on men and hug them hard,  
And after-scandal them."—SHAKESPEARE.

WERE I a monk, I would rather be a Cenobite than of the Eremitical class; I am by nature much more gregarious than an affecter of

"—— any sequestration  
From open haunts and popularity."

Solitude once pronounced its own condemnation, when it enabled me to read Zimmerman's book all through, and the only character that excites in my mind the smallest misanthropy is a misanthrope: but still society, as it is now constituted in the genteel world, exacts so many sacrifices without rendering any equivalent, compels one to live so much for others and so little for one's self, that I question whether the companionship of rural shades be not more sociable, as it is indisputably more beneficial. "Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus," said an ancient moralist; and I may reverse the dictum and exclaim, never more alone than when in a mob. I care not in what "dingle or bushy dell" I bury myself in the country, for its silence and seclusion constitute its natural charms; but the loneliness of a crowd, the solitude of a city, the acquaintanceship of familiar strangers and strange familiars—ugh! the recollection is heart-sickening. However simple and philosophical in your personal habits, you must begin, of course, with a handsome establishment, for your genteel friends will not come to a shabby house; that is to say, you must live for visitants who call upon you to kill time and dine with you, to share your bottle, not your heart;—for horses whom you hate to employ, if, like me, you prefer walking; and for numerous domestics, who invariably do less, the less they have to do. A grand prior of France once abusing Palaprat for beating his servant, he replied in a rage, "Zounds! sir, his conduct is unpardonable; for though I have but this one I am every bit as badly served as you who have thirty!" Had I been even rich enough to purchase the right of becoming a slave to my own establishment, and of sacrificing the reality of enjoyment for its appearances, I do not think I should have fallen into a trap so poorly baited; but my means were hardly adequate to the purchase of the wreaths and gilding in which the victims of fashion must be tricked out, though I was quite rich enough to make myself happy in my snug little cottage between Sutton and Epsom.

Though the world has very little gratitude for those who become its slaves, it hates those who appear to be independent of it. Nothing could be more innocent than my life, devoted as it was to one or two friends, books, music, and the muses, who, it is well known, like most other blue stockings, are very chaste and virtuous old maids; but, because I did not choose to visit every body, I got the reputation of being a person whom nobody visited, which, in default of any actual peg on which to hang an accusation, was generally repeated with sundry dark innuendoes and mysterious looks, though the more charitable did me the justice to admit that I was nothing more than a humorist—an ascetic—a little touched here, as they said with a significant tap of the forehead. This I heeded not, but I thought it odd that my rela-

tions, of whom I had an extensive circle in London, rarely honoured me with the smallest notice, though I rather sought to excuse than aggravate their neglect. After all, said I to myself, what is the justice of this claim upon the affections founded upon relationship? There is the moral affection of children towards their parents standing upon the basis of gratitude, and there is the still stronger affection of parents towards their offspring, which is a natural instinct implanted for the preservation of the species; but how mere consanguinity, attended, perhaps, with the greatest possible dissimilarity of habits, is to establish any legitimate claim upon the heart, I am utterly at a loss to explain. Why uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, and cousins to the third and fourth degree, aliens to my tastes, though kinsmen by blood, should conceive themselves to have a better title than the congenial friends of my selection, I profess not to comprehend. Job complains that even his kinsfolk have failed him, and why should I expect mine to be unalterable in their attachments?

Thus did I argue in justification of my numerous relatives who were too busy to visit me, even by the post; and candour compels me to admit that the charge of their neglect is to be received with certain qualifications and exceptions. By some mysterious affinity the sunflower turns towards the luminary whence it derives its name; lunatics preserve an inexplicable sympathy with the moon; an occult attraction directs the needle to the north; the divining rod oscillates in obscure communion with the subterranean spring; and by some such recondite law did the affections of my kindred duly point south-west from London, and the fountains of their hearts reveal themselves to me at a certain month of the year, nay, at a certain week of that month, even on certain days of that week, nor could I ever discover the cause of my hebdomadal popularity, though I remarked that it invariably coincided with the celebration of the Epsom races. At this period the whole genealogical tree came to plant itself upon my lawn, and all the branches of cognation spread themselves over my cottage. I felt like a patriarch rejoicing in the numbers of his tribe; and though I subsequently regretted the havoc of my poultry-yard, and the attenuation of my favourite bin of port, I delighted in the recovery of my kindly feelings towards my relatives, and in this irrefragable proof that they wanted nothing but a favourable opportunity for testifying their affectionate and disinterested regard.\* So far from any appearance of coldness and indifference on their parts, many of them were of opinion that they would be enabled to leave London about the same period next year, and, knowing that I hated ceremony, frankly invited themselves to renew their visit.

Circumstances shortly enabled them to give a fuller development to their cordial and genuine attachment. An old fellow collegian left me a considerable legacy, upon the strength of which I married a lady of great respectability and congenial age, with whom I had been acquainted nearly fifteen years; and in the three first months, I think, I paid eleven pounds for postage of letters from collaterals, whose affinity it would have puzzled the Herald's College to discover; besides receiving, Heaven knows how many, visits from claimants of consanguinity equally near, and dear, and unknown. Oh, the worlds of good advice showered upon me when it was whispered that I was about to marry! I began to doubt my own identity. Surely, methought, I

must be a minor, or a ward of chancery, or a lunatic, to be thus schooled, and lectured, and catechised, by people who conceive the most remote relationship to be a warrant for impertinent advice, though they would not acknowledge it were urged as a plea for their affording me the smallest assistance. Not an individual article of my household establishment escaped censure—my own tables were turned against me—I had ante-nuptial curtain lectures—I could not sleep for my beds—my walls originated a paper war, and my coal-scuttle kindled a fierce controversy. One of my fiftieth female cousins, whose husband, a dashing broker, had kept a carriage for six months previous to his bankruptcy, assured me, with pompous complacency, that she could speak from experience about horses, and that I should find it much better to job them. I chose, however, to purchase; one of them shortly died, and, instead of sympathising with my loss, she became rampant with delight at the verification of her prognostics. Not one of the family clan had weighed in their minds whether my wife was suitable or not: I had reflected upon it for fifteen years; yet they all obtruded an opinion, and many presumed to condemn my choice. Verily, said I, in a pet, relations are the most impertinent people upon the face of the earth, but I recalled the unchangeable words upon reflection: and in this flattering interest in all my concerns, from the greatest to the most trifling, I beheld at least their acquittal from the charge of neglect and indifference, which I had formerly brought against them.

I have said that I hate a misanthrope; and to illustrate the danger of rashly forming illiberal opinions, I feel bound to state that one of these very kinsmen whom I had accused of apathy, came forward in the most friendly manner to borrow a sum of money of me, paying me, as he declared, the compliment of his first application, even at the risk of offending a nearer and a richer relative: another kindly gave me the preference, quite unsolicited on my part, of joining him in a weighty bond; and a third, in the handsomest manner, offered me the privilege of becoming security for his son, when he placed him out as a banker's clerk. I feel it my duty to acknowledge that innumerable other favours of this sort have been conferred upon me by these calumniated cognates. Even my wife's relations, who, by some hocus-pocus of pedigree and transmutation of blood, had become mine, were eager to distinguish themselves in this contest of love. Two of them have affectionately consented to become inmates in our house, and I am besides allowed to pay for the schooling of two dear little boys, whom I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing. Madame de Staël says, that we must sometimes give fame a long credit, but that, if there be any thing due to us, she will be sure to pay it in the long run: so it is with relations; their merits may be obscured for a time, but ultimately they force themselves upon our notice. I have recorded the instances of liberality which I have myself experienced, and I doubt not that the recollection of the reader will suggest many congenial traits in his own circle, not less striking and apposite.

There is, in fact, much more liberality in the world than is generally supposed, while its generosity with other people's money is almost unlimited. I never knew an heiress or a girl of fortune whose portion was not doubled or tripled, which at least shews the good wishes of the narrators. If she be not married, this exaggerated statement is, to be sure, apt to be adduced as a proof that there must be something

serious against her, or, with such immense wealth, she would have gone off long ago; and if she do marry, folks are prone to exclaim—“No wonder, with thirty thousand pounds—the pill required a good deal of gilding:”—but still the generosity of these gratuitous donations remains unimpeached.

Nor is this munificence confined to females. I was executor to my old friend Ned Evelyn, who left ten thousand pounds to each of his nephews, Sidney and Frank Stapleton; the former of whom, a prudent man with a young family, made no alteration in his establishment, and was immediately anathematized as an avaricious old hunk; in fact, a complete miser, who kept living on in the same mean style, although his rich old uncle had lately left him twenty-five thousand pounds! Frank, a thoughtless fellow, embarked his legacy in an unfortunate speculation, and fell into speedy embarrassment, when the world fairly raised up its eyes and shoulders in amazement at the wasteful profligacy which, in so short a time, could have run through forty thousand pounds; though they were aware that much could be done when a man combined mistresses, horses, and gaming. In vain did I protest that he inherited no such sum; they happened to know it: one of their particular friends had seen the receipt for the legacy-duty paid in Doctors' Commons, and it really was scandalous in a man who had three such dear beautiful little children. What can be more amiable than the sympathy universally expressed upon such occasions for a man's unprovided, and interesting, and charming cherubs? It must be confessed, that their beauties and accomplishments are frequently left unnoticed until they can be converted into a reproach against the parent; and after they have served that purpose, are too often forgotten, but then the feeling at the moment is so kind-hearted—so considerate—so benevolent!

Let me repeat, however, that a man is sure of ultimate justice from the world, however his virtues may be for a time eclipsed. My neighbour Sir Toby Harbottle always appeared to me to deserve the character universally assigned to him—that of an ignorant, drunken profligate; but no sooner did his wife, a most amiable and exemplary woman, separate herself from him in the unconquerable disgust of his incurable vices, than she was assailed with every species of obloquy; while it turned out that Sir Toby, as good and honest a fellow as ever lived, had been originally driven to drinking by the unkindness of his demure Xantippe of a wife. Now, I should have known nothing of all this, but for that stern and inflexible, though sometimes tardy, justice which the world delights to exercise upon those who are the objects of its notice.

A certain author's first publication appeared to me sufficiently common-place, but the last is admitted, even by his friends, to be a decided failure, and I now hear people exclaiming—“Well, there *was* talent and genius in his former production; and so I always said, though many thought otherwise, and I am the more surprised that he should publish such miserable trash and rubbish as this.” I have not the least recollection of the admission for which these good folks take credit as to the preceding work; but it is truly pleasing to observe with what ingenuous candour they acknowledge a man's early merits when they serve to signalize his late failure.

H.

## A VISIT TO BLLENHEIM.

If the munificent sum which has been voted to purchase a domain for the Duke of Wellington and his descendants, should be the means, a hundred years hence, of beautifying the face of England with a spot like Blenheim, the battle of Waterloo will not have been fought in vain ! I fear the task I have undertaken, of describing a few of the scenes which present themselves to the spectator in wandering over this rich and unrivalled spot, is somewhat presumptuous. To delineate any one particular scene from a particular point of view, (such, for instance, as those from the summit of Mount Saint Catherine's, in Normandy—or the Devil's Dyke, near Brighton) is not very difficult ; for there the objects forming the scene lay mapped out before you, immoveable and unchanging in their expression ; and you may draw a portrait of the whole which they form, just as you may draw a human face that sits fixed before you for that purpose. But to paint a scene, the character of which is to be ever changing its character, which does not present any thing like the same aspect from any two points of view, is like endeavouring to catch the tints of the rainbow as they come and go, or to copy the *general* expression of a human countenance, while it is every moment being moved and animated by a different *particular* expression. I believe there are one or two portrait-painters of our day who can achieve this latter. If I can imitate them, while drawing a sketch of Blenheim Park and its appurtenances, I shall be more successful than I anticipate. But I must venture to attempt this ; because I think that in no other way can these scenes be laid before a reader, who either has or has not seen them, with any prospect of their either recalling to the former, or creating for the latter, an interest like that which is felt during the actual contemplation of them.

In order that we may give these scenes the advantages arising from contrast and association, as well as those belonging intrinsically to themselves, without reference to any thing external from them, let us visit them immediately on our arrival from a distant spot—say the metropolis.—Notwithstanding the great picturesque beauty conferred on our English scenery, by the nature of our roads and inclosures, these are not without their disadvantages with reference to the same point. In travelling through other countries, from the completely *open* nature of the scenery, we may expatiate freely on all about us, and fancy that we possess a kind of dominion over it. There are no obstacles to our progress in any direction, scarcely in *fact*, and not at all in imagination ; and this latter is, generally, all that is necessary in the cases to which I am alluding, where one likes to wander hither and thither, exercising the mind at the same time with the body. But in England—at least in those parts of it in which the scenery possesses any thing characteristic and peculiar to itself, we are precluded from doing this. We cannot help feeling that we are

—— cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,

Bound in by saucy banks and hedges.

Thus far we may go, and no farther.—If our roads wind about beautifully, like the course of a river, like that, they are confined within fixed bounds ; and the passengers on the one feel that they can no

more leave it at any point they please, than those on the other. In English scenery, too,—admirably as the enclosures adapt themselves to picturesque effect,—they perpetually excite associations connected with exclusive *property*; which associations, pleasant as they may be to the “homekeeping” imaginations of landholders, are little calculated to excite pleasant emotions in the minds of any other class of persons.

It is after having been travelling during a whole day, subject to the influence of associations of these two kinds, that he will visit the elegant solitudes of Blenheim Park, entering them through the triumphal arch adjoining to the pleasant little town of Woodstock. In the scenery, through which we have just passed, I cannot but think that man has usurped a little too much on the empire of Nature,—I mean for the purposes of picturesque beauty. If Nature sits on a throne, which she always will where she has any sway at all, it is a divided one; and it is evidently raised by the power which divides it with her. But, once passed this little portal, (little, in comparison with the grandeur of the scenery into which it ushers us) we shall find Nature reigning supreme and alone; and if we here and there meet with the hand of man, it will always be found following, never leading her,—watching reverently for her hints, working out her plans, or completing her designs,—never presumptuously opposing, seldom embellishing her.

On passing the above-named portal, we immediately find ourselves on a spot where the mind has free scope to breathe and look abroad; and surrounded by objects which call upon it to do so. The iron-railway effect of a beaten track between close hedges and lofty trees, is instantly taken off; and we feel as if we had wings to fly. The mind has wings; and the first use it makes of them in the present instance is, to take a circular flight over the scene which it would contemplate; as carrier-pigeons do, before they direct their course to any particular point. That flight, from the elevated ridge on which it has left the body standing, takes in a view, first, of the lake that, bound in by beautifully irregular banks, stretches itself from the foot of the green ridge into the distance;—the, otherwise, sameness of the water-view being relieved and varied by coming to us through a rich arabesque frame-work, formed by the bright-leaved beeches that stud the sides of the ridge at intervals, and the soft-foliaged ashes that fringe its border. The elegant sweep made by this green ridge, descending slopingly to the lake, and embossed every here and there with clumps of trees and patches of field-flowers, reminds one of the ornamented train of a court beauty:—the court beauty herself being probably brought to our mind by an unconscious glance that we may have taken at the towers and portals of the palace itself, one side of which rises on the left of the scene before us.

The lake just mentioned occupies the whole of a valley formed between two hills, on one of which I am supposing that we now stand. These hills are joined together by a very noble bridge, a single arch of which spans the lake, and affords a beautiful view of the continuation of the lake through its lofty opening. At a considerable distance beyond this bridge, in about the centre of the scene, rises, out of a rich, extensive, and unbroken mass of trees, a single column, which crowns the view, standing as it does on the loftiest point of it. This column is surmounted by a statue of the first Duke of Marlborough. It has

always appeared to me that a detached column, with a base and capital, but without any thing in the shape of an entablature to support, produces, under any circumstances, a very indifferent effect, and is, without exception, the worst form that can be chosen for a commemorative purpose; but as I come here chiefly to admire, and not to criticise, I shall pass it by, admitting that if it does not improve the splendid scene before us, its great distance and comparative smallness, prevents it from being of much injury, or indeed from attracting much notice at all: I mean from this point of view, where the beauties of the scene are almost all natural ones. From another point of view, namely, the centre windows of the palace, with which it stands in a direct line, at the end of an artificial vista, it no doubt produces a fine effect; but an arch or a circular temple would have produced a much finer.

The left of our view, from the spot which we had for a moment quitted, is occupied by a portion of the palace itself; its grave portal looking forth from among the smooth pillar-like stems of the beeches that surround it, and its low massy turrets scarcely rising above the clustering foliage. There is a richness and finish given to this part of the scene by four large golden balls, which rise from different points of the palace.

These being taken as the fore-ground features of the noble picture I am describing, let the back-ground, to a great extent, be filled up by undulating hills, their soft slopes crossing each other as they sweep down and lose themselves in the low vales, or receding behind each other and becoming dim as they seem to sink back into the distance: the whole clothed in one continuous robe of bright emerald turf, unbroken except by the trees which grow out of it,—here in grand continuous masses—there in small compact families, each member of which has adapted its form to that of all the others, till the whole look like one—and every where in “single blessedness,” in solitary beauty, as if fond of being alone. To give an appropriate finish to the scene, the lake is kept constantly alive by swans and wild waterfowl, the slopes are studded with sheep and cattle, and in the dim vales herds of deer are feeding, or single ones glancing by at times, like spirits that would not be seen.

I conceive this view, of which I am sure that but a comparatively poor and inadequate notion can be gained by the description I have attempted of it, to be unrivalled in its kind. There is an air of grand, yet soft and elegant repose spread over the whole of it, the immediate effect of which is finer than that of any other kind of view, and the after-effect at once more valuable and more permanent. And the character which pervades this particular view is that of almost every other which presents itself to us as we wander through this vast domain. At every step a new beauty looks forth upon us, a new aspect is given to one that we have already admired, or a new interchange and combination takes place and forms altogether a new scene; but the impressions produced by all these throughout is one of calm yet rich and voluptuous abstraction; at the same time a rising of the spirit above all low thoughts and base desires, and a throwing back of the imagination, so as to place it in communion with those times, whether fabled or not, yet still golden ones, when the sound of the shepherd's

pipe was for ever floating, like another atmosphere, over the vales and streams of Arcady, or waking the dim echoes that lived, like invisible spirits, among the hills and groves of Thessalian Tempe.—“I wonder whether one could be out of temper amidst such scenes as these!” said a dear friend to me, as we were gliding along on one of the Italian lakes. Such is another of the feelings called forth by the scene we are now contemplating. Here, the passions which are roused, if not engendered, by a too artificial state of society, are hushed into a deep slumber, and permitted at least to dream that they are at peace.

I find that, if I would confine my notice of Blenheim within any ordinary limits, and would at the same time let it include the interior of the palace, and the gardens and pleasure-grounds, which latter form a very interesting feature of the spot; I must not allow myself to wander much longer in this public part of the domain. I say “public,” for one chief moral beauty of Blenheim Park is, that it belongs as much to the public as it does to the nominal proprietor: it is, in fact, a truly national possession—a treasure of which happily no individual carelessness or caprice can ever deprive us. I shall, therefore, avoid any farther minute detail; and shall, instead, advise the casual visitor of Blenheim Park, if he would see it to any adequate effect, merely to acquaint himself before-hand with the particular points of attraction, and their relative situations, and then find them out for himself; not be guided to them. If he chooses and has time to do this judiciously, I can promise him that a day or two spent in wandering through these vast solitudes will furnish him with recollections that shall last him all his life. Let him find out for himself as many new points of view as he can, and he may wander here for weeks, and not exhaust them; but let him not neglect to see, in particular, the magnificent *coup-d’œil* of the palace, gardens, lake, &c. &c. from the obelisk; the rich, various, and extensive one, including a vast field of external objects, from the High Lodge; and the site of the old palace, which is marked by two luxuriant sycamores, planted at the time the New Palace was erected and the ruins of the old one entirely cleared away. He will scarcely fail to salute this latter spot reverentially, when he remembers that here Alfred himself, the glory of our English annals, passed the little leisure he could steal from the cares of government, in studying and translating *Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ*. Let him also pay a visit to the spot called Rosamond’s Spring; if not from a conviction of the story being authentic which connects it with the romantic history of that unhappy beauty, yet for its own characteristic attractions. At the foot of a steep acclivity, darkened by the shade of an overhanging grove of beeches, firs, and chestnut-trees, and looking full upon the great lake, a little spring gushes forth from among stones, and breaks the deep silence with a “stilly sound,” more hushing to the senses than silence itself. This is the only spot of the Park which can be said to possess an antique and romantic character; and it is here, if we would indulge in visions of times past, that we must repair and sojourn. Finally, and above all, the explorer of the beauties of Blenheim Park must not neglect to pay “honour due” to the mighty oaks, some of them the growth of six hundred years, that form a stately forest on the outskirts of the domain. They are the crowning glory of the scene, and may almost be sup-



posed to watch over it with a parental fondness, since the whole has grown from infancy to maturity beneath their ken;—nay, since the loftiest beeches and elms that stud the surrounding slopes and plains, or crown the distant hills, and have seen the whole generation that lived at the planting of them pass from the face of the earth, are still but in their infancy in comparison of them.

If I conduct the reader to the interior of the palace, it will be chiefly to point out a few of the works of art which grace its walls; for, with the exception of these, it offers nothing worthy of observation—nothing at all consistent with its external appearance, or with the scene of which it forms a part. With the exception of the library and the saloon, there is not a room that is otherwise than insignificant, both on account of size as well as ornaments. The library is a very noble room, supported on each side by a range of solid marble columns, and enriched with two individual objects of art worthy of particular attention—one ancient, and the other modern. I allude to a very fine and interesting bronze bust of Alexander, found at Herculaneum, and a gorgeously ornamented statue of Queen Anne in her coronation robes, by Reisbach, which furnishes a very characteristic notion of the state of the art at the time it was executed. But I am anticipating. I propose to point out a few of the finest works of art, as they occur in each room, in the order in which you are shown through them.

The entrance hall, which, with the exception of the library and the saloon, is the only part of the interior that arrests attention, ascends to the whole height of the building. Its lofty marble columns and door-ways; its projecting gallery; its indented niches, filled with statues; and its richly painted ceiling; produce a very noble effect.

In the first room, called the Study, or in the gallery leading to it, I am not certain which, there is an exquisite Holy Family, by Raphael, breathing forth all the sweet divinity of his matchless pencil. On entering the Breakfast-room, the eye is rivetted by a wonderful head by Titian. The little time they give you in each room cannot be better employed in this than in contemplating the above work exclusively. Titian could sometimes concentrate as much genius within the compass of a single head, as others, possessing almost as much genius as himself, would spread over a whole epic subject; and he has done so in the present instance. In the Grand Cabinet we find several admirable pictures. The most conspicuous are Raphael's Dorothea, by himself; a most exquisite picture, by Carlo Dolce, of a Madona, the head encircled with stars; also an elegant Carlo Marat, and several admirable Rubens's. The two pictures by C. Dolce and C. Marat are among the very best examples extant of the peculiar, and in some respects delightful, styles of those two artists. In the little Drawing-room the chief objects worthy of notice are an Altar-piece, by Raphael, and a fine Rembrandt over the door. The next room to the above contains Sir Joshua's fine family piece of the late Duke, the present Duchess, and their six children. Also a prodigiously fine portrait of Charles I. on a cream-coloured horse, by Vandyke. The Dining-room contains several admirable Rubens's: adequately to admire which, we must pass days instead of minutes before them, and fitly to describe which would require as many pages as I can allow them lines. I therefore pass

them over by recommending them to the spectator's special attention. In the rooms which follow, the only work remaining upon my memory is one in the State Bed-room, a very striking picture of the Death of Seneca, by Lucca Giordano. The only objects worthy of particular notice in the Library are the two I have already named. The others are family portraits—most of them very indifferent.

The gardens and pleasure grounds of Blenheim are imagined and laid out in a taste finely consistent with that displayed in the rest of the scene, of which they form so interesting a portion. In that part of the domain, to which I have already introduced the reader, we have seen nature radiant with select, but almost entirely unadorned beauty. Here we shall find the same nature dressed in a gay and holiday robe, indeed, but all the ornaments of which are formed by her own hand. In fact, the only difference between the gardens and the park, to which they adjoin, consists in this,—that the one spot is arranged with a view to particular, and the other to general effect; that the one seeks to be admired, the other to be enjoyed; that the one bids us stop every now and then to express the surprise and pleasure that we feel, while the other draws us imperceptibly on and on, wrapt in a vague and indistinct sentiment of delight, that we do not seek to express because we are satisfied to enjoy it. In other respects they are alike,—presenting the same gracefully undulating surface of hill and dale, covered with the same continuous turf; which latter, however, is in the gardens kept constantly “smooth-shaven,” and is broken every here and there by the flower-beds that rise out of it, like the party-coloured slashes in a Spanish vest, and by the solid gravel foot-paths that go windingly about through every part of it, “never-ending, still beginning,” like the veins on the neck of a youthful beauty.

Of the individual objects that enrich these lovely bowers, what I most admire are a certain kind of firs, which here attain a growth that is very rare in this country, or, I believe, in any other; and which seems to be altogether dependent on the peculiar nature of the soil. In most other situations, the common spruce and silver firs, of which I speak, after they attain a certain age, gradually lose all their lower branches, getting barer and barer as they shoot upward, and frequently presenting nothing but a straight arrow-like shaft clothed with branches and leaves only on the upper half, and these thin, brown, and withering, except towards quite the top. But here the firs of the above species are the most beautiful individual objects I am acquainted with in the vegetable world. It is true, they present a somewhat set and artificial appearance, rising singly as they do in the form of immense dark green cones, perfectly regular and unbroken from top to bottom, and spreading out their rich feathery skirts, not over, but upon, the velvet turf. But this artificial appearance is any thing rather than out of place in a scene like this, where art should be at least as apparent as nature. A garden is a spot in which these two powers not only may, but should, contend with each other; but the rivalry should be one of love, not of jealousy, in which each should seek to fulfil the wishes of the other. It should be exactly such a one as I could fancy to have actuated Nature in directing the growth of those beautiful trees to which I have alluded. She seems to have been offering an admiring

tribute to the power in whose domain she was working. These trees have as much the appearance of having been trained by art as a yew-tree has when clipped into the form of a pyramid or a peacock; yet their growth is as purely natural and unassisted as that of an oak of the forest that has never been touched by the hand of man. I should think there must be something in the air as well as the soil of this spot peculiarly favourable to the growth of exotic evergreens of all kinds. Here are Portugal laurels more than double the size I have ever seen them elsewhere: one in particular measures more than eighty yards in circumference, and is in full blossom, and without a withered branch or leaf upon it. There is also a cedar of Lebanon of magnificent growth, and apparently in its prime, which is said to be more than six hundred years old. If it could speak, it might tell us tales of "Fair Rosamond" and her kingly lover—more a king in virtue of her love for him, than of his crown and sceptre. Near to this noble cedar (and, I think, nearly opposite to the South front of the palace, which offers, by the by, incomparably the finest view of it) stands an ilex which has attained the growth of a great forest oak. I recommend these trees to the especial attention of the visitor of Blenheim, as the most interesting individual objects he will find there. To me—

"For 'tis my creed that every plant  
Enjoys the air it breathes,"—

to me there is nothing in nature or art more impressive than these *living* beings, that have seen all the generations of the earth pass from off its surface over and over again, yet still seem in the prime and vigour of their days.

I find my limits compel me to part from the reader here, and leave him to discover for himself the rest of the charms of this matchless spot; and perhaps he will enjoy them more fully in meeting with them unexpectedly than in having them indicated to him beforehand. Indeed, my chief object in giving this sketch has been to recall the original to the memory of those who have visited it, and to induce others to see it, who go to Versailles and St. Cloud instead. Of all the ridiculous points in our national character, and we have not a few, the least accountable and the least excusable is that which impels us to run after distant beauty, merely *because* it is distant, to the neglect of that which is near us. Of the thousands of English who annually visit St. Peter's at Rome, not one half have ever seen their own St. Paul's, which is, upon the whole, a finer thing; not one out of every ten who make a journey to the Italian lakes have seen the English ones, which are at least as beautiful; and the very persons who would be ashamed of not having written their names in the Album at Chamouni, would as soon think of making a pilgrimage to the North Pole as to the Highlands of Scotland.

Abruptly leaving the visitor of Blenheim to luxuriate among the innumerable beauties that meet him at every turn; the temples and statues that peep from out embowering foliage; the waterfalls that, whether seen or not, steep his senses in sounds of pleasantness; the grand vistas, that open upon him every here and there, into the adjacent country,—I shall conclude by mentioning to him, what is not very

generally known or remembered, that, in exploring these splendid solitudes, he may chance to tread in the footsteps of old Chaucer himself; for here, in a house that adjoined the Woodstock entrance to the park, he lived and wrote—here he acquired some of that intense love for Nature which no one, before or since, ever felt in the degree that he did, or ever described the effects of with such inspired and impassioned truth.

PETER PINDARICS.

*The Riter Bit.*

JACK Dobson, honest son of tillage,  
The Toby Philpot of his village,  
Laugh'd and grew fat, Time's gorgon visage braving,  
To hear him cackle at a hoax,  
Or new edition of old jokes,  
You'd think a Roman Capitol was saving  
Not Boniface, when at a mug  
Of ale he gave a hearty tug,  
Was fuller of his subject-matter,  
And Dobson had a better plea  
For boasting of its pedigree,  
For his was brew'd at home, and he  
Himself was infinitely satter.

One cask he had, better and stronger  
Than all the rest—brew'd at a christening—  
To pass it set his eyes a glistening,  
In short he couldn't tarry longer,  
But seizing spigot and a faucet,  
He tapp'd it—quaff'd a luscious posset—  
Then, like a hospitable fellow,  
Sent for his friends to make them mellow.

Among them he invited one  
Call'd Tibbs, a simple-witted wight,  
Whom Mister Dobson took delight  
To make the subject of his fun.  
For Nature such few brains had put  
In neighbour Tibbs's *occiput*,  
That all the rustic wags and wits  
Found him a most convenient butt  
For their good hits;  
Though sometimes, as both great and small aver,  
He gave them Rowland for their Oliver.

The guests all met, and dinner spread,  
Dobson first tipp'd the wink, then said,  
"Well, now, my lads, we'll all draw lots,  
To settle which of us shall go  
Into the cellarage below,  
To fill the pots."  
So saying, he adroitly wriggled  
The shortest into Tibbs's paw,  
Whereat the others hugely giggled,  
And Tibbs, obedient to the law,  
Went down, the beverage to draw.

Now, Farmer Dobson, wicked wag!  
Over the cellar-door had slung  
A water-bowl, so slyly hung,

That whoso gave the door a drag  
 Was sure to tumble down at once  
 A quart of liquid on his sconce.

Our host and all his brother wits  
 Soon as they heard their victim's tramp,  
 Who look'd half-drown'd, burst into fits,  
 Which in fresh peals of laughter flamed,  
 When Tibbs, in drawling tone, exclaim'd—  
 "Isn't your cellar rather damp?"

Grace being said, quick havoc follow'd,  
 Many good things were said and swallow'd,  
 Joking, laughing, stuffing, and quaffing,  
 For a full hour they push'd about

The cans, and when there came a pause,  
 From mere exhaustion of their jaws,  
 Tibbs, with his nasal twang, drawl'd out—

"Suppose we now draw lots again,  
 Which of us shall go down to put  
 The spigot back into the butt."—  
 "Why, rounds!"—the farmer roar'd amun,—  
 "The spigot back!—come, come, you're funning,  
 You hav'n't left the liquor running?"—

"I d'd as I was order'd, Jack,"  
 Quoth Tibbs, "and if it was 'ntention'd  
 That I should put the spigot back,  
 It's a great pity 'twasn't mention'd —  
 You've lost a cask of precious stuff,  
 But I, for one, have drunk enough"—

"Ass! numscull! fool!" the farmer cried,—  
 "What can one get, confound their souls!  
 By asking such half-witted lubbers?"—  
 "This lesson, neighbour,"—Tibbs replied,  
 "That those who choose to play at bowls,  
 Should look to meet with rubbers!"

### *The Parson at fault*

A country parson took a notion  
 Into his head, one Whitsuntide,  
 That it was more like true devotion,  
 To preach extempore,—he tried —  
 Succeeded once—twice—thrice—but lo!  
 His fourth discourse was not forthcoming,—  
 Spite of his hawing and his humming,  
 Not a word farther could he go,  
 So that the worthy man perforce  
 Was fain to leave them in the lurch,  
 And say, that, since he came to church,  
 He'd lost the thread of his discourse  
 Whereat a man below exclaim'd,  
 "Lock the doors, beadle—search us round,  
 I do insist, until it's found  
 That thief should really be ashamed —  
 Here are my pockets,—rausack both,  
 I have it not, I'll take my oath." H

## MEMOIRS OF GOETHE.\*

THIS book is published so as to pique curiosity and rouse expectation; and it promises, at least by its quantity, amply to gratify both. Between 1811 and 1814, the three first volumes followed one another so closely, that the Germans, who are not unacquainted with waiting a quarter of a century for a second volume, might think Goethe a very quick workman. These volumes bring the author's history down to the year 1773. In 1816, two other volumes, called the first and second parts of a second series, were sent into the world; but in these the author, instead of beginning where he left off, takes up his history in the middle of 1786, and describes his travels into Italy and Sicily in this and the following year. The present volume, purporting to be the fifth part of the second series, contains his adventures in 1792 and 1793.† Two intervals, therefore, one of thirteen and the other of five years, are passed over in total silence.

It might be supposed that, during these periods, he was gathering materials, or recruiting his strength, for some future literary undertaking, were it not well known that they are among the most active portions of his life. Care has, in fact, been taken to remind the world of this, and to induce a belief that those parts of his Memoirs which are withheld contain many important political secrets. It is certain that few men have had better opportunities of acquiring information both on political and literary subjects. He has long enjoyed the confidence of the Duke of Weimar, been his representative abroad and his companion at Court. Other princes also, who have occupied the first rank, by their talents and intelligence, if not by their political power, have admitted him to intimacy. Although he has been one of the reformers of the national theatre, he has taken an active part against political reform. For nearly half a century he has stood at the head of the national literature, and has led the fashion in matters of taste. The greater part of the existing generation of authors have formed themselves on his model; they have grown up under his wing, and he has thus lived in the very centre of literary society. He is known, also, to be a most accurate observer, and to look without passion or emotion on all the scenes of the busy world, as if he existed only to describe them. He is a placid spectator of the great game of life, watching with tablets and pencil to catch and fix every fleeting shade. But his Memoirs have hitherto disappointed expectation: there are some anecdotes of distinguished persons, and much literary history in the volumes already published; but they do not convince us that Goethe has been unreserved in his communications. Curiosity looks, therefore, to the parts which are suppressed; and the second interval, now passed over in silence, confirms the opinion that he has important secrets to disclose, and heightens impatience for the disclosure.

We are not aware that any worse or more sordid motive has led Goethe thus to keep alive public curiosity, than a wish not to give offence to his own patrons and friends who are yet in existence. Like the great majority of his countrymen, we believe he respects truth,

\* Aus meinem Leben, von Goethe, 1822.

† A translation of all the volumes yet published in German is shortly expected to appear in this country.

and would not suppress it, though he would delicately spare the living and perhaps the great. Through the whole of his writings he has made few or no allusions to them: even in reviving, at present, the disgraceful recollections which attach to the leaders of the Prussian army in 1792-1793, he has been cautious not to do so till the persons whom they chiefly affect are in their graves. In one part of this volume, the philosopher Jacobi and his family are described somewhat at large, and he died but a short time before it must have been got ready for the press. Most of the other persons mentioned in the book, also, are no longer sensible either to praise or censure. Whether Goëthe has any thing of importance to communicate or not, we cannot decide; but it is tolerably apparent that he has no other motive for keeping back any part of his Memoirs than respect for the feelings of his contemporaries and friends.

Of the intervals passed over, it is said, he has already written an account, and also of the subsequent years of his life. We have read all which has yet been published of it with so much satisfaction, that we wish this may be the case. There is, certainly, not much animation or smartness, and nothing pungent, in any part of the book. On the contrary, in general, it is verbose and trifling, filled with details that may gratify the author's vanity, but can scarcely amuse any other person. But, unlike the usual run of memoirs, these contain neither scandal nor calumny; no character is painted all in shade. Goëthe writes chiefly of himself, of his thoughts and deeds;—he dilates, with great self-satisfaction, on his own wit, wisdom, and powers,—traces his ideas from their germs till they expand into a five-act play or a bulky treatise,—points out the events or circumstances which induced him to compose his different works, and displays to our view the pangs of his own conscience gradually healing as he poured out his repentance and complaints through the channel of some fictitious character;—and he does all this with such apparent openness, that we smile much oftener at him than at either his friends or his opponents.

In truth, when the former volumes were treated exclusively with ridicule, justice was not done them. The placid easy manner in which they are written, and the good faith which appears to guide the author's pen, have a charm for us, of a different nature certainly, but quite equal to that which is derived from the high pretensions and evident exaggerations of some other memoirs. The minuteness, also, with which Goëthe, prompted by his vanity, describes himself, and endeavours to trace the growth of his conceptions, and the workings of his mind, give a great psychological value to his work. His brief sketches of Klopstock, Lavater, Justus Möser, Zimmerman, and other celebrated persons, are better than many an elaborate biography for making us acquainted with their characters. His several accounts of the progress of German literature, and of the changes in fashions of thinking, contain many valuable hints and materials for literary history. We might quote from the present volume, as illustrations of these statements, like descriptions of the Jacobi Family, and of the author's connexions with Mr. Plessay; but to be understood they must be given entire, and they would then be too long for our work; yet we can recommend them to our readers, who understand the original, as, on many accounts, well worthy of perusal.

The present volume has, however, other claims on our attention. We find the author at one place bargaining with a rifleman for the loan of a blanket, at the rate of eight pence per night. At another, he forages so skilfully as to procure wine when his comrades are glad to get bread, and has almost art enough to make them believe he had made the wine by some kind of enchantment. He is so elated when he points out the truth of his own prophecies, and so agreeable in his new character of knight-errant seeking adventures, and making experiments, "even in the cannon's mouth,"—or storming a market waggon to procure tobacco "for the men of the Duke's regiment," or checking, by his eloquence and arms, the fury of the ultra mob of Mayence, and rescuing their fellow-citizens from their rage,—and we may expect so many strange scenes from the diversified situations he has filled or been familiar with, that we hope he may long be spared to complete his work.

We should like him, however, deprived of his powers of observation, while he retains his memory—reduced, as far as book-making is concerned, to a mere pantagraph, copying what is already written in his brain, but with no means of adding another word; or his *Memoirs* will be so long that we must wish his life to be short. The three first volumes contain 1625 closely printed pages, and describe only the first twenty-four years of his life. At that age he began to be celebrated, and every succeeding year seems to demand its volume. In fact, the three subsequent volumes describe two periods, making together only twenty months; and, according to this scale, we may expect the whole auto-biography will amount, at least, to seventy volumes. Another person would comprise Goëthe's whole life in as many pages. But self is a delightful subject to expatiate on, and, measured by the space occupied in our libraries, Goëthe is of far more consequence than all Plutarch's heroes. It is probable, however, that Goëthe knows the taste of his countrymen, and, though terrific to another European, a German may look on this as an ordinary-sized book.

The present volume contains, principally, the journal which Goëthe kept during the memorable campaigns of 1792-1793, which he made with the army under the orders of the Duke of Brunswick. The Duke of Wönnar was a general in the Prussian service, and our author accompanied him in a civil capacity. Whatever serves to throw any light on this part of history is worth noticing; and we shall, therefore, make a short extract or two, to illustrate the character and sentiments of the Germans and French. Though the sufferings they have since mutually inflicted may be a sufficient reason for mutual hatred, they now know one another too well to be exasperated, as they were then, by each having a different taste in bread. The Germans called the French dainty and proud, for despising brown rye bread; and the French looked on the Germans as hogs for eating it. On the first meeting of the armies of these rival bread-ites,—

"The French," says Goëthe, "stood unmoved: Kellerman had taken up a better position: our people retreated, and it appeared as if they had effected nothing. The greatest consternation, however, prevailed throughout the army. In the morning nothing less had been expected than to bayonet and devour the whole of the French; and even I had been tempted to engage in the expedition by a boundless confidence in the Duke of Brunswick and his troops. Now, however, we were ashamed to look each other in the face;



or if we did, it was only to utter execrations. As night came on, we had formed a circle, by chance, though without having a fire, as usual, in the middle; most of us were silent, and every one was at a loss what to think or judge. At length my opinion was asked, for I had been accustomed to enliven our society with short sentences; and I replied, 'From this day a new epoch in the world begins,—and you may say you were present at it.' The Germans, expecting easily to over-run and plunder France, for they immediately made the inhabitants sensible they were not 'transported,' as Goëthe has it, 'in a sack,' were furious at their disappointment. Every one, however resigned he might be, felt most painfully the circumstance of our leader's entering into a treaty with rebels, whom our own manifesto had devoted to destruction, and whom it had described as guilty of the most abominable deeds. To them we were now obliged to surrender the fortress, in order to secure even a retreat for our own army. Some of our people were so enraged that they appeared likely to become mad."

Arrived at Coblentz, and strolling along the banks of the Rhine, Goëthe sums up the events of the campaign, and partly accounts for them, as follows:—

"La Fayette, the chief of a party, almost adored by his countrymen, and enjoying the full confidence of his troops, resists the government which has ruled France since the imprisonment of the king,—he escapes, his army, consisting of 23,000 men, without a general or superior officer, remains disorganized and in confusion. At the same time, a powerful monarch enters France at the head of 80,000 men, and, in a short time, two fortified cities are surrendered to him. A French general (Dumourier) now appears on the scene: without having ever commanded an army, he takes up an excellent position; it is broken through, and he occupies a second,—even there he is reached, and the enemy gets between him and Paris. But continued rains forcing the allied army into some critical situations, it is compelled, when only six leagues from Chalons and ten from Rheims, to commence a retreat; it evacuates the conquered places, loses a third of its number, of whom, however, only two thousand fell in battle, and arrives again at the Rhine."

Such a description is, however, more courtly than just. No allusion is made to the incapacity of the generals, or to the intrigues of the minions about the king. Goëthe does not forget to record his meeting with Mr. Rietz, and the compliments which the latter paid him. He could not be ignorant, therefore, of the influence which this *salut de chambre*, and several other such persons, possessed over the nephew of Frederick the Great.\* In this instance Goëthe's respect for persons masters his love of truth. He blames the weather for want of success: but a general who is not prepared for rain, and who anticipates a constant succession of sunshine, is as mad as the philosopher who, from having calculated the course of the planets and the changes of the seasons, believes that they move at his command. Goëthe has preserved

\* "Success from advancing farther was expected from chance rather than from wise foresight. Ferdinand of Brunswick, if uncontrolled, undoubtedly would have listened to prudence, and followed the established maxims of war. But the king was present, full of joyous hopes, and over him the volatile emigrants exercised a commanding influence."—At the time when disaster and defection were coming on the allies from following such counsels, "Mannstein, the favourite and confidant of Frederick William, was several times in the camp of Dumourier, carrying on secret negotiations," with which the Duke of Brunswick, however, was so little acquainted, that "his answer to the public overture of Dumourier was equally rude and impolitic." Most of the king's favourites, but particularly his greatest favourite, the dark and unsocial Mannstein, were the enemies of the duke; they undermined his influence, defeated his projects, and attributed every failure to his mismanagement."—*Geschichte des Preussischen Staats* Frankfurt, 1819.

an anecdote, however, which shows from the trifles which engaged the attention of the Prussian generals, how incapable they were of contending with men whose new-born patriotism was a violent passion, sharpening and strengthening all their faculties to attain its object.

"I was not the only person attentive to the minerals of the country. When the soldiers dug even a cooking-hole, they found plenty of fine white chalk, of which they used a considerable quantity about their dress. An order was accordingly issued to the whole army, for every soldier to provide himself with as much as possible of this necessary material. Sunk in dirt, the soldiers were to load themselves with earth, as the means of cleanliness and ornament; and when they were destitute of bread, to content themselves with stones."

Such generals were under the influence of emigrants, of whom the following anecdote is very characteristic.

"On our return to our quarters we found a French marquis, whom we had before known. We welcomed him, and he did not despise our frugal repast; but we observed that something affected him, of which he desired to lighten his heart. When we had encouraged him to confide in us, he exclaimed violently against the cruelty with which the King of Prussia treated the French princes. We were astonished, and demanded in what manner. 'On leaving *Glorieux*,' he said, 'though it rained, (it mizzled a little) the king did not put on either a great coat or a cloak, and the princes were therefore obliged to dery themselves this sort of protection against the weather. When I saw them,' continued the marquis, 'who are the hope of France, lightly clothed, dripping with rain, I would have given my life to be able to provide them with a dry carriage.'"

Here are two anecdotes, characteristic of the men whom the Prussians and the emigrants expected to subdue, by merely looking on them.

"The inhabitants of Verdun, afraid that the whole city would be destroyed by the bombardment,—at length compelled the governor, M. Beaurepaire, to surrender. As soon as he had given his consent in full council, he drew forth a pistol and shot himself, that he might set an example of sacrificing himself for his country."—"As the Prussians marched into the town, a musquet was fired from among the crowd, which, however, injured nobody. A French grenadier acknowledging that he had fired it, he was apprehended and carried to the guard-house, where I saw him. He was a young man, very well made, with a serious countenance and easy behaviour. Till his fate was decided, he was not subjected to rigid confinement. Close to the guard-house was a bridge, over one of the arms of the Maese; he seated himself on the wall, remained a short time composed and at his ease, then turned himself backwards, tumbled himself into the river, and was taken up quite dead."

Men so resolute to brave death were not to be subdued in the field by the pipeclay-loving generals of Prussia, or the *petit-maitres* of their own country, who, from fearing them, had before fled from a less hazardous encounter.

It has long ago been justly remarked, that Goëthe is one of the vainest men alive. But there is something in the manner he is acted on by external circumstances and passing events, allowing them to suggest subjects of meditation, long trains of thought, and even literary undertakings, which seems in direct opposition with vanity. As an author he is vain only when he writes, as in his *Memoirs*, expressly of himself. In his other works he never even appears in *propria persona*, but is entirely lost in his subject. He is constantly alive to the influence of what is passing about him; and he reflects unchanged whatever he perceives. He describes things admirably. For minuteness

and correctness, his descriptions, in general, and we may quote that of the Carnival at Rome for an example, have perhaps never been surpassed. There is in him no prevailing sentiment—no ruling passion, which, as in most great poets, tinges with its own colours all that they as well as other men behold. His mind seems to create nothing; but to be rather like a huge reservoir filled to the brim, out of which he draws nearly unchanged whatever a long and varied life, great industry, and an excellent education, have collected. As an author, he suffers himself not merely to be influenced, but to be guided by passing events; as a man, on the contrary, he seems all volition, and almost beyond the influence of circumstances, or of other men. These feelings and characters are only matters which he notes down as materials to work on; they are never objects of sympathy, of love, or of hatred. The living being is to him what the corpse is to the anatomist; and man is more interesting than a stone, because he has more phases and is a better subject for a determined author. Goethe, though full of cleverness and talents, wants affections. The seeming inconsistencies, however, may perhaps be referred to the same principle. He is so vain of the individual Goethe, the standard of excellence, that he has a sovereign contempt for his species; and though he has been a close observer and almost a worshipper of Nature, he has never looked on man as the noblest of her works. Though this cannot be justified, it may be explained by his situation: He had the misfortune, and with his great talents we think it a misfortune to the world, to be born and brought up in a country politically degraded; and he thinks ill of man because he has only known him in his character of a slave. We shall give an extract or two to illustrate what we have said.

“After making these preparations for future usefulness and present comfort, I turned to look over the extensive meadow on which we were encamped. An extraordinary appearance at one spot attracted my notice—a number of soldiers were sitting in a circle and busily employed, with their attention directed towards the centre. On going nearer to them I found they were seated round a tunnel-shaped hole filled with the clearest spring-water, and about thirty feet in diameter. In it were a great number of little fishes which the soldiers were trying to catch. The water was as clear as possible, and the sport pleasant to see. I speedily remarked, however, that, when the fishes moved, they displayed different colours. At first I regarded this as caused by their changing their colours; but a welcome explanation soon offered itself. A piece of earthenware had fallen into the hole, which sent forth the most beautiful prismatic colours. The border farthest from me reflected blue and violet; the one nearest me, on the contrary, red and yellow. As I moved round the hole, the colours appeared always the same. Already passionately occupied with the subject, I was overjoyed to see this phenomenon so beautiful in the open air, while natural philosophers with their scholars, to obtain a sight of it, have been accustomed for more than a century to shut themselves in a dark chamber. I procured some more pieces of earthenware, which I threw in; and observed that the refractions began at a short distance beneath the surface of the water, increased as the pieces sunk lower, and at last, when arrived at the bottom, a small white body appeared of many colours and like a little flame.”

This incident did not exactly occasion Goethe to write that theory of colours by which he attempts to overthrow the system of Newton, for he had before directed his attention to the subject; but it encouraged

him in the pursuit. "In this case," he says, "it happened as with my poems: *I did not make them, but they* (meaning, we believe, the circumstances which occasioned the poems) *made me.*" While the phenomenon and all the trains of thought it excited were still fresh before him, and even the firing of cannon could not divert his mind from the subject, he met a willing auditor in Prince Reuss XI. "who had always been gracious to me," and to him he expatiated with great animation on the whole doctrine of colours. The prince was surprised to find the novelist and the tragic author converted at once to a philosopher. He listened, however, with great patience, and encouraged Goëthe to proceed in his remarks and inquiries. Such attention could not do otherwise than draw forth a commendation from the author; and as his work was not equally well received by the learned, he compled his praise of the prince with a censure on them.

"I have always noticed (he says) that men of the world and of business, who are obliged to pay attention to many observations and reports produced at the moment, are the most agreeable to converse with even on scientific subjects. Their minds are unprejudiced, and they listen to the speaker with no other object in view but their own instruction. On the contrary, men of learning usually attend to nothing but what they have already learnt and taught, and which is adopted in the schools. Words take the place of things, and men attach their faith to favourite forms of expression, or, as he calls them in another place, 'to printed traditions.'"

Long before he could finish his work on colours, the events of the French Revolution engaged all his attention. He began both an opera and a drama, founded on the celebrated Necklace-story, which "appeared to him the terrible forerunner of evil, as the Revolution seemed its horrid completion." The opera was never finished, and the drama when represented was wholly unsuccessful. To this "he was quite indifferent, he drew no instruction from the failure," but went on dramatizing, as they cast up, the most conspicuous events of the Revolution. As might be expected, theatrical pieces, founded on recent and horrid circumstances, "produced such disagreeable effects that his friends were obliged for their own honour to maintain that he was not the author, but had only lent his name and a few strokes of his pen to some very subaltern production." "But nothing external could ever estrange him from self;" this judgment of the world only made him describe it "as good for nothing:" when it no longer offered the incense of devotion to him, it had turned heretic; and the unchangeable Goëthe appeared to himself as worthy of admiration as before. He might have gone on making dramas from the gazettes till now, but he was "unable to follow the on-rolling history of the world;" and while he was hobbling after it, came Bonaparte, and "the riddle was resolved in a manner equally decisive and unexpected."

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## TABLE TALK. NO. V.

*On the Conversation of Authors.*

AN author is bound to write—well or ill, wisely or foolishly : it is his trade! But I do not see that he is bound to talk, any more than he is bound to dance, or ride, or fence, better than other people. Reading, study, silence, thought, are a bad introduction to loquacity. It would be sooner learnt of chambermaids and tapsters. He understands the art and mystery of his own profession, which is book-making : what right has any one to expect or require him to do more—to make a bow gracefully on entering or leaving a room, to make love charmingly, or to make a fortune at all? In all things there is a division of labour. A lord is no less amorous for writing ridiculous love-letters, nor a general less successful for wanting wit and honesty. Why then may not a poor author say nothing, and yet pass muster? Set him on the top of a stage-coach, he will make no figure; he is *num-chance*, while the slang-wit flies about as fast as the dust, with the crack of the whip and the clatter of the horses' heels; put him in a ring of boxers, he is a poor creature—

“And of his port as meek as is a maid.”

Introduce him to a tea-party of milliner's girls, and they are ready to split their sides with laughing at him : over his bottle, he is dry : in the drawing-room, rude or awkward : he is too refined for the vulgar, too clownish for the fashionable :—“he is one that cannot make a good leg, one that cannot eat a mess of broth cleanly, one that cannot ride a horse without spur-galling, one that cannot salute a woman and look on her directly :”—in courts, in camps, in town and country, he is a cypher or a butt : he is good for nothing but a laughing-stock or a scare-crow. You can scarcely get a word out of him for love or money. He knows nothing. He has no notion of pleasure or business, or of what is going on in the world ; he does not understand cookery, unless he is a doctor in divinity—nor surgery, nor chemistry, unless he is a *Quitnunc*—nor mechanics, nor husbandry and tillage, unless he is as great an admirer of Tull's Husbandry, and has profited as much by it as the philosopher of Botley—no, nor music, painting, the Drama, nor the Fine Arts in general.

“What the deuce is it then, my good sir, that he does understand, or know any thing about?”

“Books, Venus, books!”

“What books?”

“Not receipt-books, Madona, nor account-books, nor books of pharmacy, or the veterinary art (they belong to their respective callings and handicrafts); but books of liberal taste and general knowledge.”

“What do you mean by that general knowledge which implies not a knowledge of things in general but an ignorance, by your own account, of every one in particular : or by that liberal taste which scorns the pursuits and acquirements of the rest of the world in succession, and is confined exclusively, and by way of excellence, to what nobody takes an interest in but yourself, and a few idlers like yourself? Is this what the critics mean by the *belles-lettres*, and the study of humanity?”

Book-knowledge, in a word, then, is knowledge *communicable by books*: and it is general and liberal for this reason, that it is intelligible and interesting on the bare suggestion. That to which any one feels a romantic attachment, merely from finding it in a book, must be interesting in itself: that which he instantly forms a lively and entire conception of, from seeing a few marks and scratches upon paper, must be taken from common nature: that which, the first time you meet with it, seizes upon the attention as a curious speculation, must exercise the general faculties of the human mind. There are certain broader aspects of society and views of things common to every subject, and more or less cognizable to every mind; and these the scholar treats, and founds his claim to general attention upon them, without being chargeable with pedantry. The minute descriptions of fishing-tackle, of baits and flies in Walton's *Complete Angler*, make that work a great favourite with sportsmen: the alloy of an amiable humanity, and the modest but touching descriptions of familiar incidents and rural objects scattered through it, have made it an equal favourite with every reader of taste and feeling. Montaigne's *Essays*, Dilworth's *Spelling-book*, and Fearn's *Treatise on Contingent Remainders*, are all equally books, but not equally adapted for all classes of readers. The two last are of no use but to schoolmasters and lawyers: but the first is a work we may recommend to any one to read who has ever thought at all, or who would learn to think justly on any subject. Persons of different trades and professions—the mechanic, the shop-keeper, the medical practitioner, the artist, &c. may all have great knowledge and ingenuity in their several vocations, the details of which will be very edifying to themselves, and just as incomprehensible to their neighbours: but over and above this professional and technical knowledge, they must be supposed to have a stock of common sense and common feeling to furnish subjects for common conversation, or to give them any pleasure in each other's company. It is to this common stock of ideas, spread over the surface, or striking its roots into the very centre of society, that the popular writer appeals, and not in vain; for he finds readers. It is of this finer essence of wisdom and humanity, "ethereal mould, sky-tinctured," that books of the better sort are made. They contain the language of thought. It must happen that, in the course of time and the variety of human capacity, some persons will have struck out finer observations, reflections, and sentiments than others. These they have committed to books of memory, have bequeathed as a lasting legacy to posterity; and such persons have become standard authors. We visit at the shrine, drink in some measure of the inspiration, and cannot easily "breathe in other air less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits." Are we to be blamed for this, because the vulgar and illiterate do not always understand us? The fault is rather in them, who are "confined and cabin'd in," each in his own particular sphere and compartment of ideas, and have not the same refined medium of communication or abstracted topics of discourse. Bring a number of literary, or of illiterate persons together, perfect strangers to each other, and see which party will make the best company. "Verily, we have our reward." We have made our election, and have no reason to repent it, if we were wise. But the misfortune is, we wish to have all the advantages on

one side. We grudge, and cannot reconcile it to ourselves, that any one "should go about to cozen fortune, without the stamp of learning!" We think "because we are *scholars*, there shall be no more cakes and ale!" We don't know how to account for it, that bar-maids should gossip, or ladies whisper, or bullies roar, or fools laugh, or knaves thrive, without having gone through the same course of select study that we have! This vanity is preposterous, and carries its own punishment with it. Books are a world in themselves, it is true; but they are not the only world. The world itself is a volume larger than all the libraries in it. Learning is a sacred deposit from the experience of ages; but it has not put all future experience on the shelf, or debarred the common herd of mankind from the use of their hands, tongues, eyes, ears, or understandings. Taste is a luxury for the privileged few: but it would be hard upon those who have not the same standard of refinement in their own minds that we suppose ourselves to have, if this should prevent them from having recourse, as usual, to their old frolics, coarse jokes, and horse-play, and getting through the wear and tear of the world with such homely sayings and shrewd helps as they may. Happy is it, that the mass of mankind eat and drink, and sleep, and perform their several tasks, and do as they like without us—caring nothing for our scribblings, our carplings, and our quibbles; and moving on the same, in spite of our fine-spun distinctions, fantastic theories, and lines of demarcation, which are like the chalk-figures drawn on ball-room floors to be danced out before morning! In the field opposite the window where I write this, there is a country-girl picking stones: in the one next it, there are several poor women weeding the blue and red flowers from the corn: farther on, are two boys, tending a flock of sheep. What do they know or care about what I am writing about them, or ever will—or what would they be the better for it, if they did? Or why need we despise

"The wretched slave,

Who like a lackey, from the rise to the set,  
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night  
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,  
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;  
And follows so the ever-running year  
With profitable labour to his grave?"

Is not this life as sweet, as writing *Ephemerides*? But we put that which flutters the brain idly for a moment, and then is heard no more, in competition with nature, which exists every where, and lasts always. We not only under-rate the force of nature, and make too much of art—but we also over-rate our own accomplishments and advantages derived from art. In the presence of clownish ignorance, or of persons without any great pretensions, real or affected, we are very much inclined to take upon ourselves, as the virtual representatives of science, art, and literature. We have a strong itch to show off and do the honours of civilization for all the great men whose works we have ever read, and whose names our auditors have never heard of, as noblemen's lackeys, in the absence of their masters, give themselves airs of superiority over every one else. But though we have read Congreve, a stage-coachman may be an over-match for us in wit: though we are deep-versed in the excellence of Shakspeare's colloquial

style, a village beldam may outscold us: though we have read Machiavel in the original Italian, we may be easily outwitted by a clown: and though we have cried our eyes out over the New Eloise, a poor shepherd-lad, who hardly knows how to spell his own name, may "tell his tale, under the hawthorn in the dale," and prove a more thriving wooer. What then is the advantage we possess over the meanest of the mean? Why this, that we have read Congreve, Shakspeare, Machiavel, the New Eloise;—not that we are to have their wit, genius, shrewdness, or melting tenderness.

From speculative pursuits we must be satisfied with speculative benefits. From reading, too, we learn to write. If we have had the pleasure of studying the highest models of perfection in their kind, and can hope to leave any thing ourselves, however slight, to be looked upon as a model, or even a good copy in its way, we may think ourselves pretty well off, without engrossing all the privileges of learning, and all the blessings of ignorance into the bargain.

It has been made a question whether there have not been individuals in common life of greater talents and powers of mind than the most celebrated writers—whether, for instance, such or such a Liverpool merchant, or Manchester manufacturer, was not a more sensible man than Montaigne, of a longer reach of understanding than the Viscount of St. Alban's. There is no saying, unless some of these illustrious obscure had communicated their important discoveries to the world. But then they would have been authors!—On the other hand, there is a set of critics who fall into the contrary error; and suppose that unless the proof of capacity is laid before all the world, the capacity itself cannot exist; looking upon all those who have not commenced authors, as literally "stocks and stones, and worse than senseless things." I remember trying to convince a person of this class, that a young lady, whom he knew something of, the niece of a celebrated authoress, had just the same sort of fine *tact* and ironical turn in conversation, that her relative had shown in her writings when young. The only answer I could get was an incredulous smile, and the observation that when she wrote any thing as good as —, or —, he might think her as clever. I said, all I meant was, that she had the same family talents, and asked whether he thought that if Miss — had not been very clever, as a mere girl, before she wrote her novels, she would ever have written them? It was all in vain. He still stuck to his text, and was convinced that the niece was a little fool compared to her aunt at the same age; and if he had known the aunt formerly, he would have had just the same opinion of *her*. My friend was one of those who have a settled persuasion that it is the book that makes the author, and not the author the book. That's a strange opinion for a great philosopher to hold. But he wilfully shuts his eyes to the germs and indistinct workings of genius, and treats them with supercilious indifference, till they stare him in the face through the press; and then takes cognizance only of the overt acts and published evidence. This is neither a proof of wisdom, nor the way to be wise. It is partly pedantry and prejudice, and partly feebleness of judgment and want of magnanimity. He dares as little commit himself on the character of books, as of individuals, till they are stamped by the public. If you show him any work for his approbation, he asks,



"Whose is the superscription?"—He judges of genius by its shadow, reputation—of the metal by the coin. He is just the reverse of another person whom I know—for, as G—— never allows a particle of merit to any one till it is acknowledged by the whole world, C—— withholds his tribute of applause from every person, in whom any mortal but himself can descry the least glimpse of understanding. He would be thought to look farther into a millstone than any body else. He would have others see with his eyes, and take their opinions from him on trust, in spite of their senses. The more obscure and defective the indications of merit, the greater his sagacity and candour in being the first to point them out. He looks upon what he nicknames a *man of genius*, but as the breath of his nostrils, and the clay in the potter's hands. If any such inert, unconscious mass, under the fostering care of the modern Prometheus, is kindled into life,—begins to see, speak, and move, so as to attract the notice of other people,—our jealous patroniser of latent worth in that case throws aside, scorns, and hates his own handy-work; and deserts his intellectual offspring from the moment they can go alone and shift for themselves.—But to pass on to our more immediate subject.

The conversation of authors is not so good as might be imagined: but, such as it is (and with rare exceptions) it is better than any other. The proof of which is, that, when you are used to it, you cannot put up with any other. That of mixed company becomes utterly intolerable—you cannot sit out a common tea and card party, at least, if they pretend to talk at all. You are obliged in despair to cut all your old acquaintance who are not *au fait* on the prevailing and most smartly contested topics, who are not imbued with the high gusto of criticism and *virtù*. You cannot bear to hear a friend whom you have not seen for many years, tell at how much a yard he sells his laces and tapes, when he means to move into his next house, when he heard last from his relations in the country, whether trade is alive or dead, or whether Mr. Such-a-one gets to look old. This sort of neighbourly gossip will not go down after the high-raised tone of literary conversation. The last may be very absurd, very unsatisfactory, and full of turbulence and heart-burnings; but it has a zest in it which more ordinary topics of news or family-affairs do not supply. Neither will the conversation of what we understand by *gentlemen* and men of fashion, do after that of men of letters. It is flat, insipid, stale, and unprofitable, in the comparison. They talk about much the same things, pictures, poetry, politics, plays; but they do it worse, and at a sort of vapid second hand. They, in fact, talk out of newspapers and magazines, what we write there. They do not feel the same interest in the subjects they affect to handle with an air of fashionable condescension; nor have they the same knowledge of them, if they were ever so much in earnest in displaying it. If it were not for the wine and the dessert, no author in his senses would accept an invitation to a well-dressed dinner-party, except out of pure good-nature and unwillingness to disoblige by his refusal. Persons in high life talk almost entirely by rote. There are certain established modes of address, and certain answers to them expected as a matter of course, as a point of etiquette. The studied forms of politeness do not give the greatest possible scope to an exuberance of wit or fancy. The fear of giving offence destroys sim-

cerity, and without sincerity there can be no true enjoyment of society, nor unfettered exertion of intellectual activity.—Those who have been accustomed to live with the great are hardly considered as conversible persons in literary society. They are not to be talked with, any more than puppets or echoes. They have no opinions; but what will please; and you naturally turn away, as a waste of time and words, from attending to a person who just before assented to what you said, and whom you find, the moment after, from something that unexpectedly or perhaps by design drops from him, to be of a totally different way of thinking. This *bush-fighting* is not regarded as fair play among scientific men. As fashionable conversation is a sacrifice to politeness, so the conversation of low life is nothing but rudeness. They contradict you without giving a reason, or, if they do, it is a very bad one—swear, talk loud, repeat the same thing fifty times over, get to calling names, and from words proceed to blows. You cannot make companions of servants, or persons in an inferior station in life. You may talk to them on matters of business, and what they have to do for you (as lords talk to bruisers on subjects of *fancy*, or country-squires to their grooms on horse-racing), but out of that narrow sphere, to any general topic, you cannot lead them; the conversation soon flags, and you go back to the old question, or are obliged to break up the sitting for want of ideas in common. The conversation of authors is better than that of most professions. It is better than that of lawyers, who talk nothing but *double entendre*—than that of physicians, who talk of the approaching deaths of the College, or the marriage of some new practitioner with some rich widow—than that of divines, who talk of the last place they dined at—than that of University-men, who make stale puns, repeat the refuse of the London newspapers, and affect an ignorance of Greek and mathematics—it is better than that of players, who talk of nothing but the Green-room, and rehearse the scholar, the wit, or the fine gentleman, like a part on the stage—or than that of ladies, who, whatever you talk of, think of nothing, and expect you to think of nothing, but themselves. It is not easy to keep up a conversation with women in company. It is thought a piece of rudeness to differ from them: it is not quite fair to ask them a reason for what they say. You are afraid of pressing too hard upon them: but where you cannot differ openly and unreservedly, you cannot heartily agree. It is not so in France. There the women talk of things in general, and reason better than the men in this country. They are mistresses of the intellectual foils. They are adepts in all the topics. They know what is to be said for and against all sorts of questions, and are lively and full of mischief into the bargain. They are very subtle. They put you to your trumps immediately. Your logic is more in requisition even than your gallantry. You must argue as well as bow yourself into the good graces of these modern Amazons. What a situation for an Englishman to be placed in \*!

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\* The topics of metaphysical argument having got into female society in France, is a proof how much they must have been discussed there generally, and how unfounded the charge is which we bring against them of excessive thoughtlessness and frivolity. The French (taken all together) are a more sensible, reflecting, and better-informed people than the English.

The fault of literary conversation, in general, is its too great tenaciousness. It fastens upon a subject, and will not let it go. It resembles a battle rather than a skirmish, and makes a toil of a pleasure. Perhaps it does this from necessity, from a consciousness of wanting the more familiar graces, the power to sport and trifle, to touch lightly, and adorn agreeably, every view or turn of a question *en passant*, as it arises. Those who have a reputation to lose are too ambitious of shining, to please. "To excel in conversation," said an ingenious man, "one must not be always striving to say good things: to say one good thing, one must say many bad, and more indifferent ones." This desire to shine without the means at hand, often makes men silent:—

"The fear of being silent strikes us dumb."

A writer who has been accustomed to take a connected view of a difficult question, and to work it out gradually in all its bearings, may be very deficient in that quickness and ease, which men of the world, who are in the habit of hearing a variety of opinions, who pick up an observation on one subject, and another on another, and who care about none any farther than the passing away of an idle hour, usually acquire. An author has studied a particular point—he has read, he has inquired, he has thought a great deal upon it; he is not contented to take it up casually in common with others, to throw out a hint, to propose an objection: he will either remain silent, uneasy, and dissatisfied, or he will begin at the beginning and go through with it to the end. He is for taking the whole responsibility upon himself. He would be thought to understand the subject better than others, or, indeed, would show that nobody else knows any thing about it. There are always three or four points on which the literary novice, at his first outset in life, fancies he can enlighten every company, and bear down all opposition; but he is cured of this Quixotic and pugnacious spirit as he goes more into the world, where he finds that there are other opinions and other pretensions to be adjusted besides his own. When this asperity wears off, and a certain scholastic precocity is mellowed down, the conversation of men of letters becomes both interesting and instructive. Men of the world have no fixed principles, no ground-work of thought: mere scholars have too much an object, a theory always in view, to which they wrest every thing, and not unfrequently, common sense itself. By mixing with society, they rub off their hardness of manner, and impracticable, offensive singularity, while they retain a greater depth and coherence of understanding. There is more to be learnt from them than from their books. This was a remark of Rousseau's, and it is a very true one. In the confidence and unreserve of private intercourse, they are more at liberty to say what they think, to put the subject in different and opposite points of view, to illustrate it more briefly and pithily by familiar expressions, by an appeal to individual character and personal knowledge—to bring in the limitation, to obviate misconception, to state difficulties on their own side of the argument, and answer them as well as they can. This would hardly agree with the prudery and somewhat ostentatious claims of authorship. Dr. Johnson's conversation in Boswell's Life is much better than his published works; and the fragments of the opinions of celebrated men, preserved in their letters or in anecdotes of them, are

justly sought after as invaluable for the same reason. For instance, what a fund of sense there is in Grimm's Memoirs! We thus get at the essence of what is contained in their more laboured productions, without the affectation or formality.—Argument, again, is the death of conversation, if carried on in a spirit of hostility; but discussion is a pleasant and profitable thing, where you advance and defend your opinions as far as you can, and admit the truth of what is objected against them with equal impartiality; in short, where you do not pretend to set up for an oracle, but freely declare what you really know about any question, or suggest what has struck you as throwing a new light upon it, and let it pass for what it is worth. This tone of conversation was well described by Dr. Johnson, when he said of some party at which he had been present the night before—"We had good talk, Sir!" As a general rule, there is no conversation worth any thing but between friends, or those who agree in the same leading views of a subject. Nothing was ever learnt by either side in a dispute: you contradict one another, will not allow a grain of sense in what your adversary advances, are blind to whatever makes against yourself, dare not look the question fairly in the face, so that you cannot avail yourself even of your real advantages, insist most on what you feel to be the weakest points of your argument, and get more and more absurd, dogmatical, and violent every moment. Disputes for victory generally end to the dissatisfaction of all parties; and the one recorded in Gil Blas breaks up just as it ought. I once knew a very ingenious man, than whom, to take him in the way of common chit-chat or fireside gossip, no one could be more entertaining or rational. He would make an apt classical quotation, propose an explanation of a curious passage in Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*, detect a metaphysical error in Locke, would infer the volatility of the French character from the chapter in Sterne where the Count mistakes the feigned name of Yorick for a proof of his being the identical imaginary character in Hamlet (*Et vous êtes Yorick!*)—thus confounding words with things twice over—but let a difference of opinion be once hitched in, and it was all over with him. His only object from that time was to shut out common sense, and to be proof against conviction. He would argue the most ridiculous point (such as that there were two original languages) for hours together, nay, through the horologe. You would not suppose it was the same person. He was like an obstinate runaway horse, that takes the bit in his mouth and becomes mischievous and unmanageable. He had made up his mind to one thing—not to admit a single particle of what any one else said for or against him. It was all the difference between a man drunk or sober, sane or mad. It is the same when he once gets the pen in his hand. He has been trying to prove a contradiction in terms for the ten last years of his life, *viz.* that the Bourbons have the same right to the throne of France that the Brunswick family have to the throne of England. Many people think there is a want of honesty, or a want of understanding in this. There is neither: but he will persist in an argument to the last pinch; he will yield, in absurdity, to no man!

This litigious humour is bad enough; but there is one character still worse, that of a person who goes into company, not to contradict, but to talk at you. This is the greatest nuisance in civilised society. Such

a person does not come armed to defend himself at all points, but to unsettle, if he can, and throw a slur on all your favourite opinions. If he has a notion that any one in the room is fond of poetry, he immediately volunteers a contemptuous tirade against the idle jingle of verse. If he suspects you have a delight in pictures, he endeavours, not by fair argument, but by a side-wind, to put you out of conceit with so frivolous an art. If you have a taste for music, he does not think much good is to be done by this tickling of the ears. If you speak in praise of a comedy, he does not see the use of wit: if you say you have been to a tragedy, he shakes his head at this mockery of human misery, and thinks it ought to be prohibited. He tries to find out beforehand whatever it is that you take a particular pride or pleasure in, that he may annoy your self-love in the tenderest point (as if he were probing a wound), and make you dissatisfied with yourself and your pursuits for several days afterwards. A person might as well make a practice of throwing out scandalous aspersions against your dearest friends or nearest relations, by way of ingratiating himself into your favour. Such ill-timed impertinence is "villainous, and shows a pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

The soul of conversation is sympathy.—Authors should converse chiefly with authors, and their talk should be of books. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." There is nothing so pedantic as pretending not to be pedantic. No man can get above his pursuit in life: it is getting above himself, which is impossible. There is a Free-masonry in all things. You can only speak to be understood; but this you cannot be, except by those who are in the secret. Hence an argument has been drawn to supersede the necessity of conversation altogether; for it has been said, that there is no use in talking to people of sense, who know all that you can tell them, nor to fools, who will not be instructed. There is, however, the smallest encouragement to proceed, when you are conscious that the more you really enter into a subject, the farther you will be from the comprehension of your hearers—and that the more proofs you give of any position, the more odd and out-of-the-way they will think your notions. C—— is the only person who can talk to all sorts of people, on all sorts of subjects, without caring a farthing for their understanding one word he says—and he talks only for admiration and to be listened to, and accordingly the least interruption puts him out. I firmly believe he would make just the same impression on half his audiences, if he purposely repeated absolute nonsense with the same voice and manner and inexhaustible flow of undulating speech! In general, wit shines only by reflection. You must take your cue from your company—must rise as they rise, and sink as they fall. You must see that your good things, your knowing allusions, are not flung away, like the pearls in the adage. What a check it is to be asked a foolish question; to find that the first principles are not understood! You are thrown on your back immediately, the conversation is stopped like a country-dance by those who do not know the figure. But when a set of adepts, of *illuminati*, get about a question, it is worth while to hear them talk. They may snarl and quarrel over it, like dogs; but they pick it bare to the bone, they manifest it thoroughly.

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## GRIMM'S GHOST.

## LETTER X.

THE first Consul of France, in the year 1804, issued an edict that there should be no more "funerals performed" within the walls of the Metropolis. He had caused as many funerals to be performed as most people, in other places; but seemed determined that his "good City of Paris" should be exempt from any thing which might clash with the cry of "Vive la Bagatelle." To this interdiction, the inhabitants, independently of a diminution of doctors' fees, owe the laying out of that interesting cemetery *Mount Saint Louis*, more commonly called *Père la Chaise*. There, in poetical embalment, repose the remains of marshals, merchants, cooks, milliners, poets, and coffee-house keepers. Their various parts performed above, there they rest in harmony below, undisturbed even by the propinquity of Madame Raucour.

It is a trite observation, that the French invent and the English improve. Certainly, of English church-yards in general, it may be said in the words of the auctioneer, "the whole capable of great improvement." The survivors have at length become aware of this. The citizens of London are at last convinced that a sitting-room and a bedroom, looking into a confined church-yard, in Bush-lane or Alder-manbury, are calculated to cause the proprietor to follow the defunct at a quicker pace than was anticipated. The Lord Mayor (I tell it in confidence) has accordingly ordered that no more funerals shall take place within the bills of mortality. A mount, called *Primrose-hill*, situate between London and the village of Hampstead, and commanding a fine view of the metropolis, has been pitched upon as the receptacle of the future dead. It already possesses a respectable sprinkling of graves. Before, however, I write a description of its various monuments, the mention of graves reminds me so forcibly of an anecdote of

"Necker's fair daughter, Stael the Epicene,"

that I shall die a second time if I do not relate it. That celebrated lady, a few years ago, visited this huge metropolis. Hardly was she safely deposited at the Golden Cross, Charing-cross, trunks and hand-boxes inclusive, when she inquired of the waiter if he could direct her to the tomb of Richardson. The crier of "Coming, Sir," was not a little astonished what a lady, on a drizzling November afternoon, could want with a tomb: in a moment he bethought him of Richardson the tavern-keeper in Covent-garden; but having, the day before, purchased a sixteenth of a lottery ticket, he jumped to another conclusion, namely, that Richardson and Goodluck were the parties inquired after. He, therefore, taking it for granted, that the first-named of that firm must have paid the debt of nature, directed the authoress of *Corinne* to Mr. Goodluck in Cornhill, the supposed surviving partner. Away, in a hackney coach, drove our fair traveller to Cornhill: pushed quickly by a dapper clerk in the front shop, who was tempting two servaut-maids with a collection of eighths and sixteenths, held up between his fingers like thirteen cards at whist, and accosting a tall thin man perched in a pulpit, inquired for the tomb of Richardson. "The tomb of Richardson, madam!" said the amazed manager, "Mr. Richardson, I am happy to inform you, never was in better health. He has just set off in Butler's coach for Clapham Rise. Here must be some mistake. What Richard-

son do you mean?"—"The divine Richardson!"—"Divine! Oh! a clergyman—I really cannot tell. You had better inquire of the bookseller of that name over the way." Here, upon our heroine's mentioning that the dead man she meant was the immortal author of *Clarissa*, the bookseller was casually enabled to put her upon the proper scent, by informing her that the deceased lay buried in the parish church of Saint Clement Danes, in the Strand. Back through Temple-bar incontinently drove the enamoured pilgrim;—invoked the sexton from his glass of brandy and water;—aided by a lantern (it was now dark) found the sacred sepulchre,—a flat stone, close to the parish pump, green with age, and muddy with Sabbath pedestrians;—and, falling prostrate upon the cold marble, had reason to congratulate herself, when she arose, on not having paid her respects to the divine Richardson in her best apparel.—This calamity, as the Coronation-herald said to George the Third, cannot happen again. No more huddling of poor dead folks together, like people in the pit on the late re-opening of Drury-lane Theatre. They will, hereafter, have the satisfaction of sleeping in a bed wide as that of Ware, or that of Honour: in which latter, according to sergeant Kite, "several hundred people may sleep together without feeling each other." But I detain you too long from a description of this recent London cemetery. Over its eastern gate is inscribed in gilt characters,

"Mount Rhadamanth, or  
The new Père la Chaise."

On my first entrance, I was agreeably surprised to find so much good taste exhibited in the laying out of the graves. The good old regular jog-trot of "Affliction sore long time I bore," "An honest man, a husband dear, and a good Christian, slumbers here;" or, "Adieu, dear partner of my life," rhyming to a dead certainty with "wife;" were utterly abolished. A pale-looking man, in black, indeed informed me that the Trustees of the Establishment had determined to discard not only bad poetry, but fiction, from their monumental inscriptions. "Indeed!" said a man in striped trowsers beside me, "then how will they ever get good poetry? fiction is the soul of it." "Excuse me, Sir," said he in sables; "elegiac poetry should confine itself to fact: '*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*,' is an antiquated axiom, which the biographer of Doctor Young very properly expelled, and introduced '*nil nisi rerum*' in its place. No man, Sir, can be buried here without producing a certificate of his character while in the land of the living: if that have been good, we allow his relations to blow a trumpet over his grave; if bad, they must pen an elegiac satire, or say nothing: and this rule is especially enforced when the epitaph is expressed in the first person singular. It is a little too bad, when '*etiam mortuus loquitur*,' to find a sepulchre giving vent to a falsehood."—"Now, here, gentlemen," said our guide, addressing a party of about half a dozen who had by this time entered the cemetery, "here is an instance of what I mentioned. This is the monument of Sir Giles January, citizen and goldsmith. At the mature age of sixty-one, he married Miss Myrtila May, aged nineteen. In two years, he died of a swan-hopping dinner, caught at the Castle at Richmond. Consequently, at the period of his exit, he was sixty-three, and his partner twenty-one. Now, Sirs, 'in the olden time,' this monumental

stone would have talked of 'partner dear, slumber here; mutual love, heaven above; heart from heart, 'forced to part;' and 'all that sort of thing.' To all which averments, gentlemen, the Trustees of Mount Rhadamanth entertain only one objection; namely, that not one syllable of them would have been true. Step this way, Sir, if you please: you, Madam, had better stand upon that flat stone on the right: and now let us see what the gentleman has to say for himself." I glided, ghost like, between a young woman in a lilac bonnet, and a swarthy man in green spectacles, and read what follows:—

I left a wife, when dead and gone,  
On earth, one-third the age of me:  
Her years were only twenty-one,  
While mine, alas! were sixty-three.  
Oh thou! who weep'st thy "best of men,"  
Bethink thee, love, who next succeeds:  
Wear black six little months, and then  
Bid Hymen's roses choke thy weeds.  
"Who weds the second kills the first"—  
How could old Shakspeare write such stuff?  
My corse will peer its cerements burst—  
My will is proved, and that's enough!

"Upon my word," cried a youngster, decorated with an eyeglass and a sky-blue cravat, "that dead man is a mighty sensible fellow. Should any thing happen to me, I shall be proud of his better acquaintance—'My will is proved and that's enough.'—Capital. 'Mulum in parvo.' Stop! I'll pop it down in my pocket-book: it will make an excellent addition to my sister Morgan's album:—Quite a hit!—she's at this moment in mourning, as black as a crow, for old Marmaduke Morgan, her Indigo-grinding husband, who left her fifteen hundred a-year: sole executrix too: what has she to do with sables? Stay! 'who weds the second kills the first.' Egad! I don't remember that in Shakspeare: I'll take my oath it's neither in the Honey Moon nor Venice Preserved."

The agent of the trustees of Mount Rhadamanth now led us up a sloping and rather circuitous path, pleasantly shaded by willow and cypress trees; during our progress through which we caught glimpses of divers grave-stones, bearing the customary English decorations, namely, bald-pated old men with scythes, skulls with cross bones, hour-glasses, and cherub heads with full-blown cheeks. "To confess the truth, gentlemen," said our guide, "the Arts have not hitherto made much progress in England. We could not, at the outset of the establishment, positively object to these hacknied ornaments; but they do us little credit: our comfort is that they stand sentinels over personages whom Nature 'manufactured when she made a Grose'—mere John Wilsons of this parish; and Martha Wadesons of that parish, and George Simpsons of t'other hamlet; very respectable people in their line, but not calculated to confer much credit upon the new Père la Chaise." At this moment, I observed that the young woman in the lilac bonnet had, with two female companions, stepped over three ignoble graves, and was busied in decyphering the inscription upon a very smart monument of yellow and green marble. "Ah! ladies," ejaculated the man in black, "that is



worthy your notice: that is the tomb of Miss Banny Flight; a celebrated beauty in her day: the green and yellow marble denotes the melancholy cause of her demise." "No doubt," interrupted the youth with the blue cravat,

"And with a green and yellow melancholy  
She sat like Patience on a monument,"

As Ben Jonson says. Egad! I thought I should whip in something at last." The guide looked a reproof at the impertinence of the strippling; and to a question from one of the ladies, as to what caused her death, answered, "A lover, madam." "Oh, sir, a rejection, I suppose." "No, madam, an offer: nothing more I assure you." "Die of an offer?" "Yes, of an offer; read the epitaph: the lady, after death, confesses her errors with as much readiness as she denied them during her life."

The partner of partners, the belle of the ball,  
And caring for none, though I smiled upon all,  
I flirted, a season, with all that I saw,  
The parson, the merchant, the limb of the law;  
The squire, and the captain were fish in my net,  
Which gain'd me the name of the Village Coquette.  
Years gather'd, and robb'd me of swain after swain:  
Time snaps, link by link, the most obdurate chain.  
The parson adored a rich widow at Kew,  
The merchant ran off with the niece of a Jew,  
The lawyer eloped, being rather in debt,  
And the squire "stole away" from the Village Coquette;  
The captain, false pirate! for life took in tow  
A wharfinger's daughter at Stratford-le-Bow.  
When lo! pert and priggish, all congees and shrugs,  
Approach'd to adore me—a dealer in drugs!  
I shudder'd—I sicken'd—I paid Nature's debt,  
And died, sad and single, a Village Coquette.—

"Hah! lively and lyrical enough," cried the quoter of Ben Jonson; "she seems to have died like the swan, with a song in her beak." "What!" exclaimed a pale-looking girl, who walked arm-in-arm with her of the lilac bonnet, "died because she was courted by the apothecary? Impossible." "It is too true, I assure you," said the man in green spectacles. "I knew Miss Flight perfectly well: I once asked her to dance myself, but my green spectacles were an insurmountable obstacle: though I believe my evening coat had a black velvet collar; I rather suspect that helped to alienate her: at all events she told me she was engaged:—there her conduct was indefensible:—but, as 'touching the apothecary,' I think she was quite right. To be courted by an apothecary is a very serious matter. It is quite enough to kill any decent young woman. In every village within seven miles of the metropolis, there is a race of birds, a race of beasts, and one bat." "One bat? Lard! what has that to do with it?" said young Eye-glass. "I will explain," continued the narrator: "The esquire, the merchant, the justice of the peace, and, in some few cases, the attorney, being the upper folks, I call the birds. The butcher, the blacksmith, the exciseman, the tailor, and the gingerbread-baker, being the lower folks, I denominate the beasts. The apothecary flutters between both: he feels the pulse now of the merchant's lady, and now of the gingerbread-baker's

wife : is a little above par in the back parlour of the butcher, and decidedly below par in the drawing-room of the esquire—I, therefore, call him the bat. Miss Flight never could have married him : that was out of the question : so, her ammunition being all exhausted, and the birds not having been brought down, she did, what Bonaparte should have done at Waterloo—she quitted Love's service in disgust, and 'boldly ventured on the world unknown.' "

At this moment, our sibyl in black looked down a by-path ; and, observing two women in deep mourning, made a motion to the party to stand aside, and let the mourners pass. This hint was decorously complied with. The sisters—such they evidently were—seemed to be between thirty and forty years of age, and with faces hid in deep black veils, hastily passed the party, and walked towards the gate of the cemetery. "Ah!" cried the guide, when they were out of hearing, "that is a lamentable case. Those are two maiden sisters. Their means are but small, and of course they lead but solitary lives. They had taken a beautiful little girl under their production, in whom all their affections were centered. She, poor thing, was taken off last month by a fever. They never pass a day without coming to her grave. I see they have gone through the gate; so we may venture to look at it." The monument was an humble one, and the inscription was as follows :—

Sacred  
To the memory of  
Phœbe Lascelles,  
who died  
The 4th of September, 1822,  
Aged 7 years

Affliction's daughters saw this flower arise,  
Beheld it blossom, fann'd by Zephyr's wing,  
And hoped—too fondly hoped—that summer skies  
Would guard from blight the progeny of spring.

Affliction's daughters saw this flower decay;  
By them 'twas raised—by them 'tis planted here,  
Again to soar above incumbent clay,  
And bloom eternai in a happier sphere.

## SONNET. • •

I saw a happy bride—within a home  
Of wedded bliss ;—she smiled on one who loved  
Her gentleness, in manhood's opening bloom—  
Whose heart for her its earliest passion proved—  
And she was bless'd. The heaven that shone so bright,  
Shone not so brightly as those soft dark eyes,  
Nor shed on all around a tenderer light.

Her passing griefs were breath'd in happy sighs,  
For he was near to soothe her slightest pain,  
And give to woe the semblance of a joy.  
A few short years, I pass'd that house again—  
'Twas desolate—a father led his boy  
To a lone grave—and mourn'd in deep despair  
For the once happy bride, who slumber'd there.

M.

## THE ADVANTAGES OF NONSENSE.

"Dulce est desipere."

HORACE.

MR. EDITOR—I have long been impressed with a conviction which every day's observation and experience of life tends to confirm—of the vast and immeasurable superiority for all purposes, whether of utility or of amusement, of prudence or pleasure, which nonsense possesses over sense. I have long thought (and if I can overcome certain prejudices of education, and certain inveterate sensible habits in which you ridiculously persist, I intend to make you think too) that, under all circumstances, and in all seasons, the merits of that dull and impertinent quality called sense have been much, very much over-rated—and that, at least, in the present day, with our infinitely extended lights, advancement, and civilization, and philosophy, it is a quality as out of place and as obsolete as any of the most absurd notions of our ancestors, which we moderns reject as old-fashioned, and for which none but drivellers retain any respect. In short, as it would be the acme of absurdity for you to keep amanuenses to copy out the ten thousand copies of your Magazine, which I presume you sell, instead of employing the able successors of Caxton, in Dorset-street—for me to poison my hall with oil-lamps instead of using modern gas—for either of us to talk about the extended plain of the earth, since Sir Isaac Newton taught us better—to read a word of Pope, since Mr. S——ey has settled it that he is no poet; or to believe a word of Cobbett, when all the world knows him to be a bouncer by profession; so I hold, that any one is equally behind-hand with the spirit of the present age, who suffers himself, in the nineteenth century, to be a dupe to the long-exploded humbug of good sense. The fact is, Sir, the world have long ago imperceptibly and silently disabused themselves of this mistake; and though, perhaps, I may be the first open and professed advocate of nonsense, (certainly the first, whether open or concealed, in *your* pages) yet, in truth, I am only preaching a doctrine which our friends and acquaintances are perpetually practising, and still more recommending and illustrating by their writings. Now, Sir, *imprimis*, a few words of the advantages of nonsense *in the abstract*. Why, really the difficulty is to find any advantage or benefit in sense. It is a toiling, drudging, stupid, dull, splenetic, and churlish quality—wading and sweating through life with a load of care on its back, and a thoughtful melancholy on its brow—fastidious in its opinions—anxious about every thing—striving after unattainable improvements—souring its temperament with learned discussions and philosophical humbugs—an enemy to enjoyment—a marplot of fancy—a blighter of gaiety—a destroyer of love—a damper of conviviality—in short, a gloomy, perverse, gnomish sprite, that thrusts its dry visage and croaking voice *mal à propos* into all the brightest scenes and most enjoyable moments of life. While my friend Nonsense, with gay and laughing aspect, trips lightly over the surface of things; enjoys them all—flowers and weeds, ore and dross, wine and lees; is never unhappy; never out of countenance; never thinks, and is therefore never perplexed; never feels, and therefore knows not grief; makes friends easily, and loses them lightly; succeeds in love; is caressed by the world; and received as a most fashionable, entertaining, and inoffensive companion at all the

dinner-parties near Grosvenor-square. But you will say these are only trifling pre-eminences, mere third-rate superiorities; how stands the comparison in essentials? Does not sense lead to wealth and honours? Occasionally it does; but—quite as often to the King's Bench, and the Quarterly Review. Was not Sheridan in the Rules, and Bruin-mell at C—— House? Is not R—— in the Gazette, and G—— in the House of Commons? Did not poor Savage die of famine, while the silly Lord Macclesfield was a peer of the realm? I, not C——ge in Grub-street, and W—— in the cabinet? Ask A——, and D——, and S, and half a score more, which is the easiest and the surest road to millions, and woolsacks, and coronets, and club-houses. Why was B—— black-balled at the Literary, but for writing some of the most sensible articles, and making some of the most anti-nonsensical speeches ever written or made? and why was L—— admitted at the same ballot, but because he never composed any thing but a cheque on Coutts's, and never made a speech except once at a Bible-society meeting, on proposing to supply the inhabitants of Coo-Coo with a bale of Mrs. H. More's Cælebs?

Then, in short, Sir, what is common sense, or any sense, good for? Does it make men loyal and well affected? No—for is not Twiss a king's man, and Burdett a radical? Does it make men patriots and friends of the people and constitution? Then why are Hunt and H—— se popular, and why are Canning and Peel not so? Does it then conduce to piety? Alas! alas! Hume, Rousseau, Gibbon, and Voltaire, with sense enough to beat the whole united field of modern *cutty-kms*, were little better than downright atheists; while Van and Bragge B—— go to church twice, and read evening prayers to their servants. In morals, also, I must assert nonsense has it hollow, —and the morality of men now-a-days is unhappily too often in exactly the inverse ratio of their sense—while their sensuality is in the direct ratio of it. If you would but abandon your absurd pertinacity in favour of sense, and mind, and all those illusions, you would at once be extricated from a dreadful hobble on the moral score in which you men of sense are involved. Come over to my notions, patronize nonsense and no-meaning, and their votaries, and abandon men of sense, and you will find yourself at once in the most immaculate society of regular moral men—good fathers of families (in the right way), exemplary masters, diligent church-goers, and assiduous tithe-payers and tithe-receivers; instead of being driven to consort with such a set of rakes and *roués*, graceless wits and ungodly bards, as you now put up with from a childish attachment to sense and talent. Take my advice, keep company with the British Reviewers and the readers of the Christian Observer and the British Critic, and you will soon admit that nonsense is the best preservative of morals and decorum, and \*dullness the finest antiseptic possible against the corruptions of this wicked world. But, Sir, hear the testimony of the most sensible of men themselves, hear their own estimation of those supremacies of sense and mind which the de-luded world so much admire. What said Solomon, the most sensible of all? why that every thing, sense and learning included, was mere vanity: and did not Socrates, who had toiled all his life after wisdom, come at last to the satisfactory conclusion that all his knowledge only taught him that he knew nothing?—truly a pleasant discovery at the end of sixty years consumption of brain and midnight oil! If these

were mere sayings of these great (I mean these nonsensical) characters, I should not attach much weight to them, but only ascribe them to the perverse propensity of great men affectedly to under-rate the qualities and characteristics by which they are alone distinguished; but when we remember that the said first-mentioned contemner of wisdom illustrated his own aphorisms by keeping three-score times as many wives and concubines as any the most nonsensical man could possibly know what to do with, without the assistance of his friends, and that Socrates suffered himself to be henpecked by a jade, in a way that none but men of leaping and genius ever do, one must readily admit with them that wisdom is the weakest, and sense and learning are the most nonsensical things imaginable. Aristotle, Cicero, Bacon, Pope, Johnson, have all come to the same conclusion of the utter nothingness of sense and knowledge. Now, Sir, if nothing and nonsense are what we are to arrive at in the end, I confess I prefer the shortest cut. I would go *tout droit au but*. If nonsense is the ultimate goal, straight to the mark, say I. I like to travel as the crow flies; no toiling for me up mountains of science, amongst crags of philosophy, and sloughs of learning, and fogs of controversy. Why trudge over Highgate-hill when one can canter through the archway; why imitate these men of profound vanity and erudite folly, and philosophical nonsense—the Platos and Lockes, and Humes, and Wartons. Surely it is much easier and more satisfactory, and more rational, and certainly more popular, to be plain downright jack-asses and noodles at once, like our friends A. and B. and C. and D. and E. If, then, nonsense is a happy, popular, and fashionable companion, cherished by the great—admitted to a seat in the cabinet—returned with triumphant majorities to the house—a staple commodity at Murray's—a favourite contributor to Magazines—a pious, loyal, and church-going subject—moral and domestic in habits—a good believer, and the quintessence and result of all knowledge and all philosophy, I do maintain that nonsense attains and fulfils in a very easy and delightful and toilless manner, almost, if not quite, all the good ends and purposes of life, and that it is one of the most absurd and hypocritical cants, of these canting days, to affect to quiz and ridicule and despise so main an engine in the affairs of life, and so considerable a contributor to the fame and fortune and pleasures of individuals.

Now, Sir, let me ask what is the most delightful of all passions? Is it not that which is the nearest allied to nonsense?—which laughs at philosophy, turns fools of philosophers, baffles wisdom, turns the heads of all the world, from the palace to the cottage, and makes all men, from the gravest statesman to the silliest miss, write, and talk, and wish, and hope, and think, and do the most preposterous nonsense that ever entered into the brain of nonsensical man? And think of the importance, and results, and influence of all this very nonsense and twaddling; think of the

Relations dear to all the charities

Of father, son, and brother,

which grow and luxuriate from this fruitful stem; think of the volumes written on it; think of the blood shed for it—

Nam fuit ante Helenam mulier teterrima belli

Causa—

of the intellect, the time, the energies, devoted to it; the dynasties overthrown, the crimes committed, the laws enacted, and acknowledge

with me that nonsense has some slight influence in the economy of the world. Strephon, in *The Tatler*, was one of the few men who, from a bold reliance on nonsense, was a master of the art of wooing: "Taking the fair nymph's hand and kissing it, he exclaimed, Witness to my happiness, ye groves! be still, ye rivulets! Oh, woods, caves, fountains, trees, dales, mountains, hills, and streams! Oh, fairest! could you love me? To which I heard her answer, with a pretty lisp, Oh, Strephon, you are a dangerous creature!"—to be sure he was, because he used the right weapons. Now-a-days declarations of love must be a little more Germanized and metaphysical; Tom Moore has enlarged and polished the lover's vocabulary—but the sum and substance and foundation is the same, and ever has been, from Leander down to Little.

But, Sir, the real extent and full value of the merits of nonsense can, I maintain, only be truly appreciated by that class of persons who, with the most unpardonable forgetfulness of obligations, are those who raise the loudest outcries against it—I mean *authors*. This is, indeed, quarrelling with their fame and their bread; and it is observable, that those among them are the most intolerant and vindictive against this quality, to whose writings it has been the most bountiful benefactor; they, with the most barbarous ingratitude, take every occasion of reproaching and vituperating, in the works of others, that which is the only substratum and characteristic of their own; as if, truly, they were jealous of all rivals in the enjoyment of this valuable article, and desired to possess a strict and exclusive monopoly of so popular and lucrative a commodity. Take away this admirable prop and fulcrum, and you will see, Sir, that the majority of authors have only one leg, or half a one, left to stand upon. The stults of nonsense enable hundreds to cut a dashing and dignified figure, which they could never effect on their own poor, spavined, and tottering marrowbones. In this late and exhausted stage of the world, indeed, I hold that literature must come to an absolute and downright stand-still without the aid of nonsense. Why, Sir, all the sensible things upon all possible subjects have been long ago said and re-said, written and re-written, to satiety. Only a certain number of changes are to be rung upon the limited range of human ideas, as upon a peal of bells or the notes of a piano-forte: these, in all their varieties and semitones, have been long ago jingled and rattled into the public ear. It is not on the cards to produce above a certain number of combinations. The legislature cannot offer a reward for the discovery of a new idea, as well as a novel or a passage.

A great bookseller told me the other day he had just signed a contract with the renowned Mr. Lane, of Minerva celebrated for his books, "I will take a certain number of copies of every thing he publishes," added he, "without the Minerva novels and romances would be absolutely impossible to supply the incessant demand for something new among our customers." Authors and readers are thus, you see, Sir, fairly driven, or necessitated, and to avoid starvation, to emigrate from the old overstocked domains of sense, and to colonize the green, luxuriant, and teeming plains of the vast continent of nonsense. Too happy and too grateful ought we to confess ourselves for that inexhaustible fecundity which promises a harvest of ever-fresh fertility in these vast and verdant glades. The Germans, who, you know, are great settlers every where, except in Germany, have large plantations in these new

continents—headed by a variety of Professors and Barons, and *Herrn* and *Frauen Von*. Our own possessions here are, happily, by no means inconsiderable, and are daily increasing. In addition to *Darwin Bay*, and *Chambers Island*, and *Della Crusca Farm*, which we acquired there some years ago, and which that inveterate friend of the old regime of sense, *William Gifford*, cruelly did his best to sink in the ocean, we have now to congratulate ourselves on the far more fruitful and extensive acquisitions of *Cockney Plantation*, *Keat's Prairie*, *Cape H—*, &c. &c. These thriving settlements now give us, I apprehend, a firm footing and commanding way in the regions of nonsense unknown to our forefathers, at least, since the days of *Blackmore's Epics*, *Dennis's Criticisms*, and *Cibber's Birthday Odes*; and as long as the above-named enterprising chieftains, or any of their posterity or votaries, exist, we have no fear of being ejected by the natives, or of ceasing to enrich our old and effete world of sense with the exotic productions, the rich monstrosities, and multifarious varieties of that genial soil and clime, assisted by the skill of such unrivalled cultivators.

But, Sir, it is in poetry, of all species of composition, that nonsense shines with the most resplendent lustre. There this benign power delights to shed its rosiest influence, there showers her choicest sweets, and lavishes all the luxuriance of her inexhaustible stores. Nonsense is, in poetry, what a new power is in mechanics—adding twenty-fold scope, and energy, and capability to all the poet's efforts—absolving him from the paltry laws and teasing restraints imposed by sense—extricating him from the narrow bounds of the probable, and opening the halcyon isles of the improbable and the sublime shores of the impossible to his ravished sight and emancipated pen. The poet who neglects these advantages is the dullest of drivellers, and deserves never to be lauded by the Quarterly or the Edinburgh as long as he lives. He is like a child who prefers a go-cart after he can run alone—like governments who ridiculously pay their debts in gold when print and paper do so much better—like an individual who pays ready money when he can have unbounded credit—like an idiot who lives on his own possessions when his neighbours are so much larger and more convenient. What a dull dolt was poor *Boileau* who racked his brain and consumed his finger-nails in an absurd attempt to reconcile reason with rhyme; and all this to be voted at last a *rhymer* and a *pedant* by the *lakists* and *cockneys* of the nineteenth century! Had he possessed a spark of the true *ius poetica*, he would have found, that instead of forcing rhyme and reason into an unnatural conjunction, the only business of the true poet is to discard both, to luxuriate in verse, blank of meaning as of rhyme—revel in *dactyls*, *alecics*, and *dithyrambics* without rhyme—soar in *blank odes*—caper in *English hexameters*—and swagger in prose cut into lines of ten syllables.

Ces écrits, il est vrai, sans art et languissants  
Semblent être formés en dépit du bon sens,  
Mais ils trouvent pourtant, quoi qu'on en puisse dire,  
Un marchand pour les vendre, et des sots pour les lire

Now, Sir, are the plain prose-writers, happily for ourselves, excluded from our fair share of the aid of nonsense. Our use of this exquisite ingredient is somewhat less ostentatious than that adopted by the versifying gentry, but scarcely less frequent or less successful. We

are obliged to be a little more cautious—the tricks of verse are more happy in concealing the infusion—and this is necessary, for much as the public palate likes the flavour, no good cook ever thrusts down a whole undisguised dose even of the most favourite among his sauces and spices. I am happy to say, however, the public stomach is not very delicate in this respect; and, thanks to our newspaper editors, lottery and blacking sellers, bellmen, and government pamphleteers, radical addressers, royal mess-answers, act of parliament-drawers, and sitting aldermen, sports club barristers, and paradoxical essayists, and other preëminent masters of the vernacular tongue, the stomach of John Bull is disciplined into such excellent vigour as to be in condition to bear a tolerable draught of nonsense without danger of nausea. What think you, Sir, of the following *morçau* from the pen of an eminent and learned university genius speaking of a German author? “It would be necessary to point out how his genius is free from that mixture of sentimentality with technical ethics, which, originating in the separation between the head and the heart, and the inability to reunite them, and to perceive the coincidence between the laws of reason and of nature, oscillates between the two, and now bowing down its neck before a formal reason would change virtue into a more wordy skeleton, now throwing itself into the arms of nature’s pampers the morbid lusts of the will,” &c. &c. Is not this exquisite?—You and I never studied Kant (or *cant* either) and Jacob Boehmen to half so much purpose as this metaphysical gentleman.

But I know, Sir, of no spot where the beauties of nonsense are better understood, or clothed in a garb of more imposing solemnity, than in Westminster Hall—

Ah think not, mistress, more true dulness lies  
In folly’s cap than wisdom’s grave disguise.

You remember, a short time ago, a learned Judge charging an assembled Grand Jury, that it was a part of their duty to believe that the National Debt was the greatest blessing enjoyed by the country, and *cetero*, that the more they had of it the better;—a tolerable dose for twenty-four landed squires, with their rents in arrear and their farms thrown up! The nonsense of legal forms and fictions, of John Doe suing Richard Roe, and Richard Denn giving bail for John Fenn, of implied *assumpsits*, *quasi* contracts—of Expressing a sound drubbing by a friendly *molliter manus impositus*—of fathers of seduced daughters recovering damages against seducers, not for corruption of virtue and dishonour to families, but for depriving them of said daughters’ services in scrubbing kettles and pans, and mending shirts and stockings; all these and fifty other legal *nonsensiana* are of the most invaluable service; for not only is it an established legal principle, that in *fictione juris consuetudine equitas*—but these terrific technicalities tend to frighten away many dilettanti lounging men of talent from the *champ d’ars* of the profession, to humbug clients, and strike attorneys dumb. But it is in the *Nisi Prius* advocate’s address to twelve good and lawful men in the jury-box that nonsense comes gorgeously and triumphantly in aid of the stale and hacknied common-places of forensic litigation. Then it is that the horsewhipped plaintiff is exhibited as one who has obtained compensation for a wounded frame and corporal inflictions, but for



those keener lacerations of the mind, those stripes of the spirit which no styptic can heal and no balsam can assuage. Docs a husband seek redress from the seducer of his fragile spouse—he is young, generous, confiding, honourable in rank, affluent in his fortunes, and seeking in his lovely spouse a friend to adorn his fortunes and deceive his toils. As for the lady herself, “Virtue never found a fairer temple—beauty never veiled a purer sanctuary—in the dawn of life with all its fragrance round her, and yet so pure, that even the ~~lust~~ which sought to hide her lustre, but disclosed the *vestal* deity that burned beneath it.” (Vestal as she is, she *does* burn.) Then the poor defendant, “with the serpent’s wile and the serpent’s wickedness, steals into the Eden of domestic life, poisoning all that is pure, polluting all that is lovely, defying God, destroying man—a demon in the disguise of virtue, a herald of hell in the paradise of innocence!!!” Then of course passion subsides; satiety succeeds. “But thus it is with the votaries of guilt—the birth of their crime is the death of their enjoyment, and the wretch who flings his offering on its altar falls an immediate victim to the flame of his devotion!!!” Bravo! King Cambyeses. Now, Sir, if this speech extracts some hundreds for damages from twelve honest and sound-headed hucksters, and sells to the thinking public to the extent of forty-one editions, you will readily agree with me, that nonsense is as eminently serviceable and successful at the Bar as I have shewn it to be in other pursuits and departments of life; and I trust I have said enough, though I *could* say much more, to induce you to relax a few of your stubborn, old-fashioned, and misplaced prejudices against so interesting and invaluable a quality.

I am, Sir,

Quack Villa,  
Plumery Place.

Your humble servant,  
TRINCULO SONDERING.

#### STANZAS.

I MAY not think, I must not moralize !  
For it is only in the lucid pause  
Of sense and consciousness that feeling sleeps  
And woos her to her own forgetfulness.  
Onward I must! But how, or where, or wherefore,  
Is more than mystery. No hope shall hallow  
The bitter hardships of a dreary day;  
No dream of lightness shall divert the sleep  
Of midnight misery; and when I wake  
To wander in the wild, cold blast of morn,  
Glory will bend no look of brightness on me  
To chase the shadow from my darken’d soul.  
But I must wander still without a wish  
To win me happiness; my goal ungain’d  
Because unknown: the sorrow yet to come  
Unseen; and all my future fate cased up  
Like infancy unchristen’d in the grave!

P.

## ON THE INTERLUDES\* OF THE EARLY SPANISH THEATRE.

At the period when the brilliant imaginations of Lopez de Vega, of Calderon, and of Moreto, had conferred upon Spain a national theatre, and even during the greatest vogue of their long comedies in five acts, it was the custom to give *entremeses*, or interludes, which, as the name implies, were played in the interval between the principal pieces, or more frequently between the acts of those pieces. The same custom prevailed during a long time in Italy and France, where these interludes were not limited to one act, but often extended to two, three, and four: and the singular arrangement, or rather disarrangement, was followed, of playing an act of the comedy and an act of the interlude alternately, and so on to the end; leaving to the ingenuity and tact of the audience the care of unravelling the various threads of these entangled intrigues. This practice became so deeply rooted in Italy, that the traces remain even to this day, for it is not an unfrequent occurrence there to give the two first acts of two different operas the same evening, adjourning the two other acts and the curiosity of the audience to a future opportunity. It even sometimes happens, that in order to gratify some great personage, who may not be either able or willing to remain during the entire representation, they commence with the last act of an opera (when it is the more celebrated of the two), and finish with the first; without the audience shewing the slightest dissatisfaction at this too literal adoption of the scriptural dispensation, that "the last shall be first." The old Spanish interludes seldom exceed one act; in a dramatic point of view they differ widely from the comedies (properly so called), possessing neither their beauties nor blemishes. The chief intent of the writers seems to have been to rouse and exhilarate the spectators, whose attention had been fatigued by the long, declamatory, and oftentimes half-devout comedies of the great masters. For this purpose it was more necessary to strike strongly than justly, and consequently coarse humour and farcical buffoonery were scattered through these pieces with no sparing hand. Thence it is that many of them have scarcely any other merit than that of producing a broad grin. The plot is generally extremely simple, and the dialogue rapid and abrupt, forming a remarkable contrast with the complicated intrigues, and interminable monologues of the more regular dramas. If the Spanish comedies have been sometimes termed dramatized novels or romances, the interludes may be called anecdotes thrown into action. It is, therefore, useless to seek for either poetry or beauty of style in them, their chief merit being the comic idea upon which they are founded. Some of them exhibit a wild and reckless jollity, from which we may judge of the frank and unrestrained joyousness of the old Spanish character, before bigotry and the Inquisition had rendered hypocrisy a duty, and thrown a deep and sombre tint over the manners of the people. It must, however, be confessed, that the farcical humour of some of these interludes is pushed to grossness, so much so, that it appears not a little astonishing that a devout government should have tolerated a public exhibition of such excesses. We can only suppose that they considered the piety with which some of the more regular

\* Entremeses.

comedies were seasoned, as a sufficient antidote to the licentiousness of the interludes. Lopez de Vega has not disclaimed (at least in the beginning of his dramatic career) to exercise his genius in the invention of these minor pieces: there are several to be found in the first volumes of his dramatic works; but the last volumes are entirely free from them, owing probably to his having considered such compositions incompatible with his character as an ecclesiastic. I shall here give an account of a few of these popular farces: they may be valuable as presenting a fresher and more faithful picture of the manners and sentiments of the lower classes of society, at the period to which they belong, than the more elaborate, artificial, and embellished sketches exhibited in the higher dramatic writings of the time.

In the old popular anecdotes of most countries, there is to be found one of a woman, who, not willing to obey the commands of her husband, pretends to be dead, and yields not until she is upon the point of being buried. This trait of female obstinacy forms the subject of an old Spanish *entremese*, entitled *Los Huevos*, "The Eggs." The obstinate couple are called Bendito and Merga: the scene is in a village. Bendito wishes to have some fried eggs for breakfast, but his wife refuses to fry them, as she is occupied in preparing a dress in which she is to appear at the procession of Corpus Christi, which is to take place the next morning at Seville. Bendito, nevertheless, persists in his intention of breakfasting upon fried eggs. — Merga. "But I shan't fry any for you." Bendito, threatening to strike her. "Will you fry them?" Merga. "No, I shan't fry them." Bendito. "I insist upon it." At this critical moment a neighbour enters, and endeavours to put an end to the dispute, by offering to fry the eggs for Bendito; but the mulish husband will not allow any one but his wife to cook the eggs, and upon her still refusing, he proceeds to lay violent hands upon her: they are separated, and Merga escapes from the house. One of the neighbours reproaches Bendito with his brutality. "Fye, gossip," he says to him, "what a man you are! a box with the right hand, and another with the left, might have passed, but thus to continue beating your wife is not creditable:" he concludes by inviting him and his wife to breakfast. They depart together. The scene then changes to the interior of the church opposite the door of the sacristy. The curate calls the sacristan, who enters half-dressed in his ecclesiastical robes: they rehearse the ceremony of the *Fête Dieu*; that is, they execute a chorus and dance in honour of the holy sacrament. They are interrupted by a knocking at the door, and a villager called Llorente rushes in to say that Merga is at the point of death, in consequence of the ill treatment of her husband. They were both at table with Llorente, when the wife, all of a sudden, took it into her head not to eat of the eggs that were prepared for breakfast. The husband put a plate of them before her, and said "You shall eat them." Merga. "I will not eat them." Bendito. "By G — you shall eat them." On hearing which, the wife, without farther ceremony, took the plate and dashed it on the ground. The husband became furious, and recommenced beating his wife, who cried out so bravely, that she drew a crowd round the house; but Bendito still continued to beat her, swearing that she should eat them, or he would kill her. Merga then exclaimed, that she was dying, and Llorente came off for the priest and the doctor. The scene

ing changes, or rather it is supposed to change, for in those times there was but one decoration, which remained during the entire representation. We are now in *Merga's* bedchamber: the doctor arrives, feels the pulse of the castigated wife, and prescribes her a dose of fresh eggs; a singular remedy certainly for black eyes and bruises; but the author had need of the eggs, and the audiences of those days were not very fastidious, provided they were made to laugh. "At present," says *Bendito*, "my wife will not refuse to eat the eggs." "Yes, but I will," replies *Merga*; "eat them I will not." *Bendito* again falls to beating her, saying, "The doctor orders you." One of the by-standers interposes, and says, "She will eat them, if I offer them to her." *Merga*. "No, if the devil should offer them to me, I should not eat them." The husband quits the room, and *Merga* says to one of her female neighbours, "I shall pretend to be dead, and I hope that when my husband sees me borne out to be buried, he will repent of his obstinacy." The expedient is approved of, and *Merga* affects to be dead. The neighbour utters a cry of distress, which brings in the husband *Bendito*. "What's the matter?"—"Your wife is dead."—"And the eggs, has she eaten them?"—"No, she refused to the last moment." *Bendito* (aside) "She pretends to be dead, in order not to eat them, (aloud) I must go out, and prepare her funeral. He goes out." The neighbour. "Oh God! he is gone for the priest and the bearers." *Merga*. "No matter, let him do so." The sacristan and the priests in their surplices arrive, followed by *Bendito* in mourning, and the musicians. Whilst they are singing a *requiescat*, *Bendito* approaches his wife with an egg in his hand, and says in a whisper to her, "Will you eat it?" To which she replies, "No I will allow myself to be buried first." They repeat the prayers for the dead, and at the word *Amen*, *Bendito* reiterates his demand—"Will you eat it?"—"No." The sacristan orders the bearers to lift up the body, the priests and musicians recommence chanting, and the procession sets forward, when, on a sudden, *Merga* starts up and cries "Stop, stop, I'll eat the eggs." The priests, the sacristan, the musicians, and the crowd, all scamper away in a panic, making the sign of the cross, and crying, "Oh Jesus, save us!" *Bendito* goes up to his wife, and says, "Will you eat the eggs?"—"Oh yes, yes, yes."—"How many?"—"A whole docket full, if you require it."—"Certainly, there is more of pucility than art in this manner of treating a dramatic subject, yet it cannot be altogether denied, but that the predominant idea is a comic one and which, if managed with more skill and tact, might even at the present day be made eminently pleasant upon the stage.

*La Cuna*, "The Cradle," is an interlude of a still ruder description—it is such a farce as *Thespis* might be supposed to have represented on his waggon before the *Gaceta* populace. There are but four characters in it—a farmer, his female servant, a peasant in his service, and a sacristan. The farmer having learned that the peasant has debauched his servant maid, wishes to have them married, to avoid scandal in the village for which purpose he goes to the curate: while he is away, the sacristan enters, and says to the peasant, "Ah, it is reported in the village that *Theresa* is with child by you. What abominable conduct! take care that the vengeance of God does not fall upon you, and that in going to *Theresa* the devil does not run away with you. But tell me, how

do you contrive to get into her chamber?" The peasant. "Oh, good Lord! you are right, I must leave off this wicked conduct. You wish to know how I contrive to have a meeting with Theresa:—well, I bark outside the house like a dog; Theresa recognises me by this signal, and opens the door." After this dialogue the peasant goes out; the sacristan congratulates himself on having learned the signal, and proposes to make use of it. The scene changes, or is supposed to change, to Theresa's room, in a corner of which is a cradle. The barking of a dog is heard. Theresa exclaims, "Oh, God! here is Paul coming;" she opens the door, and the sacristan stands before her. "Jesus Maria! what has brought you here?" "To see you, my dear child; don't be alarmed." A second barking is heard. "Just Heaven!" cries Theresa, "here is my husband: she opens the door, the peasant enters, and the sacristan begins to bark at him. The peasant. "What, you son of a b—! I have taught you to bark, and you now wish to bite me. Wife, what is the meaning of all this? Why do you receive priestlings in your room? Get away: instead of marrying you, I will expose you to your master." He goes out. Poor Theresa is embarrassed: her master is coming, and will find the sacristan with her. No other expedient occurs to her than to hide the sacristan in the cradle, and pretend that she has given birth to a child. The peasant enters with the farmer, saying, "Yes, master, as I told you, I found the sacristan here with Theresa." A noise resembling the cries of a new-born infant is heard from the cradle, and the farmer says, "Go girl, give that child the breast." The peasant, anxious to see his offspring, goes over to the cradle, and exclaims, "Oh, God! what a monstrous infant! he has come into the world with shoes upon him;—it is the child of a Philistine." The peasant sees that it is full time to call the curate to give the nuptial benediction, and so the piece concludes.—In this farce, the character of the sacristan is remarkable. He commences as a preacher, and finishes as a profligate. It is under this *mélange* of hypocrisy and libertinism that this class of characters is generally represented in the Spanish interludes. The comic poets of Spain have frequently brought upon the stage these amphibious personages, half-lay, half-clerical, whose twofold nature offers a source of comic development. And it may be observed, that upon the stage, as well as in the world, those persons who unite the manners and sentiments of the lower classes of society to the pretensions of the higher ranks, afford a fitting subject for burlesque and ridicule. Of this description are the country schoolmasters in England and Germany; the scriveners and village bailies in France; and the sacristans in Spain. These last have a superiority, in a dramatic point of view, over the former, from the more exaggerated nature of their pretensions. These petty officers, though belonging to the last rank of society, yet are in frequent communication with their superiors; and though tinctured with the grossness and vulgarity of their origin, yet they endeavour to exact that degree of respect which they see paid to those in a more elevated rank, and to whom they seek to make it appear that they appertain. Nor are their efforts entirely vain; for in Spain they do, or did, enjoy a certain sort of consideration from their being attached to the church, and filling a place, though the very lowest one, in the hierarchy. They are always saluted by the people with the title of *Senor Beneficado*, *Senor Letrado*, sweet

sugary words that give them no little importance in their own eyes and in those of the people. Another reason, probably, for the Spanish comic writers having so often made these persons the objects of their satire, may be, that not daring to meddle with the great body of the clergy, they indemnified themselves by more frequently repeated and inveterate attacks upon the sacristans, their out-posts. Devout as Lopez de Vega was, yet he has not hesitated to introduce these personages into many of his pieces; and in some even the *Grazioso*, or buffoon, is a sacristan. I shall give one example.

In the comedy of *Isidore*, or "The Holy Peasant of Madrid," the stage represents a chapel, in which there has been suspended before the image of the Virgin, a Moorish standard taken from the enemy. The sacristan enters, and indulges in the following soliloquy:—"By my faith, every thing is going wrong here; at present, there is scarcely one funeral in a whole twelvemonth: it would appear that Death has gone to travel in foreign parts, and left the care of despatching people to the other world to our physicians, but, as misfortunes never come single, our doctors are become skilful, as it seems, and succeed in curing their patients. What is to become of us, if some plague or other great calamity do not happen? Ah! here is a Moorish standard that they have hung up before the image of the Virgin; a fine and sound piece of cloth, faith! and comes very *à propos*, as I am just in want of a doublet and hose;—nobody sees me—there is not a soul in the chapel—so, down with the standard. There is many a man under the stones here,—but, by your leave, buried gentlemen, I must have my dues." As he ceases speaking, Isidore approaches, and slapping him on the shoulder, says, "Brother, will mass soon begin?"—The sacristan (dreadfully alarmed), "Just Heaven, holy confession!"—Isidore. "Well, what makes you so frightened?"—The sacristan (still alarmed), "Who are you?"—Isidore. "I am a brother; will mass soon begin?" The sacristan (aside). "This devil of a peasant is always here."—Isidore. "What's that you say?"—Sacristan. "I say that mass will begin immediately; (aside) This ill-looking thief never quits the chapel from morning till night, and yet I was fool enough to think that no one saw me."—Isidore. "Tell me, brother, who has hung up this standard here? If it has been conquered under the protection of the Virgin, it is but just that it should be consecrated to her."—Sacristan. "Oh, Heaven! he has heard what I said."—Isidore (continuing). "Indeed, these trophies, taken from the infidels, are ornaments worthy of the temple of the true God. It was thus that the Maccabees, after the deliverance of Jerusalem, suspended their bucklers in the house of the Lord."—Sacristan. "Oh! if you wish to preach, you must choose your time better, we have something else to attend to at present; (aside) When next he pays so early a visit he shall find the door closed; (aloud) There, mass is beginning."—Isidore goes away.—Sacristan. "Ah! at length I have got rid of this pious rascal. This looks like a warning from God not to touch his property. It is true, that the Holy Scriptures tell us that Heliogorus was scourged by an angel, for having taken gold out of the temple. Nevertheless, this very night I shall run the risk of the scourge." These buffooneries, where the sacred is mingled with the profane, would certainly not be tolerated upon our modern theatres; yet it cannot be denied but that the part

of the sacristan possesses some comic colouring.—In another piece Lopez de Vega represents a sacristan as a love messenger, or bearer of *billet-doux*: at first he feels indignant at the prophane proposal, as derogatory to his demi-clerical character; but at the sight of some gold coins he finds out that in furthering the views of the lovers, he is only consulting the interest of the church, and the honour of the holy sacrament of matrimony, by hastening the moment of the nuptial benediction.

The plot of another interlude, *Los Romanos*, "The Romances," is evidently taken from the Don Quixote of Cervantes. Bartolo, a young peasant, has had his head turned by the reading of romances and poems treating of chivalry. In spite of the endeavours of all his family, he bestrides his ass and sets out in quest of adventures: close to his native village he meets an old comrade, whom he takes for a Moor his rival; falls foul of him, and is soundly drubbed for the mistake. Stretched on the earth, and aching in every bone, he invokes the aid of Montezinos, Durandarte, and other heroes of romance: his family arrive, and inquire how he has come into such a plight, but he only replies by high chivalric and inexplicable phrases, calling his father the Marquis of Mantua, and his mother *l'Infanta*. On being asked if he be wounded, he answers in heroic strain, that he has "twenty trenched gashes on his head, the least a death to nature." His relations very naturally conclude that he is *non compos*, and take him back to his house, in order to secure and watch him until his folly shall have abated. The scene changes to the interior of the house, where the wedding of Bartolo's sister is celebrating. His mother enters, and says that the patient is in a sound sleep, and that there is little danger of their being disturbed by him. The festivities commence, but in the midst of them Bartolo rushes to the door of the apartment, in his shirt, crying out "Fire! fire!" The guests disperse in every direction, some to escape and others to extinguish the conflagration; but it is a false alarm; and the only thing that is found to be on fire is the brain of poor Bartolo, who is heard reciting a poetical description of the burning of Troy, which recitation terminates the interlude. This little piece had at least the merit of being *d'propos*, and must have excited a good deal of laughter at the time when chivalric romances were so much the vogue in Spain.

The last of those minor pieces I shall mention, is entitled *El Ospital de los Podridos*, "The Hospital for Fools." The plan is not devoid of comic intention. The director of a mad-house, attended by his secretary, passes in review all the inmates of his establishment. One has been driven mad by envy, another by poetry, a third by ambition; and after examining five or six of his insane guests, the director himself gets into a furious passion with one of them, and becomes so outrageous, that the secretary orders the keeper to secure and confine him. Shortly after, the secretary also falls into so terrible a rage with the keeper, that the latter thinks it but prudent to accommodate him with a cell and a straight-waistcoat. We were in hopes, that as insanity was taking its rounds, that the keeper himself would have become mad and so filled up the measure of folly. This piece, in its plan and composition, is of a higher order than the fore-mentioned ones. It approaches very near a regular comedy, and might, with a little modification, take a not-

inferior place amongst those modern theatrical pieces, which the French call *pièces à tiroir*, because they contain several unconnected characters that are developed one after the other, as you draw out the drawers of a cabinet or *secrétaire*. Amongst the fools who figure in *El Ospidal de los Podridos* is a poet, who cannot digest an absurdity that appears in the first verses of an old song, where it is said, that Charlemagne was one day playing at chess with the chief Moor Almeria. The fool shrewdly enough observes, that an emperor must have had something else to do than play at chess; and insists upon having the last will of the author of the song examined, to see if there be not an injunction to his executors to correct the mistake.

All the interludes that I have here mentioned are to be found in the voluminous collection of Lopez de Vega's dramatic works, and are probably, written by him. It is to be regretted that these are the only ones that have been printed or come down to our times; for although they could not be held up as models of dramatic composition, yet they might have furnished modern writers for the stage with a great variety of comic situations, pleasant adventures, and frank and joyous humour, which might very advantageously replace the servile and spiritless imitations, and meagre and tasteless *rechauffés*, which are so profusely obtruded upon the English and French public at present. Indeed, the dramatic literature of Spain, the offspring of the fresh and fertile Castilian imagination, may be considered as a rich mine, from which though there has been already much valuable and sterling ore extracted, yet still sufficient remains to reward the labour and ingenuity of future adventurers.

D.

## ON SEEING A TOMB ADORNED WITH ANGELS WEeping.

Though sculptors, with mistaken art,  
Place weeping angels round the tomb;  
Yet, when the good and great depart,  
These shout to bear their conquerors home.

Glad they survey their labours o'er,  
And hail them to their native skies;  
Attend their passage to the shore,  
And with their mounting spirits rise.

Britain may mourn her Patriot dead,  
And pour her sorrows o'er his dust:  
But streaming eyes, and drooping head,  
Ill suit those guardians of the just.

Parents may shed a tender tear,  
And friends indulge a parting groan;  
If these in mimic form appear,  
Such pious grief becomes the stone.

But if the wounded marble bear  
Celestial forms to grace the urn,  
Let triumph in their eyes appear—  
Nor dare to make an angel mourn.



## CAMPAIGNS OF A CORNET.

## NO. IV.

THE information which we received from the two *alarmists*, whom, as I have already related, we discovered like the valiant fat knights, lying upon their faces, induced us to take the precaution of reconnoitring the position and force of the enemy's troops. This duty, which is called patrolling, is usually performed, in the first instance, by some cavalry officer, who takes with him four or five of his men, merely to prevent surprise. I shall here give a slight notion of the manner in which this duty is done; but first, we must beg our civil readers will not confound us with that highly meritorious body of men, called, *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, the horse-patrol; who may be observed pursuing their nocturnal rounds in the villages near the metropolis, and with whose cry of "pad-ree-l," no doubt many of our readers must be acquainted. Perhaps the strongest distinction between us and that worthy body of men is, that the horse-patrol invariably perform their duties on foot. When the patrolling party advances, two dragoons are first despatched, about fifty yards from one another, with their carbines upon their knee, while the officer, with the sergeant, follows at the distance of sixty or seventy yards from the last dragoon, and the rear is in general brought up by another of the party. The advance is made with the utmost caution, the soldiers in front examining every hedge and bush: the moment they scent the enemy they fire their carbines, and retreat if the danger is at hand, or else wait till their officer rides up to make his observations. The direction given on these occasions is to gather as much information as possible, but never to incur the danger of being captured; which would of course defeat the object in view. Under these circumstances it is not considered derogatory to the honour of a soldier to display the best part of valour, and to live to fight another day. In passing through villages there is of course more danger of surprise (which we this day proved) than in the open country, and it is the usual practice to make the dragoons ride two or three times up and down the street before the officer considers it conformable to military regulations to venture his own person. On the present occasion I took with me a sergeant and three men; and in the selection of my attendants I paid particular attention to their physical strength and mental courage. One of the privates who now accompanied me I had often employed on similar occasions. He was an athletic, bold, enterprising Scotchman, about six feet high. Like Cinna, he had a head to contrive, and a hand to execute any mischief. I well recollect, when we lay before Pampeluna, an instance of this man's courage, which is worth repeating. He made some trifling bet with a brother soldier, when on picquet, that he would knock at the city-gate, notwithstanding the interposition of the French troops between us and the walls. One evening, under the cover of vineyards and standing corn, he crept round the French picquets, lay listening to them a little while, then stole forwards, knocked at the gate, and retreated in safety to his party; an action which was visible to some of our own men, who had their eyes fixed upon his movements.

After having patrolled fourteen or fifteen miles over hill and dale, we arrived at the entrance of a small town, where we had some suspicions that a party of the *gens d'armes* of the province was quartered.

Accordingly, I directed two men to enter the town, with strict injunctions to use every precaution; but, after waiting a considerable time for their return, and not hearing the report of their carbines, I determined to advance myself. I am sure it must have been an amusing thing to an indifferent spectator to have seen the very cautious style in which we now made our approaches: Macbeth, when he was on his way to commit the murder, could not have looked around him with greater anxiety than we did. At last the mystery was explained, - at the bottom of the street I perceived my two heroes led captives from a wine-house by a party of gens-d'armes, and I learned from a peasant that, attracted by the smell of the wine, the rogues had got off their horses, and had no sooner entered the house than they were instantly captured by a party of the enemy, who were regaling themselves there. They paid dearly for their indiscretion. About three or four months afterwards they joined me at Bourdeaux; and from the day of their capture until that time they had never enjoyed a day's rest: marched in the first instance to Verdun, the advance of the Allies drove thence to Lisle; from Lisle they were sent to Cherbourg, and at Cherbourg they were turned loose without a single sou, to rejoin the English army if they were able. Finding it impossible to recapture our companions, we were compelled, very much to the annoyance of the stout-hearted Scotchman, to make good our retreat, without any attempt at a rescue. However, as we reached the outskirts of the town, we sprang some fresh game in the person of a French commissary, in a large cocked-hat and feather, who was making the best of his way out of town towards the French camp, mounted on a horse which the Scotchman immediately recognised as the steed of one of the captives. He could not resist this; and dropping his carbine by the swivel, he drew his sword, and commenced the chase. He gained a little on the man of beef and mutton, before the latter was aware of his pursuer; but, on perceiving his danger, he fled precipitately towards a river, which ran about a quarter of a mile off. The race was admirable. The Scotchman, thinking that a live commissary was of greater value than a dead one, made several snatches at him as he came up with him, but the Frenchman's ingenious evolutions always defeated those attempts. The spectacle was at one time very ludicrous. The Scotchman grasped his adversary's immense cocked hat, which was tied under his chin by the scales, and he would certainly have succeeded in either detaining or in choking him, had not the Frenchman, with great presence of mind, slipped the knot which tied the ligature. Like an over-hunted stag the commissary now took the water, and by this manœuvre gained a little on his pursuer, who now began to cut at him very viciously; but as the river was deep and rapid, and his horse began to swim, our champion, obeying my peremptory mandate, gave up the pursuit. The result of the day's campaign was the loss of two men, and the capture of one cocked-hat.

On rejoining our detachment I found them waiting my return, to proceed forthwith to the army, which we reached about two o'clock on the following day. The village in which our own regiment lay was on the banks of the Garonne, and contained, in addition to the English brigade, Morillo's corps of the Spanish army. The French were posted on the heights, on the other side of the river; with the picquets upon the banks, so that the officers on each side could converse together

with ease. About five o'clock in the afternoon we received an order to be mounted at ten; which put us all in good spirits, and on assembling at that hour, we found that our present duty was to pass over the pontoons, which the engineers were then laying across the river. My orders were to pass over with about twenty men, and skirmish, while the remainder were crossing. No very enviable amusement, it must be confessed, on a dark night. The swelling of the waters from the rains in the mountains, had so increased the breadth of the river, that we found we had thirty yards of pontoons wanting; the consequence of which was that we were compelled to return, and all our pontoons fell into the hands of the enemy. At daybreak the next morning, the commander of the forces came down, and instead of finding his troops established on the right bank of the river and engaged with the enemy, to his no little chagrin, discovered what had taken place the night before. This circumstance, I suppose, rather ruffled his temper; the effects of which were visible in the case of a Spanish soldier, whom at this moment I saw crossing his excellency's path, carrying a bottle of wine, and pursued by an old countryman, exclaiming in some horrible patois against the dishonesty of the Spaniard. The Frenchman seeing that the commander-in-chief wore a cocked-hat, immediately made his complaint to him. The provost-marshal (whose powers extend to life and limb) was ordered instantly to take cognizance of the offence, and on his arrival the delinquent was tied to a log of wood, protesting vehemently against being flogged. Unfortunately for him, however, such an apprehension was entirely vain, for in about ten minutes from the time of the commission of the offence, half a dozen balls, from the carbines of as many dragoons, effectually prevented the delinquent from repeating his crime. This was "Philosophy teaching by example" with a vengeance; but after all it did not destroy that innate love of wine by which all the Spaniards are distinguished.

The commander-in-chief being determined to throw the right of the army over the river, above Toulouse, we proceeded along the bank until we arrived at the place where the Garonne is formed by the junction of two smaller rivers. The first of these we succeeded in crossing by a pontoon bridge, and we had then to march across the country for eight or ten leagues, in order to cross the other branch. The army lay on the banks of the latter stream, and I was stationed in an old chateau in the rear. My directions were to cross the river opposite the chateau; which, however, I found it impossible to do, both by reason of the depth of the river, and of a company of French light infantry on the opposite bank. It was about sun-set when I took my station, and having doubled my videttes, and directed my picket to keep on the alert, it occurred to me that it was a ridiculous thing to be starving in the very granary of France. As the most peaceable plan of securing a supper, I commanded my trumpeter to attend me, and proceeded to make a vigorous attack upon a strong garrison of pigeons at the top of the chateau. Here, "like an eagle in a dovecote," I did great execution, with the assistance of the trumpeter; when suddenly my ears were assailed by the sound of several shots, which intimated that there was some sharp skirmishing going forward, and immediately he of the sounding brass and myself flew without helmet or sword to our steeds. The skirmishing was now all round us, for

the enemy had crossed the river in two places, for the purpose of surprising my picquet. I retreated according to order, reporting the affair to my commanding officers, and disputing every inch of the way. In a short time we forced the enemy across the river again, and I once more gained possession of my chateau; where I was happy to find my sword and helmet, together with the pigeons, which, for a marvel, were untouched. This game was repeated twice during the night, which gave me very little time to roast and eat my pigeons. On the evening of the ensuing day I was called in from my picquet, to join my regiment just as it was upon the point of marching. We retraced our steps over the first branch of the river, and arrived pretty nearly at the same place from which we started. This march lasted us for about fourteen hours, and was almost the only specimen of a retreat I met with while on my campaign. During the course of this night's journey, I witnessed an incident strongly characteristic of a military life, and, moreover, one which proves how much human nature can endure, when freed from the trammels of artificial refinement. The baggage and women being in the front in the retreat, we passed about midnight a soldier's wife, who had just brought a young hero into the world. Notwithstanding her accouchement, this hardy creature kept up with us on our march, sometimes walking, and sometimes being allowed to ride upon a mule, and arrived amongst the first at the place of our destination.

Harassing as this march had been to us, we had scarcely rested five hours in our quarters ere the bugle again sounded for us to assemble; and, on turning out, I received orders to proceed with the baggage to a village a few miles distant, and there to wait for farther orders. We found very superior entertainment at the venerable chateau of the Duc de Castiglione, which was situated in the village, and which, in the article of provender, would have satisfied even Captain Dugald Baggott himself. Moreover, there was an excellent billiard-table, at which the veterinary surgeon and myself contrived to while away the whole day very pleasantly. Just as I was making good my quarters for the night, by preparing to repose between a pair of soft sheets, I received orders to proceed immediately with the baggage, to rejoin the regiment, then about twenty miles distant. My sergeant had procured a guide, who made his appearance bare-headed; and as we passed through the village, he requested permission to enter one of the houses, for the purpose of getting his hat: I waited for twenty minutes, and might have been waiting there still for the return of this faithful attendant, who was doomed *jamaïs revenir*; but the sergeant, who was very much chagrined at my greenness in suffering him to leave us for an instant, soon supplied us with another guide. This last fellow played us a still worse trick: we had passed over a plain, where I had heard a great many of the challenges of the French videttes—*Qui vive*, and *Qui va là!* when suddenly I found that our conductor was leading us into the teeth of the enemy, and that our baggage was in close contact with a party of their light-horse. We instantly stopped, and the sergeant, by way of ensuring the fidelity of his *protégé*, loaded a pistol before his eyes, and held it during the remainder of our march pretty close to his ear, assuring him that the moment he discovered any treachery, he would draw the trigger. This measure had the desired effect, and at last we reached our quarters in safety.

It would afford my readers very little amusement, whatever interest the youthful Thunders yet unborn may hereafter take in the relation, to follow me through my various marches and countermarches, to listen to my deeds of valour in "field and in foray," "wherein, I, I, Cornet Julius Wood Thunder, seemed "the lightning in the eyes of France." I will not relate how many unchristian souls I let out, and how the French mothers would terrify their rebellious children into obedience, by repeating before them (as erst the Saracen nations, the dreaded name of Richard) the panic-creating appellation of *Le Diable Tonnerre*. I shall not even recount the celebrated battle of Toulouse, and the triumphs of our army, *Quorum pars magna fui*; for, as David Haume has justly observed, no man can speak long of himself without being guilty of vanity. It would ill consist with the modesty which, I would fain hope, distinguishes the writer of these humble memoirs, to tell how much of the success of that great day was owing to the prowess of his arm:—the deeds which he did, and the men that he slew, are they not written in the Gazette?

Passing thus over the battle of Toulouse without any farther comment, we made our public entry into that city in great state. Our trumpeters were ordered to strike up "See the conquering Hero comes;" but unfortunately, being of late unpractised in "the concord of sweet sounds," they only produced a very discordant concert, to the great amusement of the citizens of Toulouse. Not less entertaining to us was the mistake of these worthy people, in not recognising the Baal which they thought it their duty to worship. The French, unluckily, had not the power, like Martinus Scriblerus, of forming an abstract idea of a general, whose essence in their opinion consisted in his epaulettes. Several officers were consequently pitched upon by the multitude as the Great Captain of the age, and were compelled to submit to their fawnings until we arrived at the town-house, which is called the Capitol, when the *véritable Amphitryon* was shown to them. I overheard several exclamations of surprise from amongst the crowd, on seeing the commander-in-chief in his old glazed cocked-hat and shabby blue coat. *Un général! sacre! Un général sans épaulètes! Je crois qu'il n'est qu'un corporal!* As soon as his excellency had been presented to the municipal authorities, we moved forward towards the south, in the line of the famous canal of Languedoc. As we left the town, a very different scene presented itself from that which we had just witnessed within the walls. Instead of the boisterous enthusiasm and gay festivities with which the French had thought it then duty to entertain us in Toulouse, we were now saluted with the disgusting spectacle which a field of battle affords "when the battle's lost and won," when the ardour and excitement which the conflict gives birth to have passed away, and the only feeling of the heart is a sense of the most lively compassion for the sufferings which we have ourselves been instrumental in producing. I was heartily rejoiced to make my escape from this scene of death, and my spirits gradually recovered their tone under the influence of the most beautiful scenery in Europe. A considerable part of our march lay, as I have already mentioned, along the canal of Languedoc, which, until surpassed by similar undertakings in our own country, was considered one of the most astonishing works in Europe. Towards the close of the afternoon of our first day's march

from Toulouse, we came in contact with the advanced-guard of the army under the command of Marshal Suchet, to prevent whose junction with Soult was the object of the late battle. During this skirmish, I had an opportunity of witnessing the great skill of the German marksmen. I happened to be close behind a company of the fifth battalion of the sixtieth regiment, which was stationed some three or four hundred yards from the enemy, who were busily firing from behind some felled trees which they had made into a temporary redoubt. I observed one of the French soldiers crossing from one side of the road to the other, who attracted the attention of one of our German riflemen. With all the promptitude and despatch which a sportsman displays when he is about to bring down a woodcock, he levelled his musquet, and ere the Frenchman could advance another step he had received the ball in his breast. A few hours afterwards we passed over the spot where he fell. The body had been completely stripped by his worthy comrades, and I never beheld in all my campaigns so ghastly an object. A blue livid appearance overspread all his features; but the ball had been so certain and so swift, that nothing but a single life-drop appeared to have flowed from his bosom. After advancing two days' march towards Perpignan, we received the accounts of the treaty of peace having been signed—most afflicting news to a soldier's ear—the final period to plunder and promotion!

We remained in the quarters where the war left us for upwards of three months—a period which we contrived to pass very pleasantly, and all the amusements which “the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France” never fail to supply. “A truant disposition,” with the consent of my commanding officer, led me to visit the shores of the Mediterranean, in company with two or three of my brother-officers, who were desirous, like myself, “of seeing foreign travail.” Our route lay through the town of Perpignan, which at that time had the honour of being the head-quarters of the famous Marshal Suchet, Duc d'Albatera. We had not been many minutes in our *auberge*, when we were waited upon by some officers of rank on the staff of the marshal, who vied with each other in their display of courtesy and attention. They insisted upon our dining with them at a distinguished party, consisting principally of men of high rank in the French army, an invitation which we accepted with great satisfaction. On the marshal being apprised of our arrival in the town, he despatched one of his aides-de-camp to beg the favour of our company to a ball which he was giving the same evening. The scene was a splendid one. The vivacity of a French ball was to me highly attractive. The gay glancing uniform of the officers, and the still more sparkling eyes of the animated French girls, formed a curious contrast to my recollections of the sombre and silent sobriety which reigns in an English ball-room, where serious gentlemen in black coats herd together as if for the purpose of protecting themselves against the approaches of any of those demure damsels who sit smiling at grief in single blessedness. The great beauty of the French women is to be found in their eyes and ankles, both of which they are very fond of bringing into play. Unlike our English women, they possess nothing of that cautious reserve and watchful propriety which damps the kindling ardour of a ball-room passion. On our entrance we were conducted to the marshal,

who sate in state at the head of the room, and amazingly magnificent he looked. He seemed to my imagination the *beau-ideal* of a marshal of that military empire, which had triumphed so long over the prostrate states of Europe. He was a man of most commanding appearance.

His dark moustache and curly hair  
Shew'd him no carpet knight so trim ;—

but rather bespoke that rugged determination of character for which he was so celebrated. In honour of their guests the French officers, for the greater part of the night, abandoned their waltzes and quadrilles, and only danced the *contre-danse* ; and I had the good fortune to be introduced to one of the most vivacious and captivating creatures I ever beheld. Of course I became *éperdument amoureux*, and endeavoured to express the admiration with which she had inspired me. I was just beginning to think that the badinage we were talking had reached the utmost limits of discretion, when a French colonel approached us, said a few smart things, and then observed that Madame, he supposed, was thinking of paying a visit to England with M. le Capitaine ; to which the lady replied, much to my chagrin, but with infinite simplicity, "*Je vous assure, que Monsieur le Capitaine n'est pas susceptible !*" I now began to consider what my Northamptonshire friends would say, if I should introduce a *Madame Tomnère* amongst them ; but I was soon relieved from my perplexities by the colonel, from whom I learned that the lady was married. According to the French fashion, I was invited to breakfast with my fair partner the next morning, and was received by her in her *salon*. She was lying in bed, dressed in a rich morning dishabille. This reception at first a little perplexed my English notions, but I was soon freed from my embarrassment, by the entrance of some other visitors, and the morning passed off very pleasantly.

After traversing the delightful shores of the Mediterranean, I again joined my regiment, which was stationed at Montesquieu, on the beautiful canal of Languedoc, where we remained for about two months longer, at the end of which time we were ordered home, and marched through the whole of France, from Toulouse to Calais, and so embarked for England. Now, retired from the tumults of the camp, and stripped of the gorgeous garniture of war, I have converted my sword into a ploughshare, and instead of being this night in the trenches, to-morrow in the field, and the next day in the breach, I,

— whose lightning pierced th' Iberian lines,  
Now form my quincunx and now rank my vines.

J. W. T.

## THE PHYSICIAN.—NO. III.

*Of Animal Food in general.*

IF brute beasts could make definitions, they would undoubtedly describe man as the most voracious animal on the face of the globe. What is there, in fact, throughout all nature, that can escape his jaws and that he has not tasted? Most of the other animals are satisfied with one sort, or at any rate with a very few kinds of food. Now the vegetable kingdom alone furnishes us with almost innumerable species of aliments, and there is nothing to compel us to seek our subsistence beyond its limits, if we were not so extravagant and insatiable. The ancient Gymnosophists and the modern Bramins of Hindoostan furnish sufficient evidence, that man can live on vegetables alone: for, as these Indian philosophers believe in the transmigration of souls, they take the utmost care not only not to kill, but even to avoid injuring any animal, lest in so doing they may perchance injure one of their own ancestors. Indeed, they carry their kindness to animated creatures to a pitch that must excite a smile, if not surprise. Having founded a hospital for the maintenance of different sorts of animals and insects, they sometimes hire a man to spend the night in the ward appropriated to the fleas. Here he is stripped stark-naked, bound in such a manner that it is impossible for him to stir, and thus left for the vermin to regale themselves with his blood. As the Bramins so cautiously abstain from those murders, so many of which are daily committed in Europe by every servant-maid, it is to be presumed that the animals which we eat enjoy with them a secure asylum. These people therefore subsist wholly on fruit and vegetables, but these must have grown above the surface of the earth, because they deem it sinful to eat any thing on which the sun has not shone. The ancient Gymnosophists were, nevertheless, so healthy and attained such longevity, that from disgust of life, they committed themselves to the flames, as Calanus did in the presence of Alexander the Great. From these circumstances I shall not pretend to infer that they were exactly in their sober senses, or that it was their vegetable diet which caused them to live to so advanced an age; but their example affords incontestable evidence that we are not constrained by any necessity to seek our food and the conservation of life out of the vegetable kingdom. We have, however, done so: the lord of the animal creation began to eat his subjects, and many of his descendants, worse than the brute beasts, have devoured one another.

Neque hic lupis mos, nec fuit leonibus  
Unquam, nisi in dispar genus,                   Hor.

Man ransacked earth, air, and ocean; there was not a living thing the taste of which he did not try, and, before he knew what was most agreeable to his palate, he went in this particular much farther than at present. Many ancient nations, and our German ancestors among the rest, ate horse-flesh. All the Tartar and Mongol tribes do the same at this day. Mæcenas and Du Prat brought the flesh of the ass into vogue. The natives of many parts of Asia, Africa, and America, and the South-Sea islanders in particular, eat dogs. Hortensius, the Roman orator, was the first who served up peacocks, at an entertain-



ment which he gave to the soothsayers. Frogs, mice, and rats, and delicacies with civilized nations. The venomous viper itself delights the palate of the Italian with its jelly. The birds'-nests of Tunquin and the intestines of the snipe are exquisite dainties to the great; and unless history sadly belies him, a voracious king of Lydia, named Cambes, one night cut his wife in pieces and devoured her. During this repast he fell asleep; for he was found in the morning with her majesty's hand between his teeth, and, his guilt being thus betrayed, he strangled himself—the villain! I know not whether I ought to give implicit belief to this story, which is related by Athenæus from the *Lydiaca* of Xanthus; but how can it be absolutely incredible, since there are even at this day whole nations of cannibals?

It may be asked: What right had men to eat animals? Was not the vegetable kingdom abundantly sufficient for their sustenance? Were they not warned by Theopompus of old, that those who consumed much animal food have dull mental faculties, become prone to anger, cruel, silly, and even lose their reason altogether? Are not his words apparently verified by the experiment which the Prince of Condé made with a man, whom he fed for a time with raw flesh alone? This man possessed extraordinary bodily strength, but he became wild and like a brute beast. He had such a canine voracity that he could not see an ox without longing to fall upon it. What sort of people in general are those who eat raw flesh? Look at the cannibals, or look at the Calmucks who clap their horse-flesh under the saddle, ride away upon it till it is half done, and then devour it. Beaks and talons are not the only characteristics of rapacious animals. Those savage people are a kind of ravenous beasts in human shape. What was Cola Pesce, the wild man, who perished in the whirlpool in the straits of Messina, after he had passed the greatest part of life in the sea, and subsisted entirely on raw fish? If such creatures can be called men, the human character is no very honourable or enviable distinction.

Would it not then appear as if Nature herself had forbidden us to eat flesh, since the use of animal food is attended with such consequences? There may be something in this: but since we are all flesh-eaters, and nobody will set the example of relinquishing the practice, it is but fair we should prove that there is no harm in it. There are customs among men which they will not give up, let them be right or wrong: it is the province of the literati to demonstrate that all these customs are extremely proper; and as nothing is so easy as to convince a person of something of which he wishes to be convinced, these evidences are, perhaps, as satisfactory as any that the human understanding has ever adduced. The eating of animal food has not wanted vindicators. I will briefly explain the grounds on which it is defended.

If we examine the animals which do not eat flesh, we shall find that their stomach is of a very different structure from that of man. The animals that subsist on grain and berries have a thick, muscular stomach, before which there is a large gullet. The organs of digestion of the graminivorous, ruminating animals, have several cavities in which the food is gradually elaborated. The human stomach, on

the other hand, is of the same kind as that of the dog, and other carnivorous animals. This is one proof; only it must not be too strictly scrutinized. The point here is not that it be unimpugnable, but that people would have the complaisance to admit its validity, in order that we may retain a right to animal food.

There are many more such proofs, and our pleasure gives them validity. It is true we often like what is pernicious to us; but this objection can only apply to such things as are unpalatable: the others here form an exception. I am aware that the inhabitants of hot countries have a strong desire for animal food, as we see in the Caribs, and that they are for this reason subject to putrid fevers, because their juices are more liable to be affected by the intense heat of the sun, when they are nourished by animal sustenance. But what are tropical regions to us inhabitants of the North? We, poor creatures, have no nutritious vegetables; our soil produces nothing good but fine pasturage for brute beasts. All the northern provinces of Europe are in the same predicament. Are we not then obliged, whether we will or not, to have recourse to fish and flesh? We will not quarrel with the inhabitants of the southern parts of Italy, France, and Spain, for eating little or no flesh excepting that of poultry. We are both perfectly right; they in not desiring animal food, and we in being fond of it.

The assertion of Theopompus, confirmed by the experiment of the Prince of Condé, may be perfectly true in reference to raw flesh; but for that very reason, we boil, and roast, and hash, and stew the meat which we intend to eat, that it may be converted into a much milder and more innocent food than it is when raw.\* This careful preparation of animal food is a fresh proof that we are authorized to eat it. Raw flesh must unquestionably require a superhuman digestion, as it possesses a peculiar toughness which defies our digestive powers.† The same argument, however, applies to many vegetables; and probably this is the cause why all voracious animals are so savage, so intractable, so furious when they are hungry, and so dull, cowardly, and spiritless when they have glutted themselves with prey. Shaw informs us that the lion himself, after an abundant meal, loses his courage to such a degree, that a girl may drive him away with a stick and a few sharp words.

The best argument for the use of animal food is to be deduced from the requisites to our health; and a circumstantial exposition of it may not be unprofitable to the reader.

All sorts of animal food have two peculiar properties by which they differ from those belonging to the vegetable kingdom. One is this, that they abound more in nutritious juices; and the other, that the animal juices counteract acidity. Hence it is necessary to use animal

\* "It appears from my experiments, that boiled, and roasted, and even putrid meat, is easier of digestion than raw."—HUNTER on the *Animal Economy*.

† "Our food must be done either by our cook, or by our stomach, before digestion can take place (see 1st page of *Obs. on Siesta*); surely, no man in his senses would willingly be so wanting in consideration of the comfort, &c. of his stomach, as to give it the needless trouble of cocking and digesting also, and waste its valuable energies in work which a spit or a stewpan can do better."—*Art of invigorating and prolonging Life*, p. 28.

food in cases where speedy nutrition is required, and where the acidity occasioned by vegetable food wants a corrective. In other words, animal food, like all other alimentary substances, possesses medical properties, and this alone is sufficient to justify its use.

This last is a most important truth, to which it were wise to sacrifice the idle question, whether it is right to eat animal food—a question which has led to so many idle discussions, and which has been so often decided over a fine sirloin of roast beef. It is uncertain whether we were destined to eat flesh-meat; but it is certain that we do eat it. Let us then make ourselves acquainted with the properties of this species of food, that we may know what we have to expect from it, whether we have a right to eat it or not.

I foresee that I shall not be able to finish these inquiries in one paper. On the present occasion, therefore, I shall merely submit to my readers some general observations on the properties of animal food, reserving the liberty of recurring occasionally, in future essays, to this important subject.

The juices of animals have indisputably a nearer affinity with ours than the juices of vegetables; hence our digestive powers are capable of secreting from them a copious nutriment. On this account it is that animal food, upon the whole, is more nutritious than vegetable, or rather that it nourishes the body more abundantly and more speedily.\* A speedy and copious nutrition is not always beneficial; nay, there are persons to whom it would prove extremely injurious. I shall probably take some future occasion of entering more largely into this matter; suffice it then, here, to illustrate my opinion by a single example. There are numbers of persons inclined to corpulence, who are unhealthy merely because they possess a superabundance of nutritious juices. The observations of all ages prove that such persons are either liable to be actually afflicted with many diseases, or that they are in a dangerous state, which threatens them with rapid disorders and sudden

\* “The best tests of the restorative qualities of food are, a small quantity of it satisfying hunger,—the strength of the pulse after it,—and the length of time which elapses before appetite returns again: according to these rules, the editor’s own experience gives a decided verdict in favour of roasted or broiled beef or mutton, as most nutritive; then game and poultry, of which the meat is brown; next veal, and lamb, and poultry, of which the meat is white; the fat kinds of fish, eels, salmon, herrings, &c.; and least nutritive, the white kinds of fish, such as whiting, cod, soles, haddocks, &c. The celebrated trainer Sir Thomas Parkyns, &c. ‘greatly preferred beef-eaters to sheep-biters, as they called those who ate mutton.’ By Dr. Stark’s very curious experiments on Diet, p. 110, it appears, that ‘when he fed upon roasted goose, he was much more vigorous both in body and mind, than with any other food.’—That fish is less nutritive than flesh, the speedy return of hunger after a dinner of fish is sufficient proof:—when a trainer at Newmarket † wishes to waste a jockey, he is not allowed pudding, if fish can be had. Crabs, lobsters, prawns, &c. unless thoroughly boiled (which those sold ready boiled seldom are), are tremendously indigestible. Shell fish have long held a high rank in the catalogue of easily digestible and speedily restorative foods: of these, oysters certainly deserve the best character; but we think that they as well as eggs, gelatinous substances, rich broths, &c. have acquired not a little more reputation from these qualities than they deserve.”—*Art of Invigorating Life*, p. 29.

† “Newmarket affords abundant proofs, how much may be done by training; jockeys sometimes reduce themselves a stone and a half in a week.”—*Wadd on Corpulency*, 8vo. 1816. p. 35.

death. The former is remarked by Plutarch, among many other writers, when he says, that those persons who have not much fat are more healthy than others; and the latter is testified by Hippocrates, who declares, that a person's health is most precarious when it has arrived at its highest degree. Were such persons to be fed on gravy-soups, and with the flesh of young animals and their marrow, like Achilles, their danger would incontestably be augmented, and their already superabundant juices increased. To these we ought, on the contrary, to recommend vegetable aliments, which nourish more slowly and in a less degree; and if they would hold life by a more secure tenure, they must abstain from all those sorts of food which, from a confusion of ideas, are commonly considered as the most nutritious and the most salutary. They must take for their models the temperate philosophers of antiquity, who could sacrifice without regret their palate to their health. Agesilaus once received a present consisting of extraordinary luxuries for eating and drinking; but he kept no part of them for himself excepting a little flour, and merely tasted the rest. Lysander was still more abstemious, when a dish of the greatest delicacies was presented to him, "Give it to the Helots," (the slaves in Sparta), said he, choosing rather to adhere to his usual simple fare.

Besides their nutritive property, animal aliments have another quality, which essentially distinguishes them from the vegetable, and this is, their disposition to putrefaction. When vegetables decay, they generate an acid; but when flesh decays, there is no fermentation, but a putrefactive process, by which volatile salts, &c. depending in pungency with alkalies, are produced.

It is proper to observe, that chemists give the generic name of *salts* to all those bodies which are soluble in water, and which, when dissolved, communicate a taste. From the taste it was first discovered that there is a great difference between the salts. Some have an acid taste; and all salts belonging to this class may be detected by other tests, and, among the rest, by giving a red colour to syrup of violets, when they are mixed with it. Other salts have an alkaline taste, and these, when mixed with syrup of violets, turn it not red, but green. When an acid salt is mixed with an alkaline, an effervescence ensues, and a salt of a middle or neutral kind is produced, which imparts neither a red nor a green colour to the syrup of violets. These three species of salts, the acid, the alkaline, and the neutral, constitute the essential parts of all bodies, in so far as they can be tasted; and from them chiefly we must judge of the effect of all sorts of food in the human body.

I have observed that the alimentary substances belonging to the vegetable kingdom produce more acid; whereas the animal yield in putrefaction a volatile alkali. As, then, acids excite appetite, quench thirst, allay the heat of the blood, prevent its too great fluidity by their astringency, and resist putrefaction; and as the alkalies have a contrary effect; it must be obvious that it cannot be matter of indifference to all persons, under all circumstances, whether they live upon a vegetable or an animal diet. Persons whose juices are already in a putrid state, or have a tendency to putridity, for instance, scorbutic persons, or patients attacked with putrid fevers, would destroy themselves by taking strong soups or other sorts of animal food; whereas acids

from the vegetable kingdom would be much better adapted to their cases. Those, on the other hand, would be equally imprudent, who, when their stomachs were charged with acid, should eat fruit, or use vinegar; for, to them, soups and animal food would be much more beneficial. These considerations lay the first ground-work for medicinal cookery.

Whoever knows what kinds of food are beneficial for persons who are disposed either to acidity or to putrefaction of the juices, will soon learn to cook for such as are in health. Neither acid nor alkali ought to predominate in our juices: consequently all the dishes of each meal, and the daily series of all the meals, ought to be governed by a reference to this principle. We ought not to make a meal entirely either on fruits which have a manifest acidity, or on animal substances which tend to putrefaction: at least we should not continue this diet for several successive days, or repeat it too often. I have already observed, that from the mixture of acid and alkaline aliments a neutral salt is produced. This salt possesses powerful medicinal properties. It dissolves the slimy humour in the stomach and intestines, and renders it fluid. As this slime prevents appetite, it is obvious that the neutral salts must tend to excite it. They, moreover, gently stimulate the fibres of the stomach and intestines, and promote their motion. Not only are the digestive powers hereby increased, but the natural evacuations are facilitated. They moreover keep the nutritive juices in a fluid state, and dissolve the viscous humours, which might otherwise obstruct the channels that are intended to conduct those juices into the blood; in short, they are one of the finest medicines for persons who make a profession of eating. Accordingly, nothing is more advisable than to make such a choice of dishes, and such an arrangement of meals, that one shall serve to correct the other, and that the result of their mixture in the stomach shall be a compound operating in the manner of a neutral salt. The whole secret consists in a due intermixture of vegetable and animal food, and of their condiments. When one dish is liable to produce acidity, either the article that is eaten along with it, the seasoning, or the following dish, should be alkaline; and *vice versa*. Hence vegetables which tend to increase acidity should not be eaten without the addition of animal food, which yields an alkali; that, from the mixture of the two, the contents of the stomach may partake of the nature of a neutral salt. Persons disposed to fever and effervescence of the blood, should take more acid than alkaline food; because the heat, as it seems, is occasioned by an alkali which already predominates in their juices. Others, on the contrary, should never take acids without an alkaline admixture, for the purpose of generating in the stomach, by means of this admixture, a digestive neutral salt, to balance the effects of the other two, and to promote the due mixture of the juices. Flesh-meat, and soups made with it, fowls and fish, are all things which counteract acidity, but encourage the putrefaction of the juices. Fruit in its natural state, or preserved, salad, vinegar, lemon, milk, wine, are remedies against putrefaction, but promote acidity. Let the one be taken with the other, and neither acidity nor putrefaction will be encouraged; the healthy juices will continue in that state, and the stomach will digest easily and quickly. The cook of every great man ought to be acquainted with the constitution of his

master, for great men in general take care not to know too much themselves. It is mostly required of the cook, or the physician, that he draw up the bill of fare, and set nothing but wholesome dishes on the table. But how can this be done, unless the cook be at the same time a physician, or the physician a cook?\*

It must be obvious that the science of medicinal cookery, though founded on such plain principles, requires no small degree of intelligence and circumspection. For a person in good health, its aim should be to set before him such aliments as are adapted to the powers of his digestive organs; and these depend on his way of life, habits, and passions. Care should be taken, at the same time, to proportion them in such a manner as that they shall not threaten him either with acidity or putrefaction; and therefore all his dishes, sauces, drinks, and repasts in general, should be ranged on his table like two armies; the acidity of one of which should destroy the alkaline tendency of the other, as soon as they meet in the field of battle, which is the stomach. In catering for an invalid, due attention should be paid, not only to the disordered state of his stomach or his juices, but also to the season, the weather, and twenty other circumstances, which decide for or against the use of various species of food. As a damp, warm air, predisposes our juices to putrefaction, we ought, at such a time, either to abstain from animal food altogether, or to associate with it such a proportion of substances of an acid nature as to give the latter a preponderance in the nutritive juices. In severe cold, we should scarcely be content with acid matters, which cool the blood—such weather requires animal food. Much depends also on the kind of life we lead, and whether a person is obliged to work hard or not. In the first case, broths or soups would be very unsuitable, because light and liquid food passes off too quickly with strong exercise in the cold air, and leaves the craving stomach without stay. Brown bread, fat pork, and pudding, are dishes fit for labouring people in winter; but for those who follow sedentary occupations, soups, broths, the flesh of young animals, and tender food, are better adapted.

I introduce these examples merely to show what extensive knowledge one ought to possess to be minutely particular in regard to food and diet. Fortunately, it is possible for us to live without this extreme precaution: for, as to acid food, I have already stated that the Gymnosophists, and many thousand others, have grown old upon an exclusively vegetable diet; and the same thing may be asserted of those aliments which dispose our juices to putrefaction. To say nothing of many beasts of prey, which live chiefly on putrid flesh, and yet attain a surprising age, I recollect having read, in the narrative of some traveller, that a number of people in America, being compelled by necessity to subsist entirely on putrid beef which had been long exposed to the air, and on the soup made from it without any salt, this wretched fare was at first extremely disgusting to them; but after they had become accustomed to it, they would each eat a large quantity a day, and grow fat upon this diet. I would not recommend the imitation of such

\* Has not this beneficial union been exemplified in Dr. Kitchener, whose talents for gastronomical pursuits are only equalled by his acquirements in medical science! —See his very ingenious and useful work, “*The Cook’s Oracle* ;” 4th edit. 1822.

examples; but they may serve to dispel the fears of those who imagine that it is impossible to live without implicitly complying with the directions of the physicians in regard to diet—directions which they themselves take good care not to follow. This extreme solicitude is as ridiculous as the curiosity of the inquisitive man in Athenæus, who would not touch a dish till he was informed how long it had borne the name by which it was called.

#### POPE'S ROOM AT STANTON HARCOURT.

He who would contemplate Antiquity arrayed in the rich glories of her happiest days, may visit her at Warwick Castle. There she sits, in cold but queen-like state—"dead indeed, but not dethroned?" like the *Venus de' Medici*, one perfect statue saved from the wreck of all around. He who would see her in her lowliest estate—her limbs broken in pieces, and her torn raiment scattered in the dust—may explore the sad and touching solitudes of Stanton Harcourt. There she lies—her neglected remains strewed about in inexpressive fragments, speaking, like the Athenian marbles, of that alone which is not.

In a remote and obscure corner of Oxfordshire, several miles distant from any public road, stand the relics of what were once the proud towers and lordly halls of the Harcourts. Visiting these relics the other day, attracted thither by the room where Pope used to write and study, I found those halls, that once echoed to the armed heels of chivalry, or whispered back the light footsteps of queens, now utterly passed away, and the spot where they stood, overgrown with base weeds; and those towers, once firm as the ground on which they rested, shaking in the wind, and their crumbling battlements sinking under the pressure of the air which I leant on them, while gazing on the scene of desolation below.

In the midst of the little village of Stanton Harcourt, rise, at irregular intervals, six lofty elms—seemingly of a preternatural tallness, from all the lower branches being stripped off to the top, and nothing left but the stem and the head. There they stand, bending despondingly over the walls where they used to wave proudly, and seeming to wait and watch for the fulfilment of the motto which has for ages graced those banners that have now for ever ceased to float on the neighbouring towers: "*Le bon temps viendra.*" Alas! it was during "*Le bon temps*" that this motto was adopted, and it is full time to change it. The escutcheon on which it is emblazoned is thrown aside, topsy-turvy, in a corner of the old gateway, and the banners on which it can no longer be read, hang in tattered fragments from the walls and ceiling of the tomb where the ladies who worked them, and the warriors who fought under them, lie buried.—Let it henceforth be, "*Le bon temps ne viendra plus.*"

I remember, some four or five years ago, when there had been a great fuss made about the merits of Mr. Booth the actor, I crowded into the pit of Drury Lane, at the risk of my life, to see him make his first appearance in *Iago*. Kean played *Othello*. The performance began, continued, and was on the point of ending with *Iago's* final exit, when suddenly I recollected that I had not noticed Mr. Booth

once during the evening. I had, in fact, been totally unconscious of his presence. Kean had, purposely, extinguished him. I seemed to observe, too, that nearly the whole house were affected in the same manner: they all came to see Booth, and they went away unconscious of any thing but Othello.—I should think that nearly the same thing must happen to all who visit Stanton Harcourt for the purpose of seeing Pope's room: and I believe no one ever visits it now for any thing else. The spirit of antiquity extinguishes the spirit of modern life, of which Pope was the most perfect representative we have ever had. At least it was so with me. Being in the immediate neighbourhood, it required no very violent stretch of enthusiasm in favour of Pope, to carry me to the spot which he loved, and studied in; but it was only when I was on the point of going away, that I remembered for what purpose I had come.

Nevertheless, I have thought more highly of Pope since I visited this spot. At the time he made a little obscure room in it his chosen habitation, the whole had been for many years deserted by its owner, and was only left standing as a monument of the olden time. But perhaps it may be received as only another proof of the artificial nature of Pope's talents for poetry, that he was obliged to betake himself to the uninterrupted silence and solitude of a spot like this, before he could sufficiently abstract his mind to fit it for the task—for a task it evidently was to him—of translating the father of ancient poetry. We can easily conceive him turning an ode of Horace, as he rode carelessly along through Windsor Park with Mr. Lintot; or inditing a satire as he lay in bed of a morning, while on a visit to some of his courtly friends. But to enable him to converse with, and interpret old Homer—the last poet that ever lived with whom he would spontaneously feel any natural sympathy—he must well know that it required a more than usual degree of abstraction: and he had the good sense to seek that abstraction where it was most likely to be found.

The room which Pope inhabited during two summers is a very small one, about twelve feet square, in a tower which seems to have occupied one corner of the great court. The tower is square; but the room is of an octagon form, with four windows looking in as many opposite directions. The various views from these windows must have been very fine and impressive at that time; and they are very interesting even now. Two of them must have included the various departments of the mansion, then only in a state of incipient decay; the other two windows looked over the fine country adjacent, and the noble grounds and gardens forming part of the domain. The room stands immediately over a little private chapel, of nearly the same size; and it is gained by means of a staircase so narrow as scarcely to admit of one person ascending it, without touching the walls on either side. The same staircase leads to the top of the tower, from whence the view is still more extensive and fine. The whole is of stone, and surmounted by a battlement.

In a description (intended to be a ludicrous one, but which is very dull, and, at the same time, unintelligible,) which Pope gives of this place, in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, he speaks of there being no less than twenty-six apartments on the ground-floor. Of these, there remains not one that can be recognised, except the kitchen; and



the persons (dependents of the present Harcourt family) who live on the spot, do not pretend to know the site of any of them, unless it be the Queen's Chamber—so called from Elizabeth of Bohemia having used it when on a visit here—and the great hall. These are now kitchen-gardens belonging to a substantial farmer, who rents the lands, &c. adjacent. The sole remaining tower is as I have described it; and the kitchen, which is the only part of the fabric bearing any resemblance to its original state, may be not inaptly described by what Pope said of it more than a hundred years ago;—"The kitchen is built in form of a rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house; where one aperture serves to let out the smoke, and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch." He adds, "the horror of the place has made such an impression on the country people, that they believe the witches keep their sabbath here, &c." It was not so when I visited the spot; the "country people" (domestics of the above-mentioned farmer) were very industriously leaning over their washing-tubs, and seemed only to wonder what could have brought a stranger out of his way, to visit what was to them so altogether familiar a scene. They had been accustomed to it in its present capacity for years, and did not seem to know that it could ever have been appropriated to any other use.

But to me the most interesting portion of this spot, not excepting Pope's room, is the chapel forming part of the little church adjoining, and which is still used as the parish church of the village. Here, surrounded on all sides by desolation and decay, stands the burial-place of the Harcourts;—gorgeous with painted and gilded sculpture, and fresh as if of yesterday. "Who builds strongest, the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?"—Here, from the midst of carved pillars, painted wreaths, and gilded cherubs, look forth the rude effigies of "Sir Philip Harcourt, and Anne, his wife,"—the last inhabitants of the adjoining halls. Here, in marble repose, lies the whole-length figure of Sir Robert Harcourt, armed *cap-à-pie*, and bearing a helmet perforated to represent the passage of a musquet bullet. This identifies the occupier of the tomb with the wearer of a real helmet, which, together with a tattered banner, coronet, &c., hangs from the walls of the chapel, and through which there is a similar perforation. Finally, here, among other monuments of a like character with the foregoing, is the mural one bearing Pope's epitaph on the son of his friend Lord Chancellor Harcourt; which may claim the distinction of being the worst he ever wrote. As it has the sole merit of being short, I insert it here, to show how very badly Pope could write, upon an occasion when he was called upon to make something out of nothing.

"To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,  
If ever friend, if ever son was dear.  
Here lies the youth who never friend denied,  
Or gave his father grief, but when he died.  
How vain is reason! eloquence how weak!  
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.  
Oh! let thy once loved friend inscribe thy stone,  
And with a father's sorrows mix his own."

Quitting this gayest portion of the scene about us (and it must have been so even when the whole was in its glory) we find ourselves in a little sequestered spot—half garden, half church-yard—containing the grave of two rustic lovers, who were struck dead by lightning in each other's arms, at the time Pope and Gay were on a visit to Lord Harcourt, at his neighbouring seat of Cockthorpe. This interesting circumstance is very prettily related in a letter of Gay's:—"John Hewet was a well-set man of about five and twenty; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had passed through the various labours of the year together, with the greatest satisfaction; if she milked, it was his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand; it was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw hat, and the posy on her silver ring was of his choosing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirmed that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage. It was this very morning that he had obtained the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding clothes, and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to choose her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus basied (it was the last day of July, between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frighted, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder. Every one was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field. No answer being made to those who called to our lovers, they stepped to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoke, and then spied the faithful pair: John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender posture. Sarah's left eyebrow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast; her lover was all over black; but not the least signs of life in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in Stanton-Harcourt church-yard."

This is better than twenty "*Celadon and Amelias*," and the event it describes deserves a better commemoration than it has met with in Pope's epitaph, engraved on a tablet in the church-wall opposite the grave of the lovers. It is, in this case, the grave, and not the epitaph, which consecrates the spot; and those who do not look upon it with the same reverent tenderness that they would feel on visiting the grave of a beloved poet, are worshipping the name instead of the thing; for the one contains but the ashes of the expounder of poetry, while the other contains the ashes of poetry itself.

As I was about to take leave of this interesting spot—interesting on so many accounts—the chivalrous associations with which I had entered upon the examination of it had been nearly dissipated, or dis-

placed, by the purely pastoral ones excited in me by the recollection of the above "our true story;" but the former were brought back in their full force by the sight of a tame hawk, which stood in the path-way as I was going out, holding under his foot a sparrow which he had just caught. In a moment came streaming through the old arched gateway, where I was standing, a gay train of dames and cavaliers, such as we see them in Wouvermans' pictures, with hooded hawks and leashed hounds, returning from their inspiring sport, to again join in the princely hospitalities which for ages graced the halls and bowers of Stanton Harcourt.

## ENNUI.

— φί γέλως ἀπὸ χθέται

Καὶ δακρυ.

LYCORIHOV.

Unknown to him alike life's joys, or fears,  
Its gracious smiles, its yet more gracious tears.

It must seem to foreigners extraordinary that there should be no English term to express a condition of the mind to which, if we may credit the testimony of all Europe, Englishmen are peculiarly subject:—that while the more serious part of the community are so frequently following the example of

Jean Rostif écuyer

Qui pendit soi-même pour se désennuyer,

and while our listless men of fashion daily commit the sin of suicide in detail, by the waste of an existence they cannot enjoy, we should be obliged to apply to our neighbours for the loan of the word *ennui*.

Upon this point there are two remarks to be made: first, that England being a commercial nation, and a nation much given to politics and stock-jobbing, it is very probable we are not *nationally* so bad as we are represented; and next, that our *ennuys par excellence*, the dandies, have done their endeavours to remedy the evil, by establishing, legitimizing, and making negotiable the homespun, but fashionable "bore." It is indeed greatly to be lamented that no writer of eminence should have *authorized* this word, and by giving it the stamp of his name, emancipated the country from such a subjection to ("I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word") its "natural enemies." Let me therefore suggest to any purist, who may tremble to put into print, for the first time, a neologism which passes current in every mouth, that though the word may not appear textually in any writer of authority, yet it is often to be found substantially in whole pages of the very best of them.

It is the more necessary that we should be able to "speak our minds in plain English" on this subject, because the *thing* itself is daily gaining ground in the country; and notwithstanding every effort of the tax-gatherer to remove from amongst us the proximate cause of the disease, as the doctors call it, yet the number of people who are "bored" to death, and of the "bores" who annoy them, and of the "d—d bores" they have to encounter in the business of life, is hourly increasing.

Pascal has described the complaint to admiration. "Celui est (says he) une peine insupportable que de vivre avec soi, & de penser à soi: ainsi tout son soin est de s'oublier soi-même, et de laisser couler ce

temps si court, si précieux sans réflexion." The *ennui* is, in fact, eternally flying from himself to externals, and he is only displeased with them, because he attributes to them the fault which is in himself.

But however well Pascal understood the appearances of the disease, that he was mistaken in attributing it to the fall of man I am the more inclined to think, because, of all mankind, those who bear the largest portion of the common curse pronounced on the species, and, in the force of the term, get their bread in the sweat of their brow, are the least liable to this affliction. Although there are too many who prefer living by the most profligate corruption, and who think honest industry "*a detestable bore*," yet I never knew a single instance in which one of these sturdy beggars among the great were obliged to buckle too, without a speedy cure of his habitual *ennui*.

It assuredly was a very *ill-natured* turn of Dame Nature's to force this malady into the company of riches and pleasures, and thus to damp the joys of "the higher classes of society;" driving the educated and the noble to seek the company of the very lowest and worst part of the community—black-legs, dog-fighters, *jacks-murders* men, cockers, &c. &c. and compelling them to throw overboard their superfluities in order to lighten the vessel, and to dissipate the enormous wealth, which prevents them from enjoying one moment of satisfaction.

There are, indeed, who think this distribution of Providence has for its object the equalizing the condition of the species, and abating the envy of the poor. But notwithstanding the instance of the French epicure, who, when a mendicant told him he was hungry, replied, "*Ah! le coquin heureux, que je le porte envie*," I can never consent to put these two cases upon an equality, nor be brought to believe that a "fat sorrow and a lean one" are quite on a par. *Ennui*, it is true, drove Alexander the Great to India, and Poverty has often sent a vast many persons to the same place, which in both instances has produced a great deal of bloodshed and robbery:—and so far things are pretty much on the square. But who ever heard of Poverty's making a man get tipsy with his mistress and set fire to Persepolis? Who ever knew Poverty offer a reward for the discovery of new pleasures? Was Poverty ever reduced to kill flies? or (coming nearer to home) did Poverty ever make a man walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, or ride 150 miles, walk twenty, and kill forty brace of birds, all within the narrow compass of one natural day?

"*Aurum* (says Horace) *perumpere amat sava*," but though many an honest fellow is glad to get his living by breaking stones, I never heard of one poor enough to take a pleasure in the operation.

— Bene est cui Deus obtulit  
Parca quod satis est manu,—

The poor have the best of it. "Potemkin, first minister of Russia, the favourite of his sovereign, covered with glory, loaded with riches and ribands, and sated with pleasures, was disgusted with every thing, because he had enjoyed every thing. On one day, he envied the peaceable dignity of a bishop, and left his ministerial concerns to embark in the disputes of the Greek church; on another, he sighed for retirement and monkish tranquillity. Then again, he formed projects for making himself Duke of Courland, or King of Poland. In

the bosom of peace he meditated war, and in the camp his whole desire was peace. Fatigued with honours, yet jealous of rivals, he was always 'bored' with what he did, and always regretted what he did not attempt."\*

What a picture! Can workhouses and hospitals afford its equal? "*Con cio sia cosa che*," (as the Italians with a laconic brevity express themselves) that all the world complains of *ennui*, all the world, nevertheless, envies the unfortunate fortunates who are the most subject to the malady. The reason is obvious: all the world can see the glittering of the star, but none but the owner can know the dreary solitude of the heart that beats under it. Those who go but "once in a way" to a play or an opera, dine only now and then well at a lord mayor's feast, or visit the Park only on some *very* fine Sunday, have no conception of the "bore" of faring sumptuously every day, or of the *ennui* of being forced to listen night after night to the same music. They see not the two demons of bile and calomel drugging the voluptuary's *malachatum* soup with insipidity; they know not the disgust of "that eternal bore—the eternal Rotten-row."

To endure *ennui* well, it requires to be bred to the trade. The most intolerably "bored" of all *ennuyés* are the *nouveaux riches*. When the snug, warm citizen realizes his gains, and, lodging his plumb securely in the stocks, retires to ease and idleness, he at once becomes the most wretched of human beings; and, unless, his *colleagues* clerks and successors let him sometimes into their counting-house, to inspect their balance, or he can contrive to slip into town and "see how things are going on upon 'Change,'" 'tis ten to one that in the first twelvemonth he joins his carp in his own fish-pond, or hangs himself up under the shade of his own horse-chestnut. Thus it comes to pass, that to endure *ennui* is a mark of dignity; and though it is no longer the fashion to be "gentlemanlike and melancholy," yet eternal listlessness and yawning are affected as the supreme "*bon ton*" of the supreme "*bon genre*:" and every social affection, every human passion is discarded, in order to arrive at that pitch of selfishness, necessary to be perfectly "bored." For Delille has well observed of the egotist,

"Le néant de lui fait le centre du monde,  
Mais il en fait le tourment et l'ennui."

Upon this subject of *ennui* much remains to be said: but "malheur à lui qui dit tout ce qu'il sait."

"L'art d'ennuyer est l'art de tout dire;"

and, though writing *ex professo* on the theme, that is not a sufficient reason for "boring" the readers of the New Monthly, being myself the great sublime I draw. So without farther ceremony "*non verbum amplius addam*."

M.

\* Segur, Galerie Morale.

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